

The Problem of Relations
by CLEMENCE DANE

The **Quiver**
A Magazine of Quality

June
1923

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GREEN'S

THE ORIGINAL BRIGHTON

SPONGE MIXTURE



Let "Greens
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"BRIGHTEN YOUR
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CHOCOLATE
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RASPBERRY
FLAVOURS
7 1/2 INCHES

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A Good Complexion

is the difference between a woman and a woman beautiful

BEAUTY is far more than skin deep—but beauty of complexion is one of woman's chiefest charms.

Now Kruschen Salts is Nature's aid to beauty of complexion—and that for a very simple reason.

Woman, be she maid or mother, needs a trustworthy ally in combating certain natural disabilities which tend to lower the tone of her system as a whole, and sooner or later manifest their ill-effects in her complexion. In Kruschen Salts she finds just such an ally—a gentle but efficient aperient and diuretic that keeps the system sweet and clean, with tonic properties which build it up to that perfection of inward grace whose visible sign is a good complexion.

Regularity of habit is the basis of a good complexion. Kruschen Salts determines habit and maintains its regularity. The Kruschen habit is a daily reminder to the

liver, kidneys, and eliminative system generally to the regular performance of their vital functions. With these organs working well and regularly the tone and texture of the skin must needs be beautiful—a good complexion is assured.

But Kruschen Salts is more than a mere aperient and diuretic. It also possesses tonic properties that render it pre-eminent above all depuratives, the effect of which is generally negated by failure to maintain the tone of the organs during the cleansing process. With the Kruschen course there is no period of being "worse before you are better"—no pain, no discomfort, no temporary indisposition. Rather, the mental and physical state begins at once to improve, and continues so to do as one continues to use this truly beneficent remedy, the salines of which are natural ingredients of the body.

Kruschen Salts



Tasteless in Tea.

For an invigorating daily tonic take as much Kruschen Salts as will lie on a sixpence in your breakfast cup of tea or coffee. The medicinal dose for persons suffering from rheumatism, gout, or habitual constipation with inactive liver, etc., is half to one teaspoonful in a tumbler of hot water before breakfast.

Every chemist sells Kruschen Salts in 1s. qd. bottles; one bottle contains 96 morning "pinches"—enough to last three months. Get a bottle to-day.

THE QUIVER

"Beautifully cool



and sweet smoking."

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut Cigarettes.
In Tins of 100 - 5/10 In Tins of 50 - 2/11

Player's Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes.
In card boxes 100 - 4/8 In card boxes 50 - 2/5

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

P. 897

PATRONISED BY H.M. THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

GIVEN AWAY!
GIVEN AWAY!

THIS
OFFER
MAY
NOT BE
RE-
PEATED

With every
Carpet we shall
Absolutely
Give away a
handsome Rug
to match, or we
send Two Car-
pets and Two
Rugs for

28/6
Cart.
Free

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARCAINS. This Phenomenal Offer
made to readers of *The Quiver*, June, 1903. On receipt of P.O. 14/6 (Cart.)
we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our
"PRUDENTIAL" Real Seamless Woven Bordered, Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-
room, Bedroom,
etc., handsomely
bordered in
thirty different
Turkey fashion-
able self-shades
of C in 100.
Greens, Blues and
Art Colouring to
suit all require-
ments, and large
enough to cover
any ordinary
sized room. These



Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets with **FREE RUGS**, thus showing the
identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and, being
a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the
purchaser all Middle profits. Over 400,000 sold during the past 12 months.



14/6

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm.

POST FREE

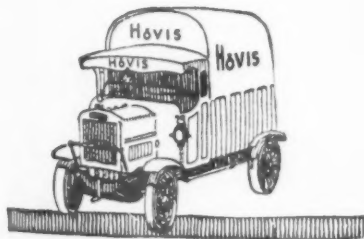
Galaxy Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Embroidered Linen, and Cotton Bedspreads, Quilts, Table Linens, Bedsteads,
Overmantels, Lino-lumens, Blankets, Cushions, Copper Kettles, etc. Lost Free, if, when writing, you mention "The Quiver," June, 1903.
F HODGSON & SONS [Dept. Q.], Manufacturers, Importers and Merchants, WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.



The Bread for YOU

RICH in nourishment—that is an essential. Digestive, too, as all good bread ought to be. But, more than this, HOVIS is doubly delicious—and appetising to a degree.

Your Baker Bakes it.



THE QUIVER

MAKES FEET FEEL AS IF WALKING ON AIR

No more sore, tender, tired, aching, burning, smarting and swollen feet. Corns, callouses, blisters, etc., disappear as if by magic!



merely rest your feet in the highly medicated and oxygenated water produced by

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

Photo: Weather & Buys.

Miss **Phyllis Monkman**, the Musical Comedy Actress and talented dancer, writes:—

"It is wonderful for tired, tender, aching feet, or any other foot troubles. The medicated and oxygenated water has the same effect as that at famous spas."

Phyllis Monkman

Refreshing, soothing, healing, and antiseptic, its wonderful effects upon sore, tired muscles, aching bones, irritated nerves and sensitive skin make you feel as if walking on air.

Used and highly recommended by Sir Harry Lauder, George Robey, Phyllis Monkman, Harry Pilcer, Lee White, Maidie Scott, Violet Loraine, Yvonne Arnaud, Hetty King, Daisy Dormer, May Moore Duprez, and hundreds of other well-known people.

Actors, actresses, dancers, soldiers, boxers and others, to whom sound, healthy feet are an absolute necessity, say saltrated water offers the one quick, safe, convenient, and never-failing means of permanently curing any form of foot misery.

A half-pound, fully sufficient for the average case, can be obtained at slight cost from any chemist



THE QUIVER



WRITE TO-DAY
for
FREE SAMPLE
mentioning
"The
Quiver."

PHYSICIANS
USE AND
RECOMMEND
CEPHOS

That is why
you should
insist on
CEPHOS

THE HOME
PHYSICIAN
for
HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
RHEUMATISM
INFLUENZA
is
Cephos

THE infallible remedy which banishes the worst headache in a few minutes, supplies nourishment to tired and worn-out nerves, dispels pain and fortifies the whole system. It can be taken without fear, as it contains no dangerous drugs or narcotics, and therefore cannot affect the heart.

Sold in boxes at 1/- and 2/- by Boots the Chemists, Taylors' Drug Stores, and all other chemists. If not in stock at your local chemist, send P.O. or stamps for size required, to **CEPHOS LTD., BLACKBURN**, who will send it to you Post Free.

THE Homes for Little Boys FARNINGHAM & SWANLEY, KENT (Incorporated)

PATRONS: **THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN and QUEEN ALEXANDRA**

PRESIDENT: **H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK**

Treasurer:
THE LORD BLYTH

Chairman:
EDWARD DEXTER, ESQ.

The Way of Christ

By love serve one another in the joy of service by the Fellowship of Love.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION, in connection with the Homes for Little Boys, was founded in the belief that many boys and girls in happy homes would gladly share in the work done at Farningham for less fortunate boys. It consists of Branches or groups of young members, who, with older friends who join as associates, endeavour to raise annually the sum required to maintain a boy in the Homes.

The funds of the Branches are raised in various ways: by annual subscriptions, by collecting cards and boxes, by concerts, entertainments, sales of work, garden parties, etc. In reply to a post card to the Secretary of the V.P.U., 56 Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C.4, particulars as to the formation of a Branch will be gladly sent.

£16,000

a year needed from Voluntary Subscriptions.
Will you please Help?

Contribution will be gratefully acknowledged by R. D. Ede, Secretary of Young People's Union, in connection with the Homes, 56 or 57 Temple Chambers, E.C.4, and at the Homes, South Darenth, Kent.

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The Portable DE LUXE VISIBLE
Writer in Two Colours. Complete
in Travelling Case. £14 14s.

ALL MAKES ON HIRE, HIRE PURCHASE ON EASY TERMS,
BOUGHT, SOLD, REPAIRED AND EXCHANGED.

TYPEWRITERS AND DUPLICATORS AT BARGAIN PRICES.
Authors' MSS. Typed. Letters Duplicated. THE SUN ADDING MACHINE. £10 10s.

Write for Bargain List No. 5. Buy an ERIKA for 5/- per week.
TAYLORS, LTD., 74 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
Est. 1884. NEW & SECONDHAND OFFICE FURNITURE. Tel.: Holborn 4123-4 1905.



BY FRIEND TO FRIEND

As the result of our advertising many ladies have been induced to "just try" Dr. Wilson's. They have proved that it is both a genuine article and a real good friend. A wealth of rich and lovely lustrous tresses is one of woman's greatest assets. No lady can afford to let her hair go thin or get grey. Dr. Wilson's Hair Restorer is now being recommended by friend to friend, but "rivals" like to keep the "good news" to themselves. Dr. Wilson's goes to the root of the hair; it stimulates and induces a healthy new growth.

THE
STUFF
THAT
DID
IT



DR. WILSON'S Hair Restorer

Price
1/3
1/6
6 5/-
Postage
5/-
extra

ASK YOUR HAIRDRESSER
OR CHEMIST FOR

DR. WILSON'S HAIR RESTORER

or write to **PARTON, SON & CO., LTD., BULL RING, BIRMINGHAM.**

THE QUIVER

PURVEYORS TO H.M. THE KING
By Appointment



Chivers' Jellies

FLAVOURED WITH RIPE FRUIT JUICES

SIMPLE to make
—LUSCIOUS to taste—and perfectly PURE and WHOLESOME.

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD.,
The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge.

CASH'S Silk Brocaded WASH RIBBONS

Durable, Dainty and Distinctive



For use as trimmings, shoulder straps to lingerie, on children's clothes and overalls, etc., etc.

Need not be removed before sending to the laundry.

COLOURS:

White, Blue, Pink, Heliotrope and Maize

PRICES per dozen yards.

3/16 in. 2/- 7/16 in. 3/- 1 in. 5/10
COLOURS FAST TO WASHING.

Ask your draper for CASH'S WASH RIBBONS

PATTERNS FREE on application to the
Sole Manufacturers—

J. & J. CASH LTD.,
(Dept. D.13), COVENTRY.



The Smartest of Shoes

No shoe is smart that deforms the foot; no woman is well shod who hobbles painfully through life. Norwells of Perth are makers of essentially smart footwear—of shapely shoes that are absolutely comfortable even when new on, and that retain their smartness to the very end of long service.

Norwell's 'Perth' Footwear

"Direct from Scotland"



22/6
POST FREE

Lady's "Lovat," Style 137.

A beautifully made brogue that can be had with or without overhanging tongues. Uppers of selected Black Box Calf or Brown Willow Calfskin, bottomed with specially hard-wearing soles.

Norwell shoes fit perfectly and give wonderful support.



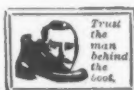
33/-
POST FREE

The "Ardenla," Style 145.—A distinctive buckle brogue with which wearers are delighted. Uppers are cut from selected Black Box Calf, Brown Willow Calf and Patent Calfskin, soled with tough flexible leather. Welts as hand-sewn. Stocked in sizes and half sizes.

A single shoe is gladly sent on approval anywhere in Great Britain on receipt of 9d to cover postage. Orders from abroad receive special attention; postage abroad extra.

When writing, mention "Quiver."

NORWELL'S 'PERTH' FOOTWEAR LTD.,
Perth Scotland



THE QUIVER



Baby Winstone, of Bristol.

Perfect Feeding is a Baby's Birthright

It is a duty to infants deprived of mother's milk to see that they are not the losers. Your duty is entirely fulfilled when you give baby Mellin's Food, for, prepared as directed, it is a wonderfully successful equivalent of mother's milk. Perfect digestion, delightful contentment, easy teething, increased weight, firm flesh with the lovely dimples that make a thriving baby so charming—all these results give mothers perfect confidence in

Mellin's Food

Samples and descriptive booklet sent post free on receipt of 6d. in stamps. Particulars of a unique "Progress Book" also sent.
MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD.,
LONDON, S.E.15

Mellin's Food is the food with a record; its reputation is the result of universal experience of doctors, nurses and mothers.

Wise parents find their highest pleasure in allowing the children to enjoy to the full the hey-day of life. The restrictions due to fear of soiled or torn clothes are happily abolished by dressing the little ones in

Hercules

OVERALLS

They are simply delightful. The price places them within the reach of all; their good colours do not fade or wash away; and as for wear—well, nothing better is obtainable at any price. You really should see how sweet the children look when clad in HERCULES.



"Mother and Child"

OUR GUARANTEE:

Every "Hercules" Overall bears the "Mother and Child" ticket and is guaranteed by the makers. If it is unsatisfactory in wash or wear your draper will at once replace it with another free of charge.

If your draper does not stock "Hercules" Overalls please send his name with your order on a post card to

JOSHUA HOYLE & SONS, Ltd.,

Spinners and Manufacturers, MANCHESTER.

(Wholesale and Shipping only supplied.)



THE SWEET
ALWAYS
APPRECIATED

GREEN'S CHOCOLATE MOULD

(CHOCOLATE BLANC-MANGE)

Already sweetened
with Pure Cane Sugar
only.

CHOCOLATE in
chocolate's most
delicious form.

Of High Class Grocers & Stores everywhere.

PREPARED BY
H.J. GREEN & CO. LTD
BRIGHTON

Manufacturers of
GREEN'S
THE ORIGINAL BRIGHTON
SPONGE
MIXTURE

PER **5^D** PKT



The "VIROTYPE" New HOME TYPEWRITER.

Smallest, Lightest, and Cheapest Portable
Machine made. A perfect Typewriter in
miniature. Anyone can use it without
previous practice. In Fancy Case, **£3**;
or Larger De Luxe Model (taking full-size
paper), complete with Stand and Cover,
£4 10s. Packing and postage 2/6 (Foreign 5/- extra.)

"VIROTYPE," Dept. 78, 1a Preston St., Brighton.



Put a Check on your Linen by using **JOHN BOND'S** "CRYSTAL PALACE" MARKING INK

FOR USE WITH OR WITHOUT HEAT
(WHICHEVER KIND IS PREFERRED).

Of Stationers, Chemists & Stores. 6d. & 1s.
Used in the Royal Households.

DON'T LOOK OLD!

But restore your gray and
faded hairs to their natural
colour with

LOCKYER'S Sulphur HAIR RESTORER.
Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days,
thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain
their position. **2s. Sold Everywhere. 2s.**

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It
cures the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.
This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair
Specialists, J. PEPPER & CO., Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London,
S.E.1, and can be obtained direct from them by post, or from any
chemists and stores throughout the world.

SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear
complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disfiguring
blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE,
which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For
4 years it has been the remedy for
Eruptions | Pimples | Redness | Eczema | Scurf | Acne | Blotches | Spots | Rosacea

Quickly removes the effects of Sunburn.

vii

THE QUIVER



Luckily, it's
"Rexine" Leathercloth!

A LITTLE mishap like this
would stain velvet or tapestry,
but can do no harm to
"Rexine" Leathercloth, which
is stain, grease and waterproof.

"Rexine" Leathercloth will not fade,
and can be washed over when soiled.
And the appearance is that of leather,
grain for grain; there's a special process
which reproduces the actual leather
grain so faithfully that you positively
cannot distinguish "Rexine" Leather-
cloth from leather itself.

There is a wide variety of leather grains and
colourings to choose from—your furnishing
house can show you samples. "Rexine"
Leathercloth is British throughout and costs
considerably less than leather.

"Rexine"
LEATHERCLOTH

When buying see that
"Rexine" is specified
on the invoice to prevent substitution.

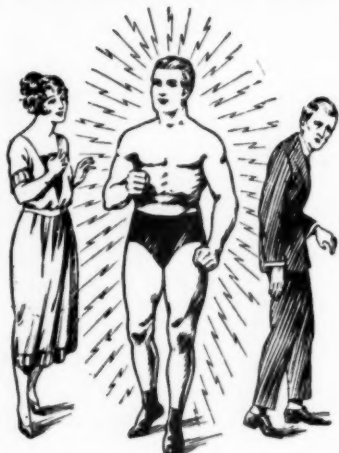
REXINE Ltd.,

Rexine Works, HYDE, Nr. MANCHESTER.
London: 42 Newgate Street, E.C.1.

¶7.

THE QUIVER

STRENGTH & BEAUTY



What you want is new life. You cannot fight this life's battles unless you are "fit." You are not a "real" man unless you have proper manly strength. The strong man is the admiration of all—the weakling goes to the wall.

You have lost your strength through past faults or excesses, but now you can regain it.

Electricity, applied by the renowned "AJAX," will correct your weakness and make you a live man. To be strong and healthy means a happy home and success in life. Now is your opportunity.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

Find out to-day what a rational application of life-giving Electricity can do for you.

The AJAX Dry Cell Body Battery will work wonders for you as it has done for thousands of others. It rejuvenates you, and even when approaching old age you can regain new life and strength.

Every organ is controlled by the nerves, and you want new life in the nervous system; the "AJAX" will give it you, and our 92-page illustrated book tells you in plain language how it is done, so write for this book to-day. It costs you nothing, but it will prove to you that you can regain your vigour.

NEITHER EXPENSE NOR OBLIGATION

of any kind is entailed in asking for this book. Get it at once and you will learn that there is not a case of Nervous Debility, Neurasthenia, or Weakness with which the "AJAX" cannot cope.

It drives out your pains and aches. Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Stomach, Liver, and Bladder troubles are banished. This book should be in every household.

If you cannot call at the Institute for a free test of the "AJAX" write to-day for the book; it is sent in closely sealed envelope perfectly free—you need not even enclose stamp for reply.

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE
(Dept. 52), 25 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

South African Branch: 70, Pritchard Street,
P.O. Box 7222, Johannesburg.

FREE GIFTS for our READERS

Several well-known firms are making special offers to our readers in this issue. When writing, please mention *THE QUIVER*.

A GIFT FROM WRIGHT'S.—If you send a 1d. stamp, with your name and address, to Messrs. Wright, Layman & Umney, Ltd. (Dept. 94), Southwark, London, S.E.1, you will receive an exciting story book, beautifully illustrated, which will delight the children.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—Send a 2d. stamp to Messrs. Chivers & Co., Ltd., 9 Albany Works, Bath, and you will receive in return a free sample of their famous carpet soap.

ICE-CREAM MAKING.—A post card to Messrs. The White Mountain Freezer Co., 35E Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2, will bring per return a Recipe Book explaining simply the whole art of ice-cream making.

A DELIGHTFUL GIFT.—The makers of the "Start-Rite" Improved Footwear for Children offer to send a free copy of "THE PRINCE'S ZOO," which contains beautiful coloured plates by Harry Rountree. Send a post card, mentioning this magazine, to Messrs. James Southall & Co., Ltd., Norwich.

A FREE TRIAL.—To obtain a special Handbook on the Feeding of Babies, and samples of their famous Food, write to Messrs. Mellin's Food, Ltd., London, S.E.15, enclosing 6d. in stamps to cover postage and packing.

USEFUL PATTERNS.—Messrs. J. & J. Cash, Ltd., Dept. D. 13, Coventry, offer to send free patterns of their dainty Silk Brocaded Wash Ribbons.

TYPEWRITER BARGAINS.—Those in need of a typewriter should write to Taylor's Typewriter Co., 74 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, for their special Bargain List No. 5, which contains many attractive offers in new and second-hand typewriters.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

**Goddard's
Plate Powder**

Sold everywhere 6^d 1² 2^d & 4^d

J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester.

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

CLEANS CARPETS LIKE NEW

One Tablet will Clean a Large Carpet.

Sample 2d. Stamp.

F. CHIVERS & Co. Ltd., 9 Albany Works Bath

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use **LESS QUANTITY**, it being much stronger than **ORDINARY COFFEE**.

Fills itself and never leaks

The Onoto Self-Filling Safety Pen fills itself from any ink supply— instantly without mess or bother. It has the most effective self-filling device known.

And the Onoto *cannot* leak. It is absolutely safe in your pocket or in your suit case.

Examine the Onoto at your Stationers.

Onoto

SELF-FILLING SAFETY

the Pen

Streamline model, in black or red vulcanite, 21/-

Streamline model, in polished antique vulcanite, 22/6

Whenever you see a Pillar Box think of an Onoto.



THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD., BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.1.



This Picture-Story Book FREE!

THE CHILDREN WILL BE DELIGHTED

An exciting story of a fairy prince, a beautiful princess, a wicked baron and a wizard. Just the sort of story the children love to read. Beautifully illustrated in colours. Presented by the proprietors of

WRIGHT'S

COAL TAR

SOAP

Send 1d. stamp (don't forget to give your name and address) to Dept. 94, Wright, Layman & Umney, Ltd., Southwark, London, S.E.1.

Send only 1d. Stamp for Postage

THE QUIVER

**DOCTORS AND ANALYSTS
RECOMMEND
DELICIOUS**

MAZAWATTEE TEA

MANY DYSPEPTICS WHO ARE OBLIGED
TO AVOID ORDINARY TEA FIND THEY
CAN DRINK THIS WITH GREAT RELISH

**SOLD BY
ALL
GROCERS**

HOLIDAYS IN NORWAY.

JUNE TO SEPTEMBER.

NATURE'S WONDERLAND.

- A. Cruises in the Fjords, Ocean S/Y. "METEOR," 13 days, £21.
- B. Cruise to Northern Capitals, S/Y. "METEOR," 21 days, £32.
- C. Series of 12 tours (individual travel), 12 to 26 days, £23 10s. to £48 15s.
- D. Norway's Best Holiday Tour (conducted), including 100 miles motoring and driving, 15 days, £33.
- E. Along Norwegian Coast (smooth water) to North Cape to view Midnight Sun, 19 days, £30; married couples, £53 10s.
- F. 14, 21, and 27 days' holiday in glorious Nord Fjord, £22, £27, £30.
- G. Special Cruises S/Y. "IRMA," to Fjords North Cape (for Midnight Sun) and to Spitsbergen and Ice Wall of North Pole.

Illustrated booklets free on request to

B. & N. LINE, ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS,
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SPROCK'S RAZORS

ALL BRITISH—MADE AND GROUND IN SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.



OF
ALL HAIRDRESSERS,
CUTLERS, OR STORES.

Black Handles, 10/- each. Ivory Handles, 15/- each.
Pair in Case, 27/6 per case. Pair in Case, 37/6 per case.
7-Day Set, 80/- per case. 7-Day Set, 125/- per case.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to PARTON, SON & CO., LTD. BIRMINGHAM.

"SPROCKS" is a man's razor, not a plaything pretending to do what it cannot accomplish. "SPROCKS" gets there every time. It gives a clear, smooth, velvety finish to the face, A SMARTNESS THAT TELLS—THAT MAKES AN IMPRESSION.

It is not a saw put into a razor handle, but a real man's razor, made of BRITISH STEEL in Sheffield, and wrought up to the highest state of perfection—A TREAT TO USE.

Employers like the look of a "SPROCKED" man. The wife and the kiddies like the feel of his soft, velvety face. It PAYS all ways to use a "SPROCK."



**Boys will be Boys,
They will break their Toys,
But Dad puts them right
With the aid of FLUXITE.**

Whether it's toys for the boys or household utensils for the wife, soldering is the easiest job in the world when FLUXITE is used. Without FLUXITE, it is a great trial to one's patience; therefore it is well that you should complete your soldering equipment by purchasing a tin right away, and so make soldering-failure into soldering-success.

ALL MECHANICS WILL HAVE

FLUXITE

BECAUSE IT
SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

All Hardware and Ironmongery Stores sell Fluxite in tins, price 8d., 14 and 2s. **BUY A TIN TODAY**
Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the neat little

FLUXITE SOLDERING SET

It is perfectly simple to use, and will last for years in constant use. It contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron with non-heating metal handle, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and full instructions. Price 7/6, Sample Set, post paid United Kingdom.

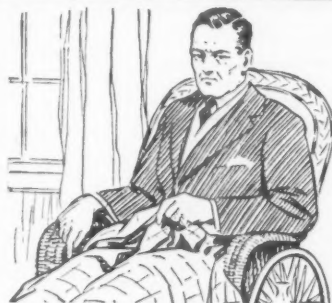
**FLUXITE LTD., 226 Bevington Street,
Birmingham, England.**

REDUCED PRICE

7/6



**For the too-kit of your car or motor cycle
or any soldering job about the home.**



**To allay Rheumatic
Pain take**

GENASPRIN

(The Safe Brand of aspirin)

Whether you have acute Rheumatism—or only an occasional twinge—you will get prompt relief from Genasprin.

"After using various brands of aspirin," writes a physician in the *Medical Press & Circular*, "the certainty of action and freedom from ill-effects of Genasprin has persuaded me to prescribe it in all rheumatic states, and I have still to meet with the case which does not respond."

Genasprin is prescribed by doctors not only for Rheumatism, Gout and Lumbago, but also for Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, &c., with most beneficial results.

**Send this Coupon to-day for
FREE SAMPLE**

To GENATOSAN, Limited,
Loughborough, Leicestershire.

Please send me a Free Sample of Genasprin Tablets and Explanatory Booklet. I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.

Name.....

Address.....

Dept. 17

Once you have experienced the wonderful pain relieving effects of Genasprin you will take care never to be without it. Your chemist sells it, price 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets.

**Write
to-day
for this
FREE
SAMPLE**



**Be sure
you get
GENASPRIN
not "ordinary
aspirin."**

THE QUIVER

You who complain of your Nerves — do you suffer like these?



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Help your Nerves with SANATOGEN — the True Tonic Food

In a short time you will be on the high road to recovery, absorbing new strength every day, and once more beginning to enjoy life. Consider, for example, the confession of a modern novelist, Mr. Horace Hazeltime, who eloquently describes the effect of Sanatogen on himself after a severe attack of nervous depression:—

"One after another the symptoms that I so dreaded drew farther and farther away, and those months of gradual, steady improvement, without a single setback, were a constantly increasing joy in themselves . . . I no longer know either irritability or temper. Restlessness and fickle attention have fled me. I sleep long and refreshingly, and wake each morning to the fresh joy of living. Yet better than all else is my restored delight in work. Never, so long as I can remember, have I approached the day's labour with such zeal, with such enthusiasm!"

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The Editor's Announcement Page

The Sun Cure

By Dr. SALEEBY

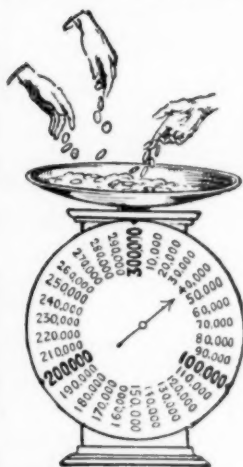
Some months ago Dr. Saleeby in these pages advocated a greater use of sunshine in the curing of disease. In my next issue he will contribute a valuable article telling *how* the "Sun Cure" is worked.

In view of changes in church life in Scotland, an article on "The Religious Life of Glasgow" will be read with interest, not only by Scottish readers, but those who are concerned with moral uplift everywhere.

On quite different lines are the articles on "Do Good Wives Make Good Husbands?" and "A Holiday at Sea." The household management articles, too, will be important—and the stories some of the best we have ever printed.

The Editor

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THE QUIVER

The World of Nature

This issue is, more particularly, a Country Life Number. To those who do not love Nature there will be many features that do not appeal. But in June there can be few who are not drawn away from their ordinary toil by the lure of country life, the scent of the flowers, the riotous galaxy of Spring.

The town-dweller will be only too eager, at this season of the year, to get out to the country lanes and enjoy afresh the delights of wood, field and brook. The country-dweller, too— But the tragedy of things is with the man or woman living all the year round in the country who has not eyes to see. There are, alas, too many such—poor parochial souls who seem to stick inside their stuffy cottages from year's end to year's end.

Some of the articles in this Number may open fresh channels of delight even to dwellers in the country: if so its purpose will have been achieved. June—Nature—the Country-side—who could not be happy with these!



" 'You careless old thing!' cried the new-comer,
flourishing a small steel object in her hand"—p. 736

Drawn by
J. Deane Mills

"WANGLE" by E. L. Haverfield

AS the bus rocked and swayed along, threading its way through the congested traffic, Elaine Davenport wondered why she had burdened herself with the delivery of this cumbersome dress-box to-night. It entailed breaking her journey at Kensington, and when she came to mount the bus she felt tired and dispirited; much more like going straight home and indulging in a real fit of the blues. Home, as represented by a bed-sitting-room in a remote corner of West Kensington, was well calculated to add to the blues—frequently to induce them.

She reviewed the scene at "Yvonne's"—the pretty girl, a new customer who had blown in half an hour before closing time to buy a little French model she had seen in the window, paying twenty guineas for it, down. The young man with her, whose eyes scarcely left her face. Obviously an engaged couple. She particularly wished the dress delivered after seven o'clock, when she would be at home to receive it. "Yvonne," in the person of Miss Jones, head of the staff, in consultation with Mr. Brown, the manager, demurred. All the orders for the day had gone out; there was no messenger available. A mere twenty guineas paid over the counter was nothing to the establishment. Elaine volunteered to oblige the lady and was immediately conscious of the exchange of glances between Miss Jones and Mr. Brown, neither of whom would have been seen carrying a dress-box out of the shop to save their lives. But the offer was accepted.

"No class," murmured Miss Jones, as the assistant took her departure.

"Quaite!" said Mr. Brown, who for reasons of his own was glad of this opportunity to impress Miss Jones with the idea

that he had but a poor opinion of Miss Davenport.

The contempt, unspoken in her presence but obvious in those looks askance, Elaine professed to find amusing, but there was something a little bitter about the joke. To be looked down upon in that state of life to which it had pleased poverty to call her was a trifle hard to bear, even though on the one part it was by a Personage with abundant golden hair, and a fashionable, chalky complexion, and on the other by an objectionable little man with heavy features and an all too familiar manner if he happened to be alone with one.

But it was not those disdainful glances which had sent the girl's spirits down by the run; it was just an inevitable rebound from the moment when her sympathy had gone out to those two happy young people whom she had sought to serve.

She was young, capable of intense happiness; of a deep appreciation of love. She was essentially a girl who needed a home, but her parents had both died during the Great War. It then became a necessity that she should carry on the work undertaken in patriotism as a means of subsistence. She was a transport driver till the war was over, and had existed since by means of one job and another, till she had arrived at "Yvonne's."

She had been out of work for months when she took the post, and was practically destitute. Nothing short of the memory of that would have induced her to stay on, subjected to the ogglings of the facetious Mr. Brown, who had engaged her on account of her excellent figure and very attractive face. When she had, as a last resort, sought work in a shop she had not contemplated anything so trying as a "Mr. Brown," and at

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his first advances would have decamped had the alternative not spelled starvation, and no honest means to pay for a roof over her head.

That was the sort of thing she had to endure whilst girls, like the one whose frock she now carried, could lightly pay twenty guineas for a single gown.

She had little trouble to find the block of buildings containing the customer's flat. There was no porter, no lift. She had to toil to the very top, and there disappointment awaited her. Pinned on the door was a notice reading as follows:

"To Yvonne. Kindly deliver parcel to-morrow morning. Obligated to be out."

"Of course," thought Elaine. "Obligated to be out—at a theatre, probably with yours devotedly."

She had no option but to take the box home with her for the night, start a little earlier for business in the morning and drop it at the flat.

Still labouring under the pall of depression she let herself into the West Kensington house and entered upon the silence of the grave. The family in whose home she rented her little top room was away in its entirety—gone for a blissful fortnight to Southend. Elaine had the place to herself.

In her ugly little room, furnished with anything left over from the other apartments, she flung the dress-box on the bed, and dropped into the chair standing before the mirror. Cupping her chin in her palms, her elbows resting on the table, she stared long and fixedly at her reflection.

What was the good of it all? Eyes of blue-grey, exquisitely set off by long dark lashes; lips with that particular little upward curve that had been meant for smiles; the coppery-brown hair, and unblemished complexion. If she were only dressed like that girl, with a costly simplicity, every detail perfect, what would she look like? Was it for this she was born? To toil merely in order to exist in drab surroundings such as these, while other girls with half her good looks, and no more than her vital craving for the things of youth, could live and fling money about like water?

She stood up suddenly, unable to bear it, and looked round the room for distraction of some sort. Her eyes lighted on the dress-box, and a whim instantly seized her. How would that little frock suit her—the exquisite tone that was almost, but not quite, apricot, the soft, clinging folds?

In another moment she was in full swing

of the old child game of "let's pretend." In spirit Elaine was dressing for a function—her hair re-done, herself washed and refreshed.

The dress was one of those absurd affairs with no fastenings—just a hole to slip your head through. Elaine stood before the glass transformed, like Cinderella, all in an instant.

The effect made her gasp. It was *her* frock. The colour, everything was right—so right that her eyes danced with appreciation. She must have been wholly without a sense of beauty not to have known what she looked like.

At which moment her door was flung open without ceremony, and vision second only to herself tripped into the room: a girl in a powder-blue cloak, with a fair, bobbed head of hair. She had not Elaine's beauty, but the freshness of youth and her dainty clothes nipped comparison in the bud.

"You careless old thing!" cried the newcomer, flourishing a small steel object in her hand; "do you know you left the latch-key in the lock, so I just walked in? Goodness, Elaine," she broke off in tones of astonishment, "how stunning you look! Are you going out somewhere?"

Her blue eyes were round with admiration and surprise, for never had Edna Bray, in all the six years of their acquaintance, seen Elaine in such array. They had met in khaki, both in the same job, "somewhere in France," but since the war Edna had no need to work.

"No," was Elaine's answer, "I am not going out. I was only trying the dress on."

"But how lucky!" exclaimed Edna. "You might have known I was coming for you. I thought I should have to waste ages as usual arguing that your little black dress would do quite well, and I find you ready for me in absolutely *it* for the occasion. Come along quick, the motor is downstairs."

But Elaine shrank back, her face clouded, her manner distraught. Of late she had seen little of Edna. She had not divulged to her what her present work was—it was too distasteful—she did not wish to tell her now.

"Oh, I can't," she said. "Indeed, I can't."

"But you must," said Edna. "If you're going to say you have no cloak, see, I have brought this! You strafed me off with that excuse last time, so I took precautions."

She held out a little creamy cloak hanging over her left arm.

"WANGLE"

"It isn't that, indeed," Elaine said desperately, but Edna cut her short.

"It isn't anything," she said. "You are coming, and that's that. For one thing, I have promised to bring you, and I can't break my word. Wangle is to be there."

"Wangle!"

The word shot out like the report of a revolver, and Elaine turned abruptly to the dressing-table. Her face was devoid of every vestige of colour.

"Yes, Wangle," repeated Edna. "I met him by chance in Regent Street this morning. He is over here—said he got home-sick for old England, and had to leave Australia by the next boat. He is just the same old Wangle, minus the khaki. So we fixed up this evening right away. I managed to get a few of the old gang together over the 'phone—the Freaks and Young Edgar—to make a sort of beano for him. It wouldn't be complete without you. Come along, old thing, or we shall keep them waiting."

"Oh, Edna, I mustn't—I can't," Elaine declared, but she was enveloped in the cloak and swept, protesting, from the room.

All the strength seemed to have gone out of her; she was half stunned. It was not till they were in the car, gliding away from the kerb that a sense of reality gripped her once more, and she cried:

"Oh, stop, Edna. Truly I can't—I mustn't come."

"But you have come," said Edna stolidly, "and that's all there's to it, as Wangle would say. Oh, it will be just like old times. Do you remember—"

A flood of reminiscences poured from Edna's lips, but all that Elaine seemed to hear were the words: "Wangle is over here."

Wangle, whose real name was Alexander Winthrop, who got his absurd nickname partly because it was a word of his, but chiefly because he was such a champion wangler of leave, of nice things for other people; of ways to get comrades out of scrapes. Wangle whom she had never expected to see again!

How strenuously she had put the thought of him out of her mind, telling herself that it was nothing to her that he had gone without saying what she—what everyone had been so certain he was going to say! It had seemed to be always in his eyes when he looked at her, even when they laughed; in all those little attentions paid specially to her; in the possessive way he

had with her. That last night, when the others had bungled in upon their few minutes alone for leave-taking, she could have sworn that he was going to speak. But he had not even written to her afterwards, though he was a whole week in England, and he sailed without asking her for so much as a "God-speed."

Patiently, loyally, she had waited for a letter from some outgoing port, sure that an explanation would be forthcoming. She had her moments of panic that some accident had befallen him, but eventually she met someone who had actually seen him on the eve of his departure and described him as "absolutely in the pink." He had "never seen him look better. He was in the wildest spirits over going home. In fact, he was so excited that he was just a little—you know—and Wangle was not habitually a heavy drinker. He remembered even his toast of the evening—several times he gave it: 'Here's to the girls of Australia. There are none like 'em!'"

The mutual acquaintance was not one of what Edna called the "gang," he knew nothing of what people had expected who saw Wangle and Elaine together.

From that day she set to work to devastate her garden of hopes. Thoughts—memories were treated as worthless weeds. She was sometimes persuaded that she had succeeded in clearing the ground, leaving only reminiscences of early days, before there was any thought of Wangle. Yet, that very day, a look of homage in a young man's eyes as he gazed at his companion in "Yvonne's" had given her an ugly jolt. It was so like the way Wangle had looked at her, scores of times, and especially that last night when she had let him read her very soul. It looked as if the work was all to do again; there were roots she had overlooked. Desolation unspeakable swept through her; she had grasped at the first distraction that presented itself—the little twenty-guinea gown.

On top of which came Edna with Wangle's name on her lips, and at the sound of it her "bones had turned to water," she knew exactly how the palmetto had felt; it was like that, so that Edna was able to have her way with her. But now the fight had come back into her.

"Edna, stop the car this minute," she said with tremendous firmness. "This is sheer nonsense."

She leant forward to take the speak-

THE QUIVER

ing tube, but Edna forestalled her, laughing triumphantly.

"Oh, no, you don't, my dear," she said. "You're in now, up to the neck." Then, as her companion seemed as if she would struggle for the tube, she added more gravely: "I say, old dear, you don't want Wangle to fancy you are afraid to meet him again, do you?"

Elaine strangled a little gasp.

"Don't be silly," she snapped. "What should I be afraid of Wangle for? Why, why should he think things?"

"Oh, I don't know," was the answer, extremely casually spoken. "He might imagine there was something funny if you didn't turn up. You used to be such pals. Besides, it would spoil the evening. There are gaps enough, goodness knows, without anyone staying away who can be there."

The shaft told. Elaine stiffened herself up.

"Oh, have it your own way," she said, sinking back in the car.

"Good old girl," said Edna, "that's the spirit. It's the 'Troc.' we're making for, of course. Same old camp for a beano."

The Trocadero—a supper party! Her courage rose. She had been terribly afraid it might be a subscription dance, but this was a public meeting. No difficult *tête-à-tête* to avoid.

By the time they reached the restaurant she had got herself well in hand. When she stood in the lounge, Wangle towering above her, gripping her hand till it hurt, she could laugh up into his face, and bid him welcome with an air that rang true enough.

As for Wangle, he grinned all over his face. He was, as Edna had said, the same old Wangle; spare as ever, his hair so short-cropped that his round head looked like a coco-nut. His eyes, too, the lightness of their blue accentuated by contrast with the soft tan of his complexion. He was bubbling over with spirits as of old. He might never have been away; he took his place amongst them with all his old assurance—fully confident of everyone's affection.

Before they reached the supper table he and Elaine were ragging as they had always done. They were the life and spirit of the meal. If anything, it was Elaine who was the readiest with the "Do-you-remembers," raking up the absurdest happenings. The "Freaks," two W.A.A.C. friends who had stuck together through thick and thin, could

scarcely eat for laughing. Edgar Young could not take his eyes off Elaine. Brilliant as he had always thought her, she was outshining herself to-night.

There were toasts, of course, each vying with the other to give the funniest. Elaine had always been a champion at them. When her turn came she lifted her glass, half-rose and, looking Wangle straight in the eyes, said in a low, clear voice:

"To the girls of Australia, Wangle."

The compliment was enthusiastically seconded. It was so naturally done that not a soul present had a suspicion of what lay behind it.

"Amen to that," said Wangle, and drained his glass. "That's very pretty of you, Elaine," he added.

"Not at all," she said, elated by her success to further daring. "We just want you to know that the girls of England are not jealous, though we *were* all expecting you to propose to us before you left."

"Not all, surely," said Edgar in mock horror.

Elaine could have sworn he would unconsciously play up to her lead, and with deepened satisfaction she retorted:

"Yes, all, of course. Did you ever know Wangle show any partiality? He was far too tender-hearted for that, weren't you, Wangle? You never left anyone out in the cold."

"I hope I never did," Wangle replied, but for the first time that evening his manner lost something of its assurance. In his eyes, as they rested upon Elaine, there flickered bewilderment.

"Do you remember old Madame at the Café de Luxe? She was one of Wangle's most serious conquests," she said, and swept them off into an absurd episode of the old days.

The party broke up at the very last possible moment, short of being turned out of the restaurant. In the vestibule Wangle held Elaine back.

"Let me take you home," he said.

"Thanks awfully," she replied, "but I am with Edna."

"Well, what about to-morrow?" he persisted as she moved on. "When can I see you? What is your address?"

"The Ritz," said Elaine calmly, and stepped into the car.

"The Ritz," repeated Wangle. "We will lunch together."

She waved and smiled as the door slammed and the car moved off.

"You are meeting him at the Ritz," said Edna, catching only his reply.

"He says so," said Elaine lightly.

"What Wangle says stands," said Edna with a comfortable giggle, as she settled down in her corner. "There isn't a doubt that he is re-fascinated by you, old thing."

"Oh, I hope not," exclaimed Elaine with a laugh. "I'm not at all re-fascinated by him. Bit of a backwoodsman, don't you think? But great fun. I wouldn't have missed this evening for anything. Thanks awfully for making me come."

Back in her hideous little bedroom, with the ill-burning gas alight, Elaine, so to say, burst her buttons, untied her strings and let go. Figuratively only, for, when she came to try to take off the little dream of a frock that had so ably supported her through the ordeal, she was faced by a problem.

The dress entirely refused to be discarded.

As has been already said, it had no buttons or strings. The only mode of egress was through the hole for the head. So close-fitting was the under-robe that it would not pass over her hips. Moreover it was of such flimsy, gauzy material that tugging was quite out of the question. It could only be drawn off over the head with the aid of another person.

With the revelation came back the horrible realization that she was in borrowed plumes. For the last few hours she had lived at such high tension that she had completely forgotten what she was wearing. Now she stared down at the folds, from which all the first freshness had gone, knowing that the back must be even more crumpled with sitting, and felt a kind of paralysis creeping over her senses. Never again would that little twenty-guinea gown look as it had done in "Yvonne's" shop—and it had got to be delivered to its purchaser to-morrow morning, as new!

In desperation she once again tried to get out of it, only to realize the more surely that nothing could be done without a helping hand. And there was not a soul in the house!

"It looks like spending the night in it," she said helplessly to her own rueful reflection in the glass.

The dilemma was so absurd, and she was so strung up by all the happenings of the day, that she suddenly collapsed upon the chair by the dressing-table, buried her face in her hands and broke into peals of hysterical laughter. She was as limp as a rag

before she could regain control over herself.

It was truly no laughing matter. To put it baldly she was in the position of a common thief. To all intents and purposes she had stolen a twenty-guinea frock from a customer of "Yvonne's," and she could no more make restitution than she could buy the Bank of England.

Of course "Yvonne's," in the person of Mr. Brown, would take the matter into court. He would not merely feel he was doing his duty, but that he was "getting a little of his own back." Elaine knew that he was resentfully conscious of her persistent snubbings. He had tried so hard to get up a flirtation with her. The bare idea of having to confess to Mr. Brown made her feel sick. She told herself she would rather go straight to the police-station and give herself up.

"And then," she said, pressing her hands against her burning cheeks, "it will all be in the papers—my name—the whole thing from the most sordid standpoint, and everyone will see it."

Edna, to whom she had not explained her wonderful get-up; all the "gang," Wangle! It was unbearable!

This was the crowning humiliation—that Wangle, before whom she had held her head so high, should see her branded as a thief. He would never know the rights of it; probably he would thank God for a lucky escape, and toast the girls of Australia deeper than ever.

"I can't stand it," she thought desperately. "There must be a way out somehow."

There was only one hope that presented itself—so slender that it did not really buoy her up. It only restrained her from throwing herself down on the bed, just as she was, to seek oblivion in sleep. If she could get the dress off without doing it further injury she would try what could be done with an iron. But in her heart she knew that the filmy over-skirt would not respond to ironing; it would never look the same again. Had she not clung to the hope, however, she would have cut herself out of the dress with a penknife, and trampled it underfoot as a maniac might rend and stamp upon his strait-jacket.

She spent a night of sheer anguish waiting for the day. As soon as the world was awake she would try to get hold of someone to help her. When it came to the point she could not bring herself to requisi-

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tion the services of the milkman or postman, nor, though she strained her eyes at the window, did any likely passer-by appear. There was just one person who ought to come to the house, and that was the woman who came daily to do her room, but at what hour she put in an appearance Elaine had no notion. She prayed that it might be some time in the morning, for she was in a panic lest the owner of the frock should become impatient at its non-arrival, and telephone inquiries to "Yvonne's." She watched the clock with growing anxiety, and by eleven she was getting into a fever of dread.

A furious ringing of the always raucous electric bell sent every trace of colour out of her cheeks, and set her heart thumping against her side. The woman had a key of her own, so that it could not be she. Was it "Yvonne's" already on her track? She wondered.

The notion paralysed her, and for a moment or so she sat helpless, staring at the door. The bell thrilled the echoes once again. This time it sent her speeding to the window, but she could see no one on account of the porch over the door. A third, more insistent ringing drew her with lagging steps downstairs. If justice was on her heels it was useless to delay, justice having a nasty habit of disregarding locks and bolts.

With trembling fingers she opened the door. Not forgetting her incongruous appearance, in itself a give-away, she meant only to peep through a chink, but the door was roughly pushed wide open and a tall form stood on the threshold.

"Wangle!" she gasped incredulously, and fell back against the wall staring at him.

"Sure!" said he shortly.

"But I told you the Ritz."

"And I've come to know why you lied to me," Wangle said in a voice that vibrated strangely.

"I imagined you would guess," said Elaine, drawing herself up with an attempt at dignity wholly out of keeping with her white face and quivering lips.

It was such a Wangle as she had never seen before. She could not have believed him capable of looking so furiously angry. This was not the way she had pictured him taking his dismissal. She felt dismayed as he entered the hall with a determined air, and put his hat up on the rack.

"I'm not good at guessing," he said. "I

like things straight from the shoulder. Now, where can we talk this out?"

"There is nothing to talk out," Elaine said, meeting his eyes squarely, though her spirit quailed strangely within her. "I thought you would understand when I gave you the wrong address that I didn't wish to see you again—not ever again."

"I did," said Wangle coolly, "and I've come to know the reason. Edna gave me your address. Is this room empty? Can we go in here?" he asked, pushing open the dining-room door and glancing in.

Then, with a firm grip, he took her by the arm, as, she remembered in a flash, he had done years ago near Abbeville, to lead her into a dug-out for safety from enemy bombs coming down too thickly to be healthy. It was the very beginning of their acquaintance.

"How dare you force yourself upon me like this!" she said, sinking down at the table because her knees shook beneath her.

"A man dares a good deal to clear his name," said Wangle, taking a seat facing her. "Last night, at first, I thought it was all right between us, till you gave that toast. Where did you get it, Elaine?"

"It was a quotation," she replied.

"So I thought," said Wangle grimly, "and the last nail in my coffin, eh? I suppose on the strength of it you felt justified in hitting a man below the belt. But I'll get you to take back that blow before I've done. Read that."

He threw a letter that he had taken from his breast pocket across the table to her.

She lifted it and read:

"DEAR SIR,

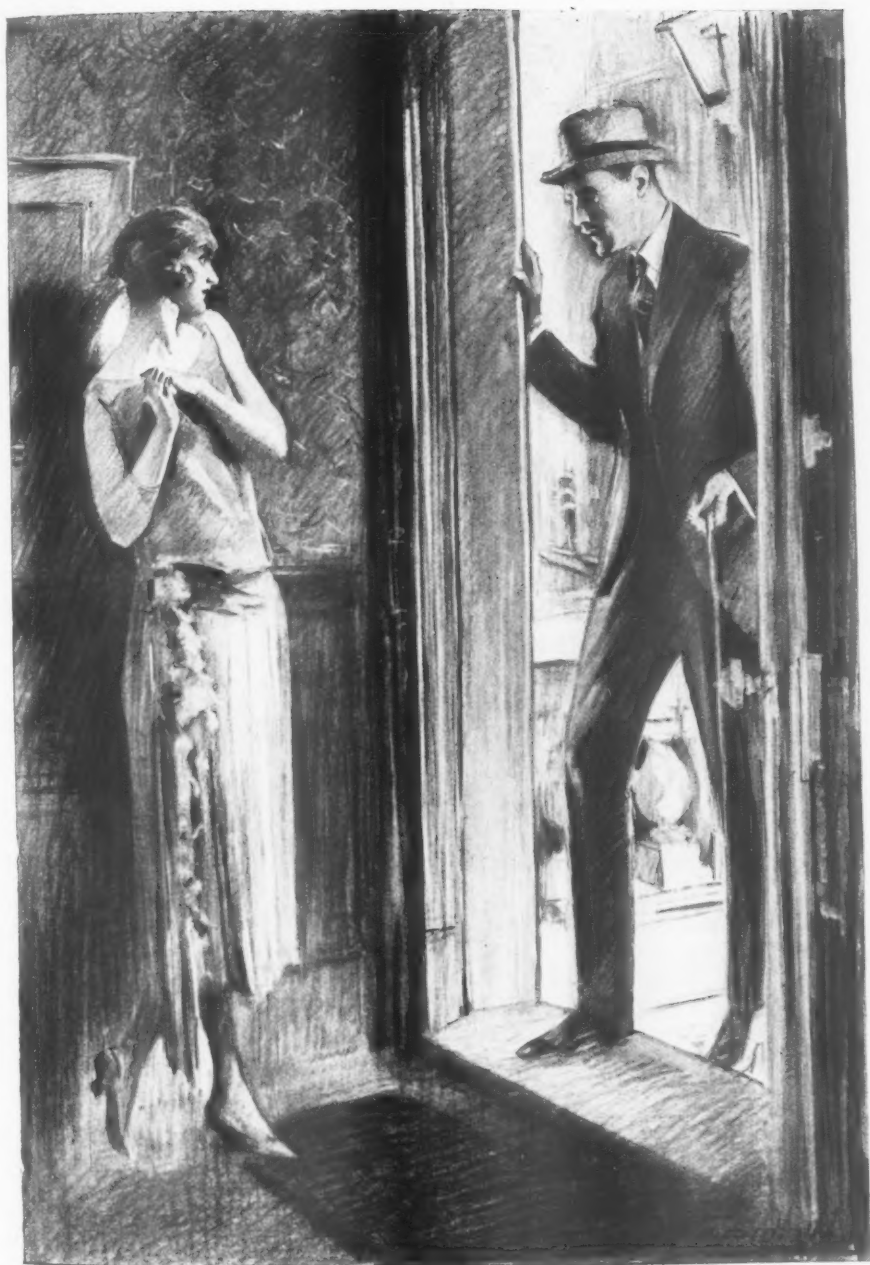
"The enclosed has just been found at the back of an old tin letter box on my front door. The box was loose, so I suppose the letter slipped between it and the door. I imagine that it was intended for a former tenant, but not knowing the lady I send it to you in the hope that it may find you."

Elaine stared at the missive and Wangle sat gazing at her with strained eyes.

"That's what brought me back to England," he said huskily.

"And the enclosure?" she said scarcely above a whisper.

"Was my letter to you. When I never got an answer to it I believed you had turned me down. You see, I didn't post it, so I couldn't think it hadn't reached you. I slipped it, as I believed, into that wretched box somewhere in the small hours of that



"'Wangle!' she gasped incredulously, and
fell back against the wall staring at him"

*Drawn by
J. Duvar Mills*

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night I couldn't get a word with you. All my heart was in it, and I waited. Good heavens, it was torture!"

"Wangle!" Elaine cried, the word wrung from her by the look in his eyes, and she fairly flung out her hands towards him.

He was round the table with a bound and had gathered her up in his arms.

"You do care," he said thickly. "You little divvle! And you made me think last night—with that air of a princess all got up in your finery——"

He found himself being suddenly, violently thrust away.

"Oh, Wangle," Elaine panted. "Do be careful. My dress. You'll ruin it."

"Your dress," he exclaimed in tones of dismay; "what the mischief does that matter?"

He was drawing her insistently back to him.

"Oh, don't, don't!" she cried, dancing away from him. "You mustn't. I'm in frightful trouble as it is."

She looked so genuinely frantic that he stared at her, wondering if she had taken leave of her senses.

"If there's trouble," he said gravely, "we share it now."

"But you can't. I mustn't drag you into it," Elaine said desperately. "I ought to have remembered. I oughtn't to have let you see I cared. Go away at once, please, and forget——"

"I'm blowed if I do," said Wangle. "I don't leave this room till I know what you are talking about."

She knew that she could not fight him. Worn out with worry, sleeplessness and heartache, she had to give in, and poured out the whole story as he held her in his arms. When she reached the description of her futile efforts to get out of the garment he laughed so immoderately that she was almost angry with him, forgetting her own hysterics.

"It is nothing to laugh at," she said. "It's fearfully serious. I'm in an awful hole, and I don't know how to get out of it."

"Leave it to me," he said, wiping his streaming eyes. "I'll wangle it."

"You can't," she said hopelessly.

"Yes, I can," said Wangle. "Run along upstairs and cut yourself out of the beastly thing. Hack it to bits, it doesn't matter. I'll think out something while you're dressing."

"But——"

"There are no 'buts' with me," he said sternly. "Vamoose, or I'll do it myself."

Elaine fled. She returned ready for the road.

They walked to the nearest telephone box.

"On guard at the door," commanded Wangle. "Now listen."

He looked up a number in the book.

"All's well," he announced, "she has a number." There was a pause after he had rung up the exchange. Then he began in a bland tone of voice: "Yvonne speaking. Is that Miss Glynne . . . Yes, Y for you, V for Violet . . . Oh, you've got it. We are ringing up to apologize for not sending the little gown you selected yesterday. The fact is there is a flaw in it. We couldn't allow such a thing to go out of our establishment. We regret if it has put you to any inconvenience . . . Oh, certainly, madam. I was about to say so. The money will be refunded; we are dispatching it by special messenger. No, nothing else in stock, madam. We're very short of gowns just now. Thank you. Good morning."

Quickly he hung up the receiver and broke into a chuckle.

"Wangle," cried Elaine aghast, "how could you?"

"As easy as look at it," said Wangle complacently. "Now to send a messenger with the cash."

"Wangle, you can't!" gasped Elaine.

"Yes, I can," he said with decision. "I'm a regular—What's-his-name?—Cæsus."

"But I can't let you," Elaine tried to explain. "We're not——"

"Not yet, but we're soon going to be," Wangle replied. "A special licence and a wedding ring are the next two items on the list. I vowed when that vagrant letter found me, after following me half round the world, that I was taking no more chances with you, and I'm not. See?"



How the Wild Birds Feed their Young by

H. Mortimer
Batten
F.Z.S.



Photo: H. M. & W. B. Batten

VERY few wild birds can be reared otherwise than Nature intended. We may know quite well that a certain song bird in the garden feeds her chicks on a certain species of grub. Day after day we have seen her at it—as, for example, I once watched a wagtail flying back and forth collecting caterpillars from a post over which the insects were swarming, and apparently that one post provided her chicks with all they needed. But had you or I taken her seemingly simple duties upon ourselves, which would merely have meant a light pair of tweezers and the ability to devote all our time to it, the chicks would assuredly have died within a few hours.

Very often when a young bird is taken captive and put in a cage, the parent birds will feed it if the cage be placed with that end in view. When I was a youngster we reared a young brown owl in this way. It was placed on an artificial nest inside a wicker cage, which was hung on the outside wall, and night after night the old birds

could be heard flying round the house as they hunted devotedly for their chick. This case was rather striking, as the chick was hatched in a wood over two miles distant from the house, and a second chick and one egg were left in the nest for the parents to look after. Our opinion was that it was not the chick's own parents which fed it, but another pair of owls nesting within fifty yards. Very often when there is an adult brood and dependent youngsters of the same season in the case of certain birds, the adult brood—that is, the chicks of the first hatching—relieve their parents by feeding and guarding the more recent arrivals, and I have often watched a family of grown-up moorhen chicks looking after their little brothers and sisters while their mother was busy with yet another sitting! This, indeed, must be very excellent training for the budding generation which has just attained the "coming out" stage!

With regard to the young brown owl, the remains left in his cage each morning told

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Father Dipper is carrying home a May-fly for his chicks

a woeful story to any lover of song birds, for these were brought almost exclusively—thrushes, chaffinches, hedgesparrows, larks, and only once was the head of a rodent found lying on the earth below. Yet we know that normally brown owls—that is, the hooting variety—feed very extensively on fur-clad things, but they evidently regard a feathered diet as more healthy for their chicks. Screech or barn owls, on the other hand, kill thousands of small rodents for home consumption, and feed their young almost entirely on such fare; but, as will be pointed out later, many birds feed their young during the milk-bottle stage on foods which are entirely the reverse to those favoured by the adults.

The placing of a captive chick out in the open to be fed by its parents is not so successful with all birds as with owls. I have known a couple of tit-larks faithfully to feed their cuckoo fosterling which had

been taken from them and made a captive, but with some birds the parents will immediately poison the chick which has been made a prisoner if they have access to it. This has happened again and again with song thrushes, and a vixen has been known to carry a poisoned bait, which she herself had shunned many times, and taught her little ones to shun, to one of her cubs fast in a steel trap. There, indeed, were the mother's tracks all round, there the remains of the poisoned bait, and there her infant son relieved of his miseries, though the thing of iron still held him fast. It is not surprising that so intelligent a beast as the fox should understand that there are circumstances from which only death can bring relief, but one does not look for such high reasoning powers as the understanding of poisons in connexion with the future among our small birds which seemingly live only in the present.

Almost all wild birds, even those which belong to the vegetarian brotherhood, that is the seed eaters, feed their chicks entirely on insects, but the doves are most striking exceptions to this rule. So far as I know doves never at any time of their lives eat insects; indeed, I have often watched a domestic pigeon regarding a creeping beetle



Photo: H. M. & W. B. Batten

The task of incubation is rather a difficult one for the Avocet, owing to the length of her legs. She is shown in the act of turning her eggs with her long curved beak

HOW THE WILD BIRDS FEED THEIR YOUNG

with an air of the utmost distrust, presently to sidle off and leave the crawling "dainty" to its own devices. And pigeons, of course, feed their young in a way employed by none of the insect eaters—that is, the adult bird takes the beak of the chick into its own beak and the half-digested food changes owners—rather a disgusting method, but one which seems to work quite well. The nearest approaches to this method are afforded by certain fish-eating birds—for instance, the heron and the cormorants, about which more anon.

Many birds which live in colonies feed not only their own chicks but any other chick

And all are deeply interested in the affairs of the few genuine producers, and I pity the wild cat or the marten which tried to raid that sanctuary of the tree tops, for the grey anglers know well that strength lies in unity of purpose!

As the young herons grow old enough to leave the nests and to squat out among the neighbouring branches, the bedlam in the wood becomes awful beyond description, for every adult heron seen to fly overhead is rasped at and croaked at for food. And immediately an adult heron does alight in the branches it is surrounded by squabbling, squawking youngsters, which it proceeds to



Blue Heron with her chicks. Note the spacious but unwieldy nest

which chances to come along. Take, for example, the heronry in the heart of the dense pine forests near my home. I think the herons must have founded their city there with a view to keeping an eye on their fishing reserves, for the sunny slope of the mountain face affords a wonderful panorama of the silver winding river and the silver loch beyond.

A far greater number of herons assemble there each spring than have any idea of nesting. Indeed, I doubt whether the heronry contains more than four or five nests annually, yet there must be forty or fifty herons present to see that all goes well.

stuff impartially. So far as one can make out, nearly all the birds attached to the place are busy this time of year carrying food for the ravenous chicks, so it is a very wise provision of Nature which calls one and sundry back to the ancestral haunts in spring. Each pair of birds does not nest annually, but the parental instinct is present in all, and even though the fishing be really bad, a season of plenty is assured the chicks by all adults lending a turn at the wheel. Judging by the enormous distance a heron will fly to its fishing stand, it might, indeed, be difficult for the parents to satisfy family requirements if they were left to it unaided.

THE QUIVER



**The Pied
Wagtail**

Ever a joy to behold, so intimately is he associated with our old-world gardens

Much the same kindly spirit prevails in the rookery. I once watched an old bob-tailed grandpa rook feed five different sets of chicks in as many different trees during the course of the afternoon. Whether he had chicks of his own I doubt, but having the welfare of the community at heart it was merely for him to carry grub, and stuff it down the throat of the first squab which seemed to be hungry. Also I once watched a merlin hawk, whose family had left the nest and was squatting about on the rocks, feed the same chick three times in succession. On the fourth visit it could eat no more, at which the parent looked most distressed, though the other chicks near were squealing their heads off for a turn. You could almost hear him say, "What's the matter? Don't you like what I've brought you?" But from the chick there came only the silence of repletion.

The reader will observe that I have used the masculine pronoun. The hen bird made no such mistake. It was a most obvious instance of "Dear old Father" in the Wild.

Rooks have been known to sustain for years an injured member of their colony who, though unable to fly, was so much alive among the branches that, although he could not feed himself, he was at any rate able to hold on to existence. So the other rooks fed him, winter and summer, and

when this member of the poorhouse met his untimely end, so much beloved was he that the other rooks rose in a cloud to proclaim with one voice their distress.

Another case of the understanding of fellowship, as distinct from parental instincts, came before my notice recently, when an observer reported in *Country Side*, a small publication produced by the British Empire Naturalists' Association, how he had seen one blue tit trying to help another. This was during the mild winter months, and tit number one had become imprisoned inside a street lamp, the interior of which he had sought in pursuit of the insect life attracted by the light. But he could not get out, and tit number two was trying to help him by forcing particles of fat, carried from the bird table in a neighbouring garden, through the crevices of the lamp. So the owner of the bird table, his sympathies roused by the human incident, climbed up and liberated the captive.

If you wish to see how the nursery table should not be spread, visit the breeding haunts of the gannets, the Bass Rock, in the spring of the year. Fortunately the island



Cormorant and her handsome twins. Note the old bird's expression of motherly pride

HOW THE WILD BIRDS FEED THEIR YOUNG

is liberally swept by the fresh sea breezes, or surely life would be impossible there even for the gannets. Truly those who go down to the sea in ships see the wonders of the world, for surprise after surprise awaits us in these bird islands of the sea. The gannets, crowded shoulder to shoulder, carry home far more food than their young can consume, and as the weeks pass the piles and ridges of surplus fish grow and grow, while the hot sun beats down upon them.

The shags and the cormorants are supposed to be obnoxious birds, but according to my own experiences the gannets beat everything. The parent cormorant—and the shag is but a small breed of cormorant—flies out to sea, and, diving below the surface, obtains the necessary supply of fish. Returning to its young, it proceeds to feed them much as the pigeon does, but with a refined technical difference into which we need not enter.

But good Dame Nature is wise throughout. These birds are resident at their breeding haunts only for the brief period of the breeding season, and therefore they stand in no special need of good sanitation. Their haunts are wind-swept and often wave-swept, and by the time the breeding birds come back again all has had time to cleanse and sweeten. If, like so many birds of the

land, they haunted the same region the whole year round, dread sickness would be their lot; or, rather, if that were the case, Nature would have shaped their ways along different lines.

So most of the wild birds bring the food needed to the very mouths of their chicks, and the chicks are spoon fed as it were. They remain in the nest for many days, and, leaving it, they are still dependent on their parents for a time till, following parental example, they learn stage by stage to fend for themselves. There is no prettier sight than that afforded by a family of dipper chicks, flying from rock to rock in pursuit of mother or father down the gushing mountain stream, ever and anon crying for food, yet in their eagerness to learn the lessons of life, following the older birds' example, even to plunging boldly below the surface.

Among the ground breeding birds we find that different methods prevail. Of course, there are many ground breeders—skylarks, the graceful little woodlarks, titlarks, and a whole host of others, whose young remain in the nest for many days; but by the ground breeding birds I mean the partridges, pheasants, plovers, waders, and all the vast army which depends to so great an extent upon its legs to live to see another day. Not one morsel of food do the majority of these



A Happy Family
in Birdland

Parent Spoonbills and
their young. They
are among the rarest
and most handsome
of British water-birds

Photo :
H. M. & W. B.
Batten

THE QUIVER



White Wagtail sitting on her eggs. She is the rarest member of her family

receive actually from the beaks of their parents. They are born with the yolk of the egg from which they came as temporary stuffing, and they remain in the nest just so long and no longer than it takes for that natural reserve to be used up. This is another provision of Nature. Each chick is born well fed, as it were, and so he is content to lie quiescent till his natural food supply gives out. This gives the other eggs a chance of hatching out, for the first hatched does not immediately want his mother to lead him forth on an expedition of exploration. The whole little family lies quiet till they are nicely dried out and their legs are strengthened, then mother proudly leads them forth. And—herein lies the difference—from that day on the nest plays no further part in their lives. They roost under mother's feathers wheresoever she chooses to shield them at sundown, and she feeds them, not by stuffing food into their mouths, but as an old hen feeds her chicks—

by scratching, calling them about her, picking up the morsels of food in her own beak and dropping it amidst them, till, quickly learning to follow her example, each little chick may be seen scratching on his own, quite independently of mother.

But such of earth's simple children have many foes, foremost among which is the wet clay which clings to their toes and their sprouting feathers, till the weakly ones fall behind and are sacrificed upon the altar of the fit.

Finally, there are the water-birds—the moorhens, the coots, the dab-chicks, the wild ducks—whose nursery lives are followed out in much the same way, save that the great blue waters are their meadows and that from the hour of their birth they know how to dive and hide below the surface, just their beaks visible, instead of squatting flat and motionless, as the newly hatched ground chicks do. And in place of the clay as a mortal foe, the water chicks have the pike and the

mammoth trout lurking in the depths, which often take such dreadful toll of their numbers that I have known a train of ducklings numbering nine or ten to be reduced to a pathetic two within two hours of their leaving the nest.

Of course there are many mysteries attached to the infant stage of bird life, but space does not permit our entering into this. The woodcock is known to carry her chicks in her feet from the high, dry leafy wood in which they are born to the lowland swamp where they are found within a few hours of their birth, though no woodcock breed there.

The wild duck often nests in a hollow trunk or in the deserted nest of a crow several feet from the ground, yet she is seen at sundown with her whole little brood safely huddled behind her, far out in the centre of the lake three miles away. How does she get them there? That is one of the questions still unanswered.



The DAY YOU GET MARRIED by Stanhope W. Sprigg

I SUPPOSE one of these days, when the world has a little more leisure than it has at present, and when thinking folks generally have taken once again to reflecting on the more serious epochs of life,

"THE DAY YOU GET MARRIED" will suddenly assume quite unparalleled significance. It may even happen that some popular preacher or novelist will unexpectedly announce, in accents that will miraculously convince the world, that it "is the first step that counts" in married life, very much as it does in most of the other important crises that attend our march from the cradle to the grave; and so, quite soon, we may come to acquire quite a fresh perspective of matrimony, a new view of wedding days, and a new series of injunctions about the early pitfalls of married life. Should this happen, I fancy most young people will find it is all to the good.

Confessions of some Bridegrooms—

Meanwhile, as it happens, I have been talking to various people about their wedding days, and very surprised have I been at the confessions that have been quite spontaneously made to me about what is admittedly a crisis of very profound importance to anybody, high or low, rich or poor, who ventures to face it. For instance, a man that I know very well, an architect in practice in London, told me a few days ago: "I was glad to get it over. Truth to tell, to-day I don't remember much about it. I suppose, like most of my sex, I was in a bit of a stew about it, but, anyway, the memory of it soon got blurred, faded and indistinct, and the chief thing I associate with it now is—that, on going on our honeymoon, we lost our luggage at Peterborough, and on coming home found ourselves practically penniless at York."

Another, a K.C. with a rather quaint turn of personal humour, turned out to be an unblushing advocate for all weddings to be solemnized in *the absence of the bridegroom*. "It could be easily managed," he argued. "The man could sign all the essential forms beforehand. If necessary, he might have a religious ceremony specially for himself. The great monarchs and kings of history knew how nerve-destroying all wedding ceremonies inevitably prove. That is why they sent deputies to represent them at the actual functions, and marriages by proxy became the rage. Really, no sane person who ever attends a wedding takes the slightest notice of the bridegroom! He would be much better absent, for he usually stands at a point where he spoils any good view of the bride's dress."

—and Brides

Even the women to whom I have spoken of wedding days in general—and remember, they are said to be the day of days for women—express quite divided opinions about them. "It's a terrible ordeal, in some respects," said one with a shudder. "I felt it **was** a great disappointment," declared a second. "It never turns out like you think it will," grimly mused a third. Only one spoke joyously to me about it. "The happiest day of my life," she answered as she cast a beaming look at her husband. He nodded and smiled, but quickly turned his head, for even his smile was twisted!

Now, why should this be so? Why should men and women whose friendship we cherish—whose virtues are conspicuous, whose social position is unquestionable and unquestioned—why should they be so loath to acclaim the festivity that attended the

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great turning point in their joint careers? Is there something very out of tune on such occasions that afterwards you come upon such a solid body of neutral or antagonistic opinion? What is it? Who is to blame for it? Cannot it be altered?

Something Wrong Somewhere

Surely there must be something radically wrong somewhere in our conception and treatment and performance of a ceremony that involves so often great trouble, great anxiety, and great expense, and yet fails so signally to satisfy the two principal parties!

True, the people that are already married have now only a remote interest in the question, but equally there are many others who have their wedding days still in front of them. They, at all events, would like theirs to succeed even where others had failed. They would prefer that their marriages should stand out in their hearts and brain as something new, and rich, and memorable which they can treasure as long as life exists.

What One Wants

For one thing, certainly one must make up one's mind what one wants from the day itself. One need not go very far back in the history of what has been called "the quaint comedy of loving, wooing and mating" to realize that marriage festivals have always rather closely approximated to what was the then national pitch of civilization and education. Indeed, one might even go so far as to paraphrase a well-known saying about the songs of a nation, and might say: "Show me the country where the wedding is to occur, and I will tell you with ease exactly how it will be celebrated." In other words, marriage days inevitably reflect not the temper of the parties who take the principal parts in them, but the taste of the people amongst whom they are celebrated. And this natural law has operated in England just as it has operated in Italy, and Germany, and Russia.

Hence, in lieu of the wild customs of the barbarians or the intolerable orgies of ancient palaces and peasants, we have evolved the formal wedding breakfast of to-day alternated with smart hotel receptions, the full choral service, or the hurried visit to the cheerless office of a more cheerless wedding registrar, the crowded chapel, or the dim, empty, musty city church,

where every step sounds as though one had placed a foot on the top of a decaying and hollow tomb. And we are not satisfied with it. It does not give us what it should.

Only the other day I was talking to a popular clergyman in London about this gradual declension in the influence of marriage ceremonies, and, although he is a man who is in great request at weddings, I found, to my surprise, that he perfectly agreed with me in my estimate that something rare, and penetrating, and precious had gone, or was going quite rapidly, out of the rite of marriage. He explained it like this: "In the days of the Early Church," he said, "marriage was a sacrament. To-day it is too often merely the expression of a civil contract. Just as we have secularized the actual ceremony of marriage, so have we robbed it of its highest solemnities and virtues. Need you wonder, then, that divorce is so easy a transition?"

Naturally, I only give this expression of his opinion for what it is worth. He may be right—he may be wrong—generalities, at all events, are always rather dangerous. Certainly there are people to-day who advocate that marriage ceremonies should be rendered more simple. On the other hand, I have known extreme critics who have urged that we don't make enough of those occasions, and that, if the contracting parties were wise, they would see to it that, as is the case with certain European peasants, the entire festivities lasted a whole week!

Practical Considerations

Few of us can foretell the future, but this much certainly emerges from the general welter of thought and confusion about wedding days as a whole—that a few practical considerations of the effect of such a day may very fairly be studied and a certain number of sound rules be laid down for the guidance of the contracting parties.

For instance, it was my fate to be married at a fashionable church in London by a popular clergyman. His sermons were, in a way, world famous. Originally he had been a colonel in one of the regiments of Guards, but he had felt the call, and had taken Orders; a good deal of the more grim forms of military virtue, however, remained at the back of his mind. He would have made, I think, a fine type of Calvinist or a most forbidding figure at the Spanish Inquisition, and most of his flock recognized that on ordinary occasions his logic was

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pitiless and his condemnation a thing that scalded the heart. To our surprise, however, his address at our marriage was something to marvel at—it was so sweet, so gentle, so persuasive—such a call to self-sacrifice and single-minded devotion. I do not myself believe that he uttered a word of sugary promise, or a pious platitude, or a threat, but even as he spoke in his ordinary quiet conversational tones we seemed to be travelling down the years with him, and not once, but often he made our eyes suffuse with tears at the pictures he sketched of what awaited us “if to ourselves we were but true.”

Suppose you are about to transact a big deal in business that will colour all your future worldly fortunes. Usually you take yourself firmly in hand before you do so—clear your brain, summon up your keenest faculties. But the day you get married—what kind of preparation is expected? What kind of mental inventory do the majority take for themselves? To what reforms are they pledged? Fine clothes, yes—a smiling countenance—but how seldom a tightly pressed mouth, a series of good resolutions that will grow from an impulse to a habit, and from a habit to a character as finely tempered as steel?

Depends on How You Start

After all, the most beautiful and wonderful thing in the world is about to happen to you, and, practically, everything—every joy, every happiness, every bit of misunderstanding, yes, every sorrow, every tear—depends on how you start! Look what qualities you have to lay up in store at a wedding for future service—what patience, what charity, sympathy, understanding, truthfulness.

How can you expect new powers and new illumination to come to you when you plunge recklessly on your wedding day into the idle joys of the moment and you finish with your nerves ragged and your fatigue manifest? Remember the testing time is before you—not behind.

Naturally I do not even pretend to dogmatize on these matters, but I think here we might very safely pause to reflect what would make a wedding day something that is really illuminating and helpful.

First, then, I think that things might be so arranged that both bride and bridegroom should be able to secure a *quiet hour*. That time should be used for meditation, and within it they should make all the good

resolutions they will need to reinforce their wills on the journey they are going to take amongst life's realities. Here, for example, is a list of profitable ideas for contemplation:

Your Duty Towards God.

Worship. Prayer. Almsgiving.

Your Duty Towards Your Neighbour.

Friends. Sports. Amusements.
Visitors. Hobbies. Helpfulness.

Your Duty Towards Each Other.

Love. Trust. Patience.
Self-sacrifice. Loyalty. Self-restraint.

Your Duty Towards Yourself.

A calm mind. An even temper. A soft answer.

Your Attitude in the Face of the World about

Thrift. Intoxicants. Smoking.
Dress. Theatres. Holidays.
Dancing. Cinemas. Sundays.

This looks, of course, at first, a very rudimentary and rather ineffective list—just, indeed, as it is meant to do; but it has at least this obvious virtue—it will start any ordinary couple thinking on the right practical lines, and it will enable them to pass from its general purport to their own particular problems. Then, fortified with all right resolutions, they can set about the day's preparations. *But do let them be as much alone as they can.*

If friends and relatives must flock about them, let them take care they are the right friends and relatives, with the right poise and the right atmosphere. Don't let anyone treat the day or the affair as a huge joke, or as a subject for perpetual jest. It is not either of those two things. It is tremendously serious. And each owes it to the other to be serious about it, not weak, weeping, or maudlin, and, equally, not loose-lipped, hysterical or boisterous. It is a big adventure. If they treat it with character and respect it will, like all big adventures, give them in return all the reflex forces they need.

Giving and Taking

When, however, the actual time of the ceremony draws nigh, they will naturally cease to think about themselves or their own particular duties in the future. A wedding day takes as well as gives—takes one from loved ones, from cherished tastes, from many beautiful and valued associa-

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tions and enterprise. There are always about both bride and bridegroom people who need to be reassured that no final severance has come, no quick forgetting, no irreparable loss.

We are, all of us, strange contradictory creatures, but if any couple have love in their hearts they can go with safety into these hidden places, and they will never lack a guide as to what they should say or do to cajole others, and a smile, a tender pressure of the hand—even a word may cure a wound then—a wound which, if left to fester, may never heal.

The Festivities

The same gentle spirit of self-detachment and eager consideration for others should be with them at all the social festivities that follow the actual marriage service. Guests and relatives should never be left to feel that they are lonely or but half welcome, and even wedding gifts might be pushed a little more into the background than they are, lest the joy of those who have not been able to give big ostentatious presents should be dimmed by a quick, sharp realization that their poverty has suddenly and quite unaccountably injured their self-respect. After all, a wedding unites hearts, not household treasures. Why shouldn't it bring in its train to all who attend it the joys of the heart—something of Christmas peace and good will?

I have omitted from this survey anything that has any direct spiritual effect, not because I have not been conscious of it, but because in a magazine like *THE QUIVER* we naturally take many big spiritual propositions as accepted. Let me, however, tell a true story bearing upon them.

A very charming girl I know told me recently that when she got married she determined to be tremendously conscientious and clear, so she sat down early on her wedding day and tried to chart her course as a married woman. With this in view she set out on a piece of cardboard this diagram:

My Wedding Day.

My Examination of Conscience.

My Failings.

His Failings.

My Good Points.

His Good Points.

But long before she had finished the list of her own failings she had sunk upon her knees, and, like the publican of old, had found that all she could mutter was, "God be merciful to me, a sinner"—which, perhaps, after all, was not the worst preparation for the ceremony in the world that

could be conceived. Anyway, I know she had a curious sort of misty radiance in her eyes when I saw her, and when she spoke to Philip (her husband) I noticed there was something very gentle and clinging in her bearing that reminded me of a bank of violets I once saw in Slindon Woods and a faint breeze that blew across it—perfect harbingers of spring to come.

I have often thought what a good thing it would be to collect all the best and wisest and truest things that have been said about marriage, and to print them in booklets, and to serve them out, one by one, to men and women as they returned from their honeymoon. At first, of course, they would be in tone and outlook rather oblivious—sweet but not over-penetrating or profound. But then, as the days slipped on, I should have tried to put a new note into them, not so much of careless joyousness, but with faint echoes of "the still, sad music of humanity" that is for ever ringing in our ears and beating around our doors.

More than Mere Happiness

I had the privilege of an acquaintance at Plymouth with the Rev. E. J. Hardy, the Chaplain of the Forces, who wrote that extraordinarily successful book "How to be Happy Though Married!" but I never told him I admired his work, and I never could. There is a bigger end in marriage than a modified and painfully acquired happiness—as all married people can prove to you—mostly, it is one of their secrets. But I realize now that I shall never do those little guides to what Thomas à Kempis called "the coastways of rest and of peace," and I gladly make a present of the suggestion to any other writer that feels, "here, at all events, is a plain duty that I can do!"

I only stipulate that he or she should give quite a lot of thought to "the day we get married!" At present the world is too much with us at that fateful epoch. We need to step back from too sordid realities.

Let us gather more guests of the spirit than of the mind. If we do, our footsteps will not be so feeble or so prone to stumble, our voices so harsh or lips so quick to idle words and to resent offence. No, we shall not be afraid, whatever happens, for we shall have taken a long, penetrating look ahead and have prepared ourselves fully and completely for all the realities that follow the utterance of those simple but magic words:

I WILL.

The House of GOOD INTENT

BY DOROTHY BLACK

THE STORY SO FAR

SYLVIA ("Dumps") and her pretty sister Norah occupy the "mews" attached to the house of Lord Denham; they get this rent-free in return for "caretaking" his Lordship's house. They are joined by Margaret Somerville, "Dumps'" greatest friend, and Margaret's brother Kenneth, and they call their venture "The House of Good Intent." Sylvia adds to their number by bringing home a little baby boy from the hospital at which she works, having promised the child's dying mother that she would care for him.

To help matters financially, the garage is let to a wealthy American, Mr. Melvin P. Chase, who shortly becomes a frequent visitor at the mews, and eventually offers Norah an appointment in a West End dress establishment of which he is proprietor.

All goes happily until his Lordship unexpectedly returns home, and brings with him his wife, who is greatly addicted to drug-taking. She is not responsible for her actions from the time of entering the house, and after a night of great strain to Sylvia and Kenneth, who attend her, she dies early the following morning. An inquest is held, after which Lord Denham decides to go abroad for some months.

CHAPTER VI

A Wedding in Prospect

IF you had read the papers about this time you must have come across dozens of Peter's advertisements.

"Moonlight on the Sea" was one of his dresses, "The Rainbow Cloud" another. Often Norah was photographed wearing them.

"We're absolutely coining money," said Norah. "Isn't it fun, Dumps? Kindly look at this!"

She flung a handful of notes on the table; then fished a cheque out of her handbag, and some loose silver out of her coat pocket.

"Dumps," she said, hugging me, "do you realize that we are about to have a bank balance? And you must go and get yourself some new clothes. And I am going to try and arrange with Mrs. Porter to come for the whole day."

It was about a week after our day in the coroner's court. Life had gone on much as usual. The hospital people had not even held the board upon us that Kenneth and I had expected. Life went on as though nothing had happened, and I thought the whole thing was closed and done with, when Kenneth brought me a fat letter.

"Someone's left you a fortune," said Norah. "It never rains but it pours."

Inside the letter were a number of envelopes, addressed to me at the office of a morning paper.

"People writing to say they don't like your face," said Kenneth.

I tore open envelope number one.

A cheque for five pounds fell out.

"A donation for little Terence, from a Mother whose only son was taken from her in the War."

"Good gracious!" I ejaculated.

A cheque for ten pounds emerged from envelope number two. It also contained a little personal letter to me, signed by one of the richest soap-makers in the kingdom, requesting me to use the money in any way I considered beneficial for the little orphan.

The next was a letter offering Terence a nomination to a very good school.

The next contained six coupons in Government bonds, from "Six little Boys who have a Mummie of their own."

"The great heart of the British public is soft as putty if only you can touch it," murmured Kenneth. "You'd better make me treasurer for the lad, as I'm his godfather."

Terence netted thirty pounds that evening.

It was only the beginning of it.

Cheques poured in. Theodora Lady Denham sent one, with a long rambling letter, half apology for her suspicions, half justification. She blamed the whole thing on a spirit called Okis ("I always thought it was a floor polish," said Kenneth) who made misleading revelations, but Theodora Lady Denham managed in a cute way to square her own conduct in the matter by introducing Theosophy, and pointing out that, according to the Wheel of Destinies, her theories had been quite correct, but just a turn or so previous.

"According to that it's all going to happen a bit later on," I laughed.

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"Indeed it shan't," said Norah. "I shall never let you look for lodgings in Debrett again, Dumps. Besides which, we are rich now."

We were.

Money continued to pour in. Norah now netted five per cent. of the profits of Lavelette. Terence had a post-office savings account until his unsolicited subscriptions grew beyond the sum that could be lodged there. We opened a deposit account for him at the National Bank. This excited him so that he cut two upper double teeth at once.

And Mrs. Emmeline Riggs got a tense look in her pale eyes and became strangely aggressive.

"I suppose you'll want to place him in a superior family now?" she sniffed. "And him with all that money."

"Of course he'll go to school later on," I said non-committally. As a matter of fact, I did not see my way very clear about Terence. It could not be said that he had every possible advantage, living a patchwork existence between us and the Mortimer Riggs. But I think the faded little woman in the strawberry-pink serge gave him as near a mother's love as anyone can get outside the genuine article.

And Norah dreamed of "Starlight," and arose and fashioned it out of cloth-of-gold and diamante which Peter went to Paris to fetch. And all London raved about it.

And I wondered if it was really possible that we had ever doubted that we should make a little something to carry us on till I qualified. Money-making is merely a habit. Once you start it's impossible to break yourself of it.

And Kenneth got very thin and very bad-tempered.

"He must go for a bicycle tour," said Meg firmly.

But here we hit a snag.

Kenneth refused to go.

And for once in her life Meg could do nothing with him.



On the fifth of November Norah told me she had promised to marry Peter Chase.

I hugged her silently.

Her eyes were like stars, and she showed me the lovely ring he had given her. Norah would be rich and have her own car, and travel, and lead the sort of life I had always felt she ought to lead, and I had fulfilled my promise to mother and would soon be able to devote my whole attention to my work.

"And we'll be married at St. Peter's," said Norah. "And I am going to design my own wedding dress. Peter says it will be a splendid advertisement."

That was just like Peter.

"What a pity Terence isn't old enough to be a page," she sighed. "He would have looked so sweet. But never mind. You and Dillys will be my bridesmaids."

"I shall have to give you away," I pointed out.

"Oh!" said Norah, "I didn't remember about that. Couldn't Kenneth give me away?"

Sometimes I wondered very much whether Norah had a heart or not. Didn't she know; couldn't she see?

"That wouldn't do. He's no relation."

"Well, what about Uncle Margarine?"

"Preserve us from any of our relations," I said hastily. "If you ask him he'll think it's just an excuse to extract a wedding present from him."

Then Peter came, full of wild spirits, and carried her off in his car to see the bonfire on Hampstead Heath. And they returned at eleven with a load of things to eat, and we had a picnic supper party, mostly on the floor, as the only table was all littered with my books and test tubes, and a sterilizer Kenneth had brought back from the hospital to mend.

Dillys was there. She was prospering too, and rapidly making a name for tragic little verses, all about the stars and a long farewell, oh, my beloved. People set them to music to their advantage and Dillys'. For she, who had never known a real sorrow, could write most convincingly about a broken heart.

"Our various ships are steering rather successfully to port," she said, sitting crosslegged on a big black silk cushion. Dumps, you will be getting married next."

"Not me. Marriage is too much of a risk, my dear. You marry a slim man who seems to like reading and vows he's an adorer of Shakespeare, and he grows to eighteen stone the year after marriage, and you find the only quotation he knows from Shakespeare at all is, 'To be or not to be.' I shan't marry. For one thing, nobody will ask me."

"Don't you be too sure. I see a wedding cake and confetti—"

"That's Norah's, silly!"

"There is a letter coming from across the water."

"Dillys, don't be an ass! I'm going to study the diseases of women and be made Dame Sylvia Kirkman in my fiftieth year."

"You wait," said Dillys.



Norah's wedding seemed to come upon us with a dreadful rush. We kept on talking of it in the future, and suddenly it was the day after to-morrow.

Kenneth went away the day before. He left a little note for Norah. She never told any of us what he said.

To Meg he wrote that he had been overworking but would return in about ten days.

Norah's presents poured in. She had a circle of friends now, quite apart from us. Parcels came with names on them I had not even heard. Peter was taking her right away into another world, and sometimes I found it hard not to wish I had never seen him, with his crooked good-humoured smile and those jolly blue eyes. He had broken up our party.

Norah refused to have the reception at any hotel.

"People can just come here and squash in as best they can," she said. "There won't be

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very many, anyway. Peter's relations are all in America. His father and mother were coming over, but they can't because the old man is ill. They've sent him enormous cheques, Dumps. And a diamond chain is on the way for me."

Poor Norah. In those days she was a little dazzled by sheer wealth. I think the rattle of Peter's dollars rang louder in her ears than wedding bells.

She was in the highest spirits until the evening before her wedding. And then the cake came. It was a big, gorgeous affair ordered by Peter, with plaster cupids struggling with enormous sugar doves under silver bells.

I laughed at the cupids, and pointed out to Norah how immensely like Mrs. Porter the doves were. Norah seemed in excellent spirits then, and joined in the general mirth and helped to get the room ready for the reception. It meant removing nearly all the furniture into our bedroom, which became very congested. I had to do my hair sitting on the table we used for a sideboard, and Norah was wedged into her bed with arm-chairs.

As we pulled the cushions off the sofa that was really a camp-bed (in case anyone got benighted with us) a lot of books fell off.

"Kenneth's," I said at once. They most of them fell open at pictures depicting the human inside from a most intimate point of view. There was an extremely bald etching of a kidney.

Norah shuddered and gave a little laugh.

"Horrible," she said.

I stacked them downstairs in Kenneth's little saddle-room. When I got back Norah's spirits had gone to the ground.

All the rest of the evening they remained completely gone. Everyone came in. There was a rag supper, and we danced to the gramophone and sat out in the stable on two kitchen chairs.

"What's wrong with lady?" asked Peter anxiously.

I looked over the little room at Norah. She was standing by the window looking out into the mews. She looked white and weary.

"I think she's overdone," I said. "She's been living at rather high pressure lately."

"I'll take good care of her," said Peter.

"She'll have no more reason for worry. I'll make her life as happy as——"

He broke off. He was deeply moved.

I liked him then better than I ever had done.

"I know you'll be good to her, Peter," I said gently.

"I guess I will. She shall have everything money can buy that will please her."

Again that little jar. Money, money, money. He couldn't keep away from it.

"Money can't buy you any of the things you really want," I said.

"I guess it's brought me what I want," said Peter, looking across the room at Norah heavily.

After supper the party broke up with, "He's a jolly good fellow" for Peter, and then, "She's a jolly good fellow" for Norah, and so much cheering that Mrs. Mortimer Riggs put her

head out of the window opposite and demanded angrily "did we want to wyke Terry, who had just gone off, poor lamb, after crying half an hour with his teeth?"

"How does one cry with one's teeth, Dumps?" mused Dillys. "May I ask to go and see. I am intrigued, I swear. It would go nicely in my book. 'Tears of rage ran from his teeth.'"

Now the last of them had gone, and the door closed on Norah and Meg and I.

"She'll talk to me when we are in bed with the light out," I thought. "Perhaps she's frightened. It's only natural she should be. I'll talk to her a little."

But when I had finished clearing up the debris of the feast Norah was in bed, her face to the wall. She never moved or spoke.

I blew the light out and went to bed in silence.



Norah's wedding day, and that scurvy knave the weather at its very worst. Wind and rain. And a howling and sobbing amongst the chimney-pots.

Norah seemed almost her old self at breakfast, and we busied ourselves with her trunks. I had a lump in my throat, and knew what a mother must feel when her only daughter marries. Soon I should have the little bedroom to myself and Norah would be far away. She would travel in foreign trains and move about strange and luxurious hotels, whilst I lit the gas stove, just as usual, in the early mornings and boiled the kettle to make tea. It would be tea for one.

"Don't fuss about the labels," said Norah.

"There's tons of time, Dumps. I'll do them."

There was tons of time for everything. At midday I persuaded Norah to go and lie down for a little while before she dressed. To my surprise she went without demur. I pulled down the blind and tucked her in and kissed her. All her wedding finery lay spread out on my bed. She curled herself up and snuggled her dark head on the pillow.

I thought: "It's the last time I shall see her like that." Then I went into the sitting-room and sat down by myself. Meg was not coming back from the hospital until it was time to dress. I had nothing to do. Rain drops spattered the window-pane.

The postman came with more letters and more parcels. Norah's bridal bouquet came, white lilies, and maidenhair, and white carnations. I looked for something to put it in. There was nothing big enough except the kitchen sink. Horribly unromantic but inevitable. And as I filled it full of water, the flowers in one hand, I thought suddenly of Kenneth and Norah wrangling there together over the washing up. I don't know what put it into my head. And I was glad Kenneth had gone away. Poor Kenneth.

It was half-past twelve.

I got out a bundle of papers I had brought home to correct. I would do a bit of work and

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take my mind off things. Weddings are depressing, on the whole, once you get past the age of feeling elated at the prospect of a stodgy cake and ices.



They were papers that happened to be extremely interesting to me.

The next thing I remember was Meg bursting in with:

"I'm awfully sorry I'm so late, but— Good gracious, Dumps, why aren't you dressed? Do you know its two? And you've got an enormous smudge of ink on your nose."

It seemed to me only a few moments since I had sat down. I sprang to my feet and put the papers away. What would Norah think of me. Forgetting her on her wedding day! By this time she would be nearly dressed and probably hurt that I had not come to help her.

"Bother the things, I wish I'd never touched them," I groaned.

"Don't get flustered. There's tons of time," said Meg. "If I give you a shout will you come and do me up?"

She went downstairs two at a time to her room.

I burst into our little bedroom.

"I say, Norah darling, I do feel a brute," I began.

Then I stood still.

There was nobody there!



At first I thought I must be mad. I wasted a lot of precious time looking in a silly way under the bed, behind the curtains, in the wardrobe. She must be there! It was ridiculous. She was hiding for a lark.

But on my bed lay all her wedding finery spread. And there was nobody there.

I sat down on the top step. I felt giddy.

"Meg!" I called. "Meg!"

She opened her door and poked her head out "Norah's gone," I said.

"Don't be an ass!" said Meg, emerging in her petticoat, with her long hair hanging down her back, very black and straight.

She ran up into our little bedroom and went through the same senseless search that I had done.

But there was nobody there.

Then we heard the deep note of Peter's motor-horn.

It was his car come to fetch the bride to church!

CHAPTER VII

The Bride-to-be Disappears

WE stared at one another in horrified silence. Then Meg said:

"You'll have to go and tell him."

I was as thoroughly unnerved as I have ever been in my life. My hands were trembling, and my knees shook so that I felt I might sit down at any moment without intending to.

"Dumps, you must go. You can't leave him waiting there. He must be in church now. Pull yourself together. It's unsportsmanlike to give way."

"I'm not giving way," I asserted boldly, though I knew I was crying and she must see it. "I'm not giving way. But I can't go to church. Not like this. Look, this filthy old hospital coat."

"You've got to go. No one will care what you are wearing. Dumps, be quick. I'd come with you if I was dressed. Go along, dear. You simply must."

I felt sick at the thought of the ordeal before me, I would have liked to run away myself. But it was no good. I should have to face things and go, and I knew it. Of course I should have to go.

Presently I was rolling through the streets. There were white ribbons on the car, and a vase of lilies-of-the-valley inside. The men on the box had white gloves.

But inside, instead of the bride, passers-by saw only a very plain untidy girl in a long white linen coat with an ink smudge on her nose.

It was like a horrible dream.

"Where is Norah?" I said aloud. "Where is Norah?"

If she didn't turn up we should have to put it in the police's hands. The police again, and our name had figured in the daily Press so very lately. They would all remember. "Miss Norah Kirkman, whose sister, it will be remembered—" I saw it all.

And then the car drew up at St. Peter's. The eager crowd gathered nearer to see the bride. Little boys shouted, "Here she is."

And I got out!

I was too desperate to notice the sensation or hear the remarks. I ran down the aisle, along the strip of red carpet, through the little knot of Peter's well-dressed friends sitting on either side. The verger ran after me, muttering:

"No ladies without hats, please. No ladies without hats."

"Go away!" I stormed, giving him a push. His chest felt like a wadded cassock. "Go away!"

Peter was standing at the end of the aisle, his good-humoured face a little tense, rather graver than we usually knew our Peter. When he saw me he raised his eyebrows a little, and his blue eyes darkened till they looked almost black. Otherwise he kept his head.

"Peter," I said, with a little sob. "She's not here. She's gone."

He stood quite still for one moment. Then:

"Come along," he said, and took my arm and led me down the church. The organist, twiggling that someone had arrived, struck up "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden."

Astounded choir boys leaned forward in their places, and the congregation began to whisper together in little groups.

Peter and I walked down the aisle together. It was like a horrible travesty of everything we

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had pictured. There was the heavy waxen smell of white flowers and soft music. And then someone must have warned the organist, for the "Voice that Breathed o'er Eden" broke off suddenly.

And then Peter and I were driving through the streets in the big blue car with the white ribbons.

"Tell me," said Peter hoarsely. "Tell me quick. Is she ill?"

"She's gone, Peter. Just disappeared. I went to her room to help her dress. She wasn't there. The dress was on the bed. She's simply gone."

He straightened his shoulders.

"Well," he said, "I reckon if she's safe and well I can bear it. But if anything has happened to her—"

"What could have happened to her? Norah hadn't an enemy in the world. No, Peter. I think—"

"Well?"

"I think at the last minute she changed her mind. She was depressed all yesterday, but I suppose she fought against it. And then, when it was rolling on her inevitably, she was frightened and ran away."

"A lady's prerogative is to change her mind," said Peter. "I guess if she'd come to me I'd have understood."

"Oh, Peter, I believe you would. You are a decent soul, Peter. I used not to like you, but you are straight all through. How are we going to find her?"

"Well, we'll not let those blessed police into it until it's red-hot necessity," he said. "Maybe she'll come back to-night. I shall go home, and stay there. Maybe she'll come if she thinks I'm not about. But you must ring me up slick and let me know, Dumps. Promise? Guess I shan't have much of a night to-night, so don't be frightened of disturbing me if she comes late! And tell her I'm not going to worry her. Not in any way."

The car dropped me at the archway that led to the mews. I watched it glide out of sight. Before it went Peter leaned out of the window.

"Seems you were right, Dumps," he said. "Money ain't much good when it comes to real live things."

Then he was gone.

Meg and I sat for the rest of that day star-



"A well-dressed young man emerged and, assisted by the driver, threw over the parapet a large-sized wedding cake"—p. 764

ing at the wedding refreshments. The ice-cream continued to freeze in the freezer. The waiters were packed off home. Mrs. Porter hovered about uneasily. She brought us chicken patties for lunch. We could not eat them. She made us tea. Never have we had such a selection of assorted cakes to hand. I hope we never may have again.

We drank strong tea and continued to sit, too weary to move, discussing what must be done if Norah did not come back that night. At four o'clock Dillys came in.

"Can I do anything?" she asked simply.

We shook our heads.

"I can't imagine any reason she should go off like that," said Meg, for the fortieth time.

"I can," said Dillys. "Peter Chase."

"Oh, Dillys," I said. "I used not to like him either. But he's a white man all through. He's taken it so well. And, after all, Norah knew him best of any of us. No, I think it must be something that has happened quite recently."

The postman passed down the courtyard. He stopped at our door. I jumped up.

"She might have written."

"I'll go," said Dillys. And I let her. I hadn't the courage to face the possibility of finding nothing.

"It's not Norah," said Dillys, "so don't raise your hopes unduly. The postmark's French."

She threw the letter over the table to me.

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"It's the letter from across the water I told you about," she said with a little laugh.

But I didn't feel like joking.

I tore it open.

It was a short-and-to-the-point note from Lord Denham, asking if I could have a look round the library at 88 for a book he had meant to pack but left behind. That was all.

I stuck it in my coat pocket. It would have to wait.

Then Mrs. Porter came.

"Ow am hi to wash up the tea-things, miss, with all them lovely flowers in the sink?" she queried in hushed tones. Whenever she scented trouble of any kind Mrs. Porter affected a semi-whisper, as though she was in church.

There, all amongst the tea-things, was Norah's wedding bouquet.

I opened the scullery window, took hold of the bouquet, big white satin bow and all, and hurled it out into the area below.

"Oh, miss!" ejaculated Mrs. Porter. "I declare! What a shyme!"

"You can have it if you like to go and fetch it," I said. "But I won't have it in this house."

Mrs. Porter, however, was too late. A moment afterwards I saw Mrs. Emmeline stealing into her house, the bride's bouquet held between her hands.

Dusk fell. A square of light sprang in the little house opposite, and like a picture in a frame we could see Mrs. Mortimer Riggs arranging the drooping lilies and white carnations, the maidenhair fern, and the smilax in vases. Terence meanwhile played with a big satin bow.

Night came down.

"I shan't go to bed," I said. "I shall sit up and wait. She may come back. She couldn't find us all asleep. I shall keep the kettle on and have things ready for her."

Together Meg and I had cleared up the wedding reception that nobody wanted. We had refolded Norah's wonderful dress and put it away in its box in the wardrobe.

Then the question arose what we should do with the enormous wedding cake and the baskets of patties and biscuits—the freezers full of ice-cream.

"Stick them in Kenneth's room till to-morrow morning," said Meg. "They'll be glad of the smaller things at the hospital. Perhaps they'll take the wedding cake back and sell it to someone second-hand."

We stacked the things in Kenneth's little room. A melancholy debris of a feast that never came off.

Meg tried to persuade me to lie down till midnight. She promised she would call me if anything happened.

But I couldn't lie down. I couldn't keep still. So she went to bed.

The little clock on the mantelshelf ticked away the hours. And to me it seemed as though it was saying over and over again:

"Where is Norah? Where is Norah? Where is Norah?"

At eleven o'clock I went into our bedroom. I had to keep moving about. I was inhabited by a demon of unrest. I went into our bedroom for no reason whatever, in the dark, just for the sake of the walk there.

I went and stood by the window leaning my head against the sash and looking out over the chimney-pots. There was a moon high in the clear sky. And all the stars snapped like jewels in an early frost.

From our bedroom you looked on to the back of 88, grim and dismal, and very disconsolate-looking in the moonlight amongst the other houses with their glowing windows. My thoughts flew over the Channel like birds, and I wondered where the lonely owner of that sad house was and what he was doing. I took his letter out of my coat pocket and read it again.

A book of J. M. Synge's plays he wanted. To read in far France sitting by the sea. Trying to forget.

Then my heart stood quite still and I rubbed my eyes.

In a third-story window of Number 88 came a little flicker of light.

Just a little flicker of light. Like somebody carrying a candle upstairs. Then it died away and the house was dark again.

Someone was in 88.

Norah!

I went to my drawer where I kept the key.

The drawer was empty.

Very quietly I let myself out into the moonlight. I went along to 88 and tried the front door. It was locked. Far up the gardens I heard the tramp of feet, and saw the flashing light of the policeman's lantern. I mustn't be seen loitering there.

I went home.

Now I knew Norah was there, locked in 88.

Why? Was she alone?

I had to get in and see.

I am not a good burglar. Being fattish I stick where better-planned housebreakers would slither through with ease. I tried the area door. Locked. I tried the back kitchen window. Locked. Mrs. Charlady had been extraordinarily conscientious about locking up, of course, that day.

There was nothing for it, then, but to break in.

I aimed a stone at the kitchen window and then cowered miserably under the wall until the shatter of glass and the plonk of the stone into the room had died away.

Everything was quiet.

I stood on the sash and opened the window, slid it up, and climbed in.

Once more the smell of damp and desolation engulfed me, as it had done on that other night.

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I was beginning to hate 88 with an ever-growing hatred.

The house was inky dark, and I had no light save the kindly shafts of moonlight that filtered fitfully through the landing windows, making fantastic patterns through the banisters on the carpeted stairs.

Something seemed to guide my footsteps. I had no fixed plan in my head. I just ran upstairs straight to the little room on the third story, where Norah and I had gone through his clothes together; how long ago it seemed.

I opened the door softly.

Norah was lying across the unmade bed amongst the loose pillows and bare mattresses and dust sheets, sobbing as if her heart would break.

I had found her. I didn't care about anything else. I had her back again. I knelt by the bed, my arms round her.

"It's all right, darling," I whispered. "Quite all right."

And Norah clung to me and sobbed.

"Nobody must ask me anything. I just can't talk about it. I don't want to say anything at all. I couldn't marry him, and that's the end of it. You won't let people worry me, Dumps. I shall go mad if they ask me things."

"No one shall worry you," I said. "Come along. We'll go home. You shall sleep in your own little bed and we'll never mention to-day again, Norah. We'll pretend it never was and never happened, and you shan't speak until you want to."

"I shall never tell anyone—never, never," sobbed Norah.

So I took her home.

This time we emerged honestly through the front door, trying to look as though we were merely inhabitants pining for a breath of air. But luckily the policeman had passed by, the street was empty under the starlit sky.

I put Norah to bed. She was like a child that night, helpless and clinging to me.

Then I sat by her, stroking her hands and her hair until she fell asleep.

Long after I could not go to bed. I stood looking out into the moonlight.

"Nobody must ask me," Norah had said.

But what was there to tell?

She had gone into *his* house and flung herself on the bed in *his* room. She had hidden there, flown to *him* like a sanctuary. Was there anything more to say?

And I thought, "Norah's got to be happy. If that's the way things are—oh, I will do everything I can. *Everything*. There's no reason, now, why, after a time—"

And I remember the look in his eyes when he had come to us that first evening and seen Norah sitting over the fire in a black velvet dress, a silver ribbon in her hair.

A clock struck one.

"Did I lock the front door after us?" I wondered. "I'd better slip down and see."

Suddenly I became aware of the fact that I was very hungry. I had eaten nothing all day

since breakfast time, and breakfast time seemed about three and a half years off now. My heart felt light again. Norah was back. I wondered if I ought to wake Meg and tell her. Perhaps she, too, was lying awake.

A wholesome snore percolated through Meg's door as I passed, disabusing my mind of this. It was as well I had come down. The front door was unfastened, and we might have all been murdered in our beds by some of these remarkable young men one reads of in the papers nowadays who arise at midnight and destroy for a whim.

When I turned to mount the staircase once more I thought I must be dreaming. Under the door of Kenneth's empty room showed a streak of light.

I could have sworn we did not leave the lamp there. The complement of lamps at the Good Intent was not the sort that allowed for leaving lamps in rooms and forgetting about them.

I came to the conclusion that the strenuousness of the day had slightly affected my brain and made me see streaks of light where they weren't. I turned the handle and put my head round the door.

On the bed sat Kenneth. He had a chicken patty in one hand and a glass of ginger wine in the other. A bottle of ginger wine stood on his dressing-table, the neck broken off.

"Hallo!" said Kenneth. "Why didn't she cut her cake?"

"What on earth!" I said.

I closed the door.

"Awfully decent of you to save so much of the feast for me," said Kenneth, helping himself to another chicken patty. "But why didn't she cut her cake?"

He talked a little wildly.

"Have some refreshment," he continued.

"Here, your side is the side with the chip in."

He handed me the tooth glass.

"Give me something to eat first. I haven't had anything to eat all day. Ken, it's been a dreadful day. I suppose you know nothing about it. She's not married after all."

Kenneth stopped dead. Then he suddenly laughed.

"She's not married! She's here, you mean?"

"Upstairs, asleep in her own bed. Worn out. She ran away."

"Goodness! what a relief! And here have I been thinking of her. Oh, golly! is that really true, Dumps?"

He put an arm round me and hugged me impulsively.

"True enough. I'll let you have a peep at her if you don't believe me."

I sat beside him on the bed and took an éclair.

"Will you really? Oh dear, what I've been through. It seems too bally good to be true. Here, give me an éclair. And fill up the glass, Dumps."

Side by side we sat indulging in that remarkable feast. It was one-thirty A.M.

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"Ken, dear," I said, ready with my word of warning. "You mustn't think—hope, I mean, that there's any chance——"

"I don't care," he said. "Sufficient unto the day. After all I've gone through, it's enough, I haven't got to think of her with that little Yankee. No one knows."

He broke off.

He smoked a cigarette. Then:

"I'd better go to bed, I suppose," I said. "It's been a mad sort of day."

"Just let me have one peep at her," he pleaded. "You promised, Dumps."

He took off his boots. I noticed he had holes in his socks, and his glued hair was all anyhow. The once immaculate Kenneth! There was something in his eyes that reminded me of a retriever dog, the faithful-unto-death sort.

The stairs creaked dreadfully. Snores proceeded from Meg's door.

"Adenoids," murmured Kenneth.



Norah was lying on her back fast asleep. Little violet shadows showed on her cheeks where her eyelashes fell. One very white arm was flung over the coverlet. Her black hair strayed over the pillow in two long plaits.

Kenneth stood in the doorway, his boots in his hand. Just looking at her with that retriever-dog look in his eyes. Then:

"Thank you," he said quietly. "It's as near heaven as I shall ever get, Dumps, as like as not. But it's better than nothing. No, you needn't start giving me good advice, because I don't want it."

He crept downstairs. I heard his door close with a little creak.

It was horribly late. I dare not look at the clock, but I hadn't forgotten Peter. I took threepence and went over to the telephone.

He must have been sitting at his end waiting, for his voice answered me at once.

"She's back," I said.

"Thank God! What was it, Dumps?"

"I don't know. Mostly funk, I think. She won't talk about it."

"Right-o! Don't worry her. I say, is she all right?"

"Quite. Peter, I am sorry."

"I guess you don't need to worry about me. Say, where was she?"

"Next door. Hiding."

"Next door, was she?"

There was a little silence. Then the receiver clicked and all was still.

CHAPTER VIII

Solving a Difficulty

NERVOUS breakdown the doctor said it was. But it was nothing of the kind. I have never had nerves in my life, and if anyone deserved nervous breakdown just then it was Norah, who had been through the worst of it

Just general overdone-ness, it was, helped by a bad cold. And for a wonder I was quite glad of the three days in bed. I felt so tired. And I had such a lot to think about.

They brought me flowers, and Norah carried in my meals all daintily laid out on the tray by herself, and perched like a bird on my bed and chatted about everything but the thing we both had in mind.

I made up my mind I would not mention the subject to her at all. If she liked to start it herself then we would talk. Sooner or later I knew she must talk to someone.

Meantime we had three peaceful days.

It was so lovely having her back. I woke up in the morning to see her black head against the pillow at the other side of our little room. It seemed too good to be true. But it was true.

And all the while at the back of my mind I knew the world would say I was a fool, and that I ought to have been shedding tears at the thought of all Norah had missed by her foolishness. Money, and more money, and a lovely house, and motor-cars.

And I remember mummie and her words to me when she left Norah to me to look after.

"See she marries money. After a year or two the man doesn't matter an atom. The position does. Don't let Norah marry a poor man, Dumps. Poverty is misery. Always."

Poverty is misery!

Oh, was it true, I wondered? Couldn't it be possible that mummie, after all, was wrong. For look at us! The Good Intent was the abode of extreme poverty. And yet how happy we had been. How we had laughed together, and what fun we had had. Peter, who joined our little settlement, the personification of money, had been the only rift within the lute. He had split us up a little from the first, because none of us liked him frightfully. And Dillys hated him so much that she went away when he came.

"He won't come any more now," I told myself. "We shall go back to the old peaceful ways."

And then I remembered Norah and the sanctuary she had fled to in her hour of need.

Well, if she wanted Alistaire Anstruther Victor Benjamin Denham she should have him. I thought of Norah sharing a whole page of Debrett, and I had to laugh. But all the time my eyes were wet.

If he loved her—and I had known from the first time by the way he looked at her in the little room aglow with candlelight that he did—well, nothing else mattered. Perhaps people would talk, and drag up the scandal of his wife's death, and suppose all sorts of things. I could see in my mind's eye, innumerable busy-bodies opening innumerable papers at countless breakfast tables, and nodding wisely, and saying, "No smoke without fire, my dear. No smoke without fire," when they read the account of Norah's wedding to Lord Denham.

And even if he hadn't any money to speak of, Norah would be Lady Denham. And she would



"Kenneth stood in the doorway, just looking at her with that retriever-dog look in his eyes"

Drawn by
G. Morse

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travel, and she would bring light and sunshine into that big gloomy house and put fresh curtains in the windows of it and in the windows of his soul.

And I lay there and wondered why my eyes would keep on being wet. And to my ears crept the old well-known sound of Kenneth and Norah wrangling over the washing up.

"You did have the drying-cloth fast," said Norah peevishly. "I left it on the table here for you."

And Kenneth's voice:

"You're the untidiest thing ever, Norah."

It was the first day I went back to the hospital. I was packing up my books and papers and stuffing my clean white coat into my bag when Norah came in.

"Dumps," she said in a very small voice, "have you any money?"

Money! I had forgotten all about it. That was going to come into the picture again.

"I'll collect some to-day, darling," I said.

"There's quite a tidy little bit owing me for anatomy classes I've been taking in the Med. School. Meanwhile—"

I put half-a-crown on the table.

"You see, I spent everything on my trousseau," said Norah. "I never thought, of course. And Peter had opened my banking account in my new name, and so of course I can't touch that. And I've got nothing at all after the food has all been paid for."

"We'll scrape along somehow," I said cheerily, though, as a matter of fact, I hadn't thought of that part of it at all. "You'll soon get something else to do, Norah. It's only a matter of time."

"But you can't live on air, even for a matter of time," said Norah. "I wish now I hadn't been so awfully extravagant. I think we'd better have a grand whip-up, Dumps."

She sat down and wrote on a sheet of paper

OWING TO UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCES—

"They were unforeseen, weren't they, Dumps?"

—THE HOUSE OF GOOD INTENT IS IN SHALLOW WATER AT THE MOMENT, AND IT IS REGRETFULLY ANNOUNCED THAT A GRAND WHIP ROUND FOR CASH IS TO BE HELD THIS EVENING.

We hung it on the door.

It was our second, and last, grand whip-up.

And Kenneth solved the trouble at one fell swoop. He contributed grandly a ten-pound note.

"Ken!" we shrieked. "Don't be so silly."

But Kenneth waved us away.

"I have had a stroke of luck," he said.

"Take it quick before I repent and snatch it back."

So the grand whip-up closed hastily, and no one else was called upon.

"How noble of him!" said Meg. "I think we should make him a medal."

She fashioned him one out of bread and handed it to Norah.

"Pin it on him with a few well-chosen words," she said.

Norah pinned it into his buttonhole.

"Arise, Sir Kenneth, noble contributor to the general exchequer," she laughed.

Kenneth laughed too, and patted her clumsily on the back. But months afterwards, when I was putting clean paper in the chest of drawers in his room, I found that bread medal carefully preserved amongst his handkerchiefs, with a broken piece of sweet brier that Norah had brought in from one of her trips to the country.

There were footsteps on the staircase. Norah looked across the table at me and blanched. I hadn't thought until then—

Peter came into the room.

He was his immaculate, well-groomed self. His face showed no signs of any distress, his eyes were clear and good-humoured as ever.

"May I come in?" he said with a little laugh.

And suddenly all the tension vanished. The colour crept back to Norah's cheeks. She held out her hand and looked at him frankly and straight.

"Peter, dear, I'm sorry," she said.

"So'm I," he said. "But don't let's mourn. I'd a-been a deal sorrier over the proposition if you'd married me first and found out afterwards you didn't want to. Still, there's no reason that I can see why we shouldn't all be pals, even if we don't fancy being brides and bridegrooms. And what I want to know is, why you didn't come along to work? It's nearly a week now, and the last things need your touch."

Norah gasped.

"I didn't think you'd want me after that," she said. "How could I come back and take your money after . . ."

"See here," said Peter. "Because I've lost you I don't want to lose the best designer and general manager I've ever struck. That's something like throwing all your life-belts overboard because you've lost your rudder. You got to come back, Norah. I shall never make so much money again unless you come back."

Norah gave a sigh of relief and turned to me.

"Oh, Dumps," she breathed, "then we shan't be ruined after all. And Kenneth can have back his ten-pound note. He wants new socks so badly."

Peter squatted on his old cushion in front of the fire. He sat there grinning and lighting a cigarette, more than ever like a mascot god of good humour. We seemed to have gone back three months and cut a large slice out of our lives.

"Say, about that trousseau and truck," said Peter. "Better stick the gowns you don't want in the showroom, lady. And send me along the bills for the cake and all that."

"Nonsense, Peter," said Norah. "I've paid for all that."

"Well, I guess it's my pigeon, anyhow. Why should you pay for my wedding cake?"

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"It was my wedding cake as well," Norah pointed out.

"Well, for goodness' sake, don't squabble over it!" I said, horrified. I am not really romantic, but sometimes Norah's matter-of-factness shocked me quite as much as my intimate knowledge of insides shocked her.

"Strikes me as rather like quarrelling over the corpse," said Kenneth.

"By the way," chimed in Dillys, knitting a jumper in the corner, "where is the corpse?"

We had forgotten that magnificent erection of cupids and doves entirely.

"It's down in the stable," I said. "They refused to take it back. How silly of me! I meant to try and do something with it."

"I guess it won't make bread-pudding," said Peter. "Let's have a look at it."

We took the lamp and trooped downstairs.

"Bring along a knife and a plate," said Peter. "I can see no reason why we should not have a slice. There's no law against eating wedding cake even if you ain't married."

It looked like a horrible joke.

On an empty packing-case, in the middle of the stable, stood the splendid wedding cake, gleaming very white in the dusk. Beside it stood the two chairs we had used the night we danced as sitting-out places. The whole was too grotesque for words. It looked like some unearthly feast erected there.

"Give us a plaster cupid as a memento of this happy occasion," said Dillys.

But when we approached the cake we found that we had been forestalled. For the mice had been there before us, and they had eaten up the plaster cupids, and the enormous doves, and the silver bells, and made big holes through the white icing and the almond icing, and black spidgels of the curranty cake showed through.

"Oh, I say!" ejaculated Peter. "Now I guess it's never been known before in history of mice eating up a wedding cake. I must photograph that and send it along to a journal."

Even Norah barred that.

"Oh, Peter, you couldn't," she said. "Think of the headlines they'd put."

"You ought to try a month in America, lady," he said, "then you'd know what headlines are."

None of us fancied a slice of cake that the mice had been at. We went upstairs and spent the remainder of the evening trying to think of a way of disposing of the remainder. It was such an unusual thing to want to throw away.

"Seems such a waste," said Kenneth. "The inside, right away from the mousey part, would make cabinet pudding."

But I couldn't face the idea of asking even Mrs. Porter to strip the bridal cake of its outside sugar and make puddings of the inside. It seemed like sacrilege.

"You all take this thing too serious," said Peter. "After all, what's a cake?"

I sighed.

What was a cake? It was quite true.

And yet—?

"I know," said Kenneth. "The thing will be a beastly nuisance unless we get rid of it. Let's carry it out and shove it into the dustbin. Then it will be out of the way once and for all."

"That's best," agreed Peter. "A bride's cake is an unhandy thing to have about when you can't accommodate it with a bride. Let's throw it away."

It seemed wicked. But I knew I should be glad to see the last of it and to get its rich curranty smell out of the house once and for all.

Kenneth and Peter took off their coats and turned up their sleeves. Norah and Meg and Dillys hovered about giving advice. The gnawed wedding cake was borne through the starlit yard like a white pagoda going to some Eastern festival. They crammed it into the dustbin as far as it would go and put the lid on. I have never seen anything that looked more dreadfully indecent than that splendid white and silver wedding cake obtruding vulgarly from a grey zinc dustbin by the light of the stars. It looked like a peerness gone drunk and disorderly, smart past conception, and abandoned beyond words.

We crept back like murderers and drank cocoa.

"Thank heaven it's gone!" said Norah. "To-morrow I'll sort out my clothes. Oh, Peter is a decent sort, Dumps. I'm ever so fond of him now I needn't marry him."

As I let Dillys out she slipped her arm in mine.

"I think it's dreadfully callous of Peter and Norah," I said. "I'm not romantic, but I must say I think it's awful."

"You not romantic!" she said, giving my arm a quick little squeeze. "Dumps, you are just a bundle of suppressed romance. But no one spots it."

She said, "Peter's a man. You think he doesn't care. My dear, he's cut to the soul. But he hides it. All that. Did you believe in it? Dumps, he's a man."

And she was gone.

Dillys always was a most surprising girl. I knew her from the age of ten upwards, and though I think I am mostly rather good at diagnosing people, Dillys had always been too much for me. When you think you have really got her she bursts out in a fresh place, like a Chinese cracker.



I was rather late coming back from the hospital the next night. We had some bad cases in the wards, and just as I was leaving the lecture room I was called to go along and give a hand.

It was nearly dark when I got home.

Norah met me at the door in hysterics. She was laughing so that she could not speak. Gasping, she pointed to the stables.

"In there," she sobbed. "In there."

I looked in there.

On the packing-case, more disgraceful, dis-

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hevelled and debauched-looking than ever, sat the wedding cake. It had lost one tier, and this had been put on all crooked, like a hat on one side.

We sat down side by side on the kitchen chairs that had once been used for sitting out.

"Just after you had gone," sobbed Norah, crying with mirth, "the dustman knocked at the door. 'Ave you missed anythink like?' he said. 'I'm afraid thieves 'ave paid you a nasty prank. Come and 'ave a look,' he said, and he showed me the cake in the dustbin and—and oh, Dumps, he expected me to be surprised! 'Better bring it in again,' he said. 'You might be able to touch it up. I fancied you'd 'ave missed it before now.' And he brought it back. What could I say, Dumps? I couldn't say we wanted to throw it away! He'd have thought I was mad. And I couldn't say it wasn't ours, 'cos it had our name and address on the plain wooden bit at the bottom."



You can have no conception how hard it is to get rid of a wedding cake in any but the orthodox fashion.

We told Kenneth and Meg when they came back. We spent most of that evening hanging round the wedding cake in the stable, weak with laughter. At last Norah said she would ring Peter up.

He came round at once, and scratched his head.

"See here," he said. "I'll do this."

He called, "Savage."

The immaculate driver appeared in the doorway and touched his cap.

"Give me a hand into the car with this."

Savage did so, studiously unsurprised.

"Don't you worry," said Peter, as they drove off. "It's straight for oblivion now and won't worry you again."

But he wasn't right.

It worried us for several days.

Kenneth found it first.

"REMARKABLE SCENE ON BATTERSEA BRIDGE:
YOUNG MAN DISCARDS LARGE WEDDING CAKE.

"At 7 p.m. on Thursday evening Constable Jacobs saw a car stop close to the bridge. A well-dressed young man then emerged and, assisted by the driver, threw over the parapet a large-sized wedding cake. He refused to give his name or address.

"The police have taken the number of the car."

And the following day every London paper had it in different sized print or paragraph. In most of them it was still a remarkable scene, but in the evening issues it had got a little further.

"TOUCHING INCIDENT ON THE RIVER:
DISAPPOINTED BRIDEGROOM'S PATHETIC ACTION.

"We learn that the young man who threw the wedding cake into the river on Thursday night is Mr. Peter M. Chase, whose marriage was fixed for the fourteenth. The bride, however, changed her mind at the last moment. Mr. Chase is perhaps better known as the designer of those wonderful gowns," etc. etc. etc.

"Peter will be vexed," I said.

But Peter wasn't.

"Say, some Press, yours," he vouched admiringly. "Going to rival ours before long, though you're not so inventive in the matter of headlines. Gee! it's real advertisement, anyhow. And free and gratis."

He chuckled.

"Peter," I said, "you have no soul."

"That's very likely a fact," he assented.

"But see here, Dumps, I've a credit at the bank. Number of folks are all soul and no balance."

Then the door burst open in a sudden, unrestrained manner, and Mrs. Emmeline stood there. Her face was white and drawn, her watery eye had a bald and horror-stricken look. Her thin lips shook.

"He's come," she said.

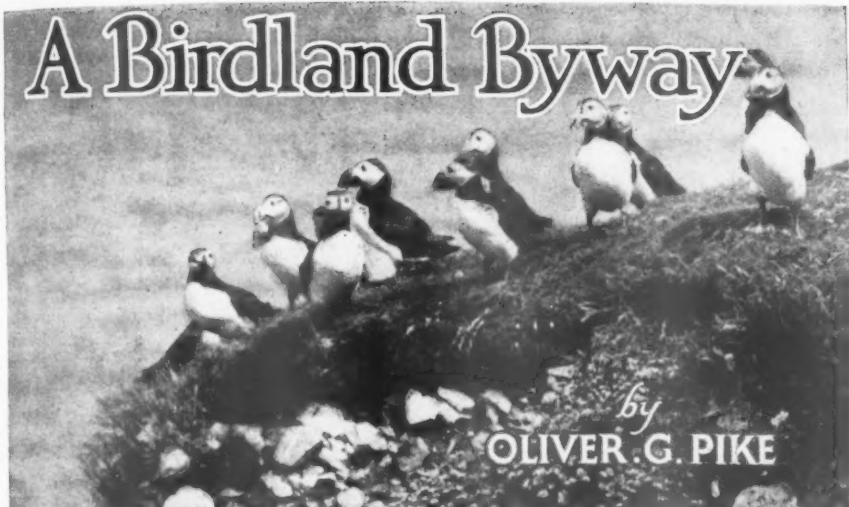
(To be concluded)



FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Beginning with the new volume, *LITTLE FOLKS*, that popular favourite with boys and girls, has been enlarged, and with its serial stories, tales of school life, clubs, Pets and Pastimes Pages, and competitions it provides just what the young people want for their hours of recreation. The June Number is now ready, price 1s.

A Birdland Byway



With Photographs by the Author

If only it was more accessible, I believe that thousands of people would visit the island of St. Kilda. As it is, about a dozen visitors call yearly, and it is only once in many years that anyone visits the island to stay.

I have spent two fortnights on this strange island, and they were two of the most delightful visits I ever paid to a birdland byway. It is impossible to describe the wonders of the gigantic cliffs, or the full marvels of the bird-life which is to be found upon them.

As you approach the island from the sea, the great straight sides which rise for 1,300 feet seem to be covered with hundreds of thousands of tiny white spots. When you leave the boat and begin to scale the cliffs you find that each of these small dots is a sea-bird sitting upon its nest. Every available ledge seems to be occupied by them. They are all around you, above and beneath, and it is surprising how some of them are able to build their homes on such small supports.

The majority of the birds on the main island are fulmar petrels. For many years this was the only place in the British Islands where this beautiful sea-bird nested. Now it is extending its range and is found on many of the other cliffs of Scotland. Fulmar petrels nest in colonies, and when once they have taken up their abode on a

cliff and reared young there, the latter return the following season, and in time the place becomes overcrowded, so that the ever-increasing colony must extend its nesting site. The towering cliffs of St. Kilda are now so crowded that there are few sites still available for the birds.

The nest is a very slight structure made of a small quantity of dried grass, and only one egg is laid. When the bird is sitting upon this it is quite easy to obtain a photograph providing you can climb along the narrow ledges with your camera. The only difficulty is the climbing, for the bird will remain tight upon her egg until you are within a few feet of her. But directly the egg hatches, and there is a young bird in the nest, it is a very different proposition, for then the mother will leave her youngster long before you can get your camera within range.

Both the mother and young fulmar protect themselves from an enemy in a strange manner. As you approach you notice the bird on the nest working its head backwards and forwards, and when you are about three or four feet away the bird opens its beak and shoots at you a quantity of evil-smelling green oil! It is not a pleasant thing to get upon your clothes, for the smell clings to you for many weeks afterwards. As I climbed about the cliffs amongst the birds I had a quantity of this

THE QUIVER

unpleasant oil on my coat, and it was a long time before the smell of the fulmar left me. One young bird which I photographed made a very successful shot at my camera, for the full charge went right into the lens!



Posting the St. Kilda Mail

The letters are securely wrapped in a watertight parcel and committed to the sea, which will eventually wash them up on the mainland

When the hen fulmar has been sitting for several hours without being disturbed, the egg becomes firmly embedded in the thick feathers of the breast. If a bird is suddenly alarmed it will fly from its nest and carry the egg with it for a short distance. I saw several birds lose their eggs in this way.

On one occasion I was climbing towards a group of birds which I hoped to photograph. About forty feet above, one of the St. Kildans was also climbing, and in going round a jutting piece of rock he startled one

of the sitting fulmars. The bird left its nest and carried the egg for a short distance before it dropped. When it did so it came down directly towards me. It was impossible to move, and the egg struck a piece of rock immediately by my face. It then burst, and happened to be an addled egg! Now a fresh egg of the fulmar is not pleasant, for it smells strongly of the fulmar oil; but this one was beyond description!

The young fulmars form the chief food supply of the natives. There are about seventy inhabitants on the island, and in the month of August the men climb the steep cliffs and collect the young birds. These are killed, plucked, cleaned and salted, and packed away in boxes for winter use.

About four miles from the main island there is a towering rock called Stac Lii. The sides of this rise straight from the sea to a height of about six hundred feet. When looking at it from below it seems impossible for man to scale the steep sides, yet there is a way up only known to the St. Kildans. I did reach the top with my camera, but it is a nerve-trying climb, and there is one difficult corner where you are climbing with your back overhanging the sea four hundred feet down.

When you do reach the top the scene there well repays you for all the trouble. Stac Lii is occupied almost entirely by gannets, or solan geese. These are great birds with a stretch of wing of about six feet. The gannet always likes to build its nest on the edge of a cliff ledge, so that when alarmed it can quickly jump off into space and fly away, for this large bird cannot obtain the use of its wings from a level surface. But on Stac Lii every ledge was occupied by a bird, and yet there were about three thousand birds which wanted to nest. These had, therefore, occupied the sloping top of the rock, about one acre in extent, and when they saw us approaching at the foot of the slope there was a great commotion.

Almost every one of the sitting birds tried to rise; only a few were able to do so, and the others, as they leapt up, just fell down

A BIRDLAND BYWAY

again, and then tumbled down the slope. It was a wonderful scene, for there, coming down towards us, was what can only be described as an avalanche of living birds all falling over one another and turning head over tail! Directly they reached the ledge they immediately opened their wings and flew away, only to return and

circle over our heads, none the worse for their adventure. There were thousands flying around, and as we looked up it seemed as if there was a great network of birds above us as they crossed and re-crossed. All were uttering their harsh notes, for these birds of the sea have no music in them like the more lowly birds of the wood-

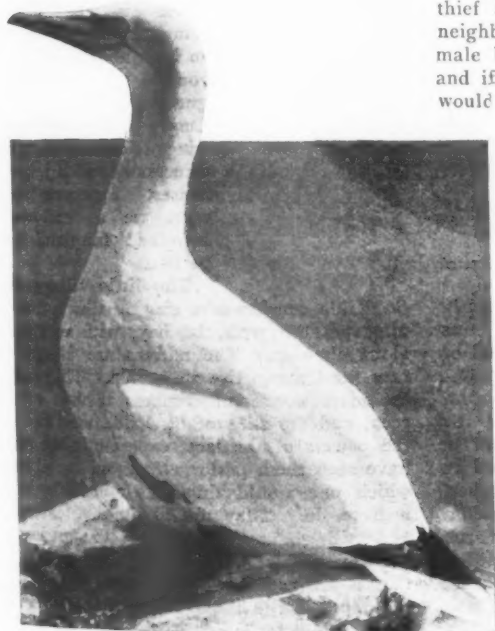


Fulmar Petrel. The egg is just on the point of hatching

lands, and there was an indescribable chorus intermingled with the calls of the young birds.

When looking on a vast birdland scene like this I like to sit down and just watch the colony, for by so doing you are certain to see many interesting things. I was well repaid for my waiting, for I discovered that the gannet was certainly an unprincipled thief and that he would rob his nearest neighbour if he had a chance. It was the male birds that did most of the stealing, and if a nest was left unguarded a gannet would quickly bear down upon it, grab a big beakful of the nesting material, and proudly march off to his own nest and present the stolen property to his sitting mate. She always took this without the slightest hesitation, and he immediately went off for more. I saw one bird return five times with seaweed and feathers which he had taken from a nest not belonging to him!

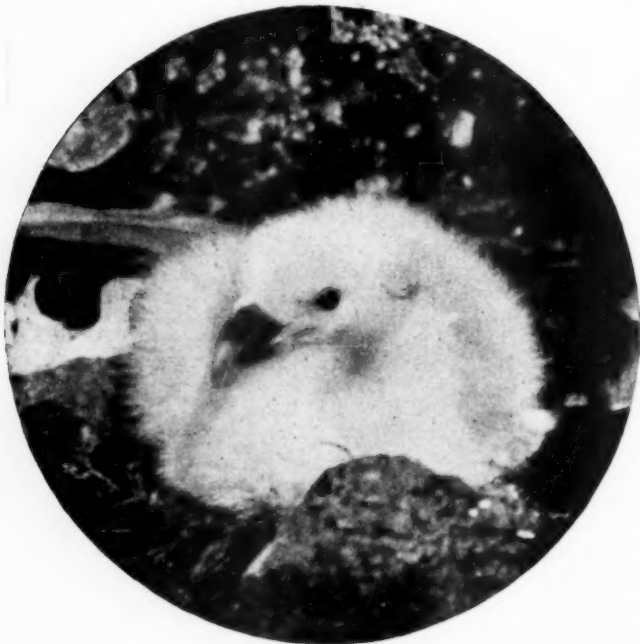
When the gannet has a difference to settle with his neighbour, he does not waste time in arguing, but at once commences to fight. The actual battle is a curious affair, for, instead of fighting like other birds by striking with the beak and wings, he just takes hold of the enemy's beak and pulls and pushes as hard as he can. The one that wins the fight is the one which succeeds in pulling or pushing its opponent over the cliff!



A good specimen of a Gannet

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One gannet alighted upon the wrong nest, which was not surprising considering the great number all around. She settled down and made herself quite at home. A few minutes later the rightful owner of the nest arrived, and finding an enemy on her home at once attempted to eject her. She took hold of the stranger's beak and pulled as hard as possible; but try as she would, she was unable to make her budge. After she had tugged for several minutes her mate came down and saw what was going on. He



Young Fulmar Petrel

was a cute old gannet and had evidently seen little family disturbances like this before. He saw that his mate had hold of the enemy's beak, so without the slightest hesitation he walked up to the fighters, and with his beak took a firm grasp of the interloper's tail! It was altogether a comical scene, for while mother pulled in one direction, father pulled in another. Under such pressure the bird in the middle gave way—in fact she had to; and soon after she flew away the rightful owner settled down and showed her appreciation of her mate's assistance by rubbing her head lovingly on the side of his long neck! She also uttered many happy chucklings.

On the main island there was a vast colony of puffins. These birdland clowns, as I think they might be called, were everywhere. They nest in a burrow in the ground, and as we walked over their nesting ground hundreds scuttled out at our feet. Hundreds of thousands were flying past, while long rows of them were sitting on the tops of the cliffs. If you study the faces of these comical birds each one seems to have a different expression, but all are really funny. They are inquisitive birds, and if you are not hurried in your movements you will notice how they stand bolt upright and watch you.

Everywhere you go there are birds, and it is impossible to speak of them in less than thousands. All the giant cliffs are teeming with them. It is not easy to say which is the more wonderful scene: to look down upon the vast flocks from above or to gaze at them from the sea. Perhaps the latter is the more romantic, for they are so high above you that you do not hear their guttural notes; you simply look upon white wings floating in all directions, and it is the nearest approach to what we as children imagined fairyland to be like.

The little village of St. Kilda consists of a single pathway running parallel with the bay, with cottages along its side. The natives are a hardy race, and many live to be old. They are the most wonderful climbers I have ever seen, and the cliffs of St. Kilda would test the powers of the most expert climber. I have seen them perform feats on the cliffs which one would think it impossible for men to do. They are absolutely fearless and will go anywhere, while the greatest heights will not awe them.

It is altogether a strange colony. It is the one place in the British Islands where the tax collector is unknown, where one can live from January to December without

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The Village of St. Kilda

This gives some idea of the bleakness and loneliness of the life in the single pathway which constitutes the village

It is
where
one can
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money, and where the daily paper is not seen. But to us it seems a lonely and remarkable existence, yet the islanders would not change their lot for any other life. As far as I know, only one man has left the island to chance his fortune in another part, and he became a most successful tradesman in a Scottish town. But every year he goes back to the island for his holiday, and for a few weeks lives the old life again.

It is said that the island of St. Kilda would, if properly cultivated, support a colony of about three hundred people without any help from the outside world. Whether this is so or not I cannot say, but there are several hundreds of acres of very fertile land, yet none of it is cultivated. A few patches of potatoes are all that is seen in the way of cultivation. Cows are kept and provide the natives with plenty of milk, and on a neighbouring island there is a number of wild sheep which, I believe, are the descendants of the original black sheep of Britain, and they are not now found elsewhere.

The women are the workers. I have seen a woman struggling down from the hill above the village with a great load of peat on her shoulders, while her husband walked by her side unloaded! It would not be considered quite the thing for the men to do such work! While the women work the

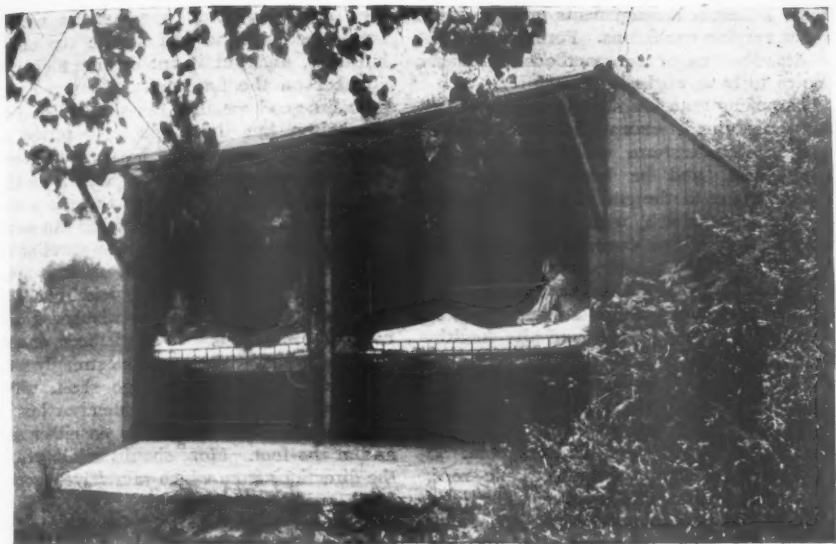
men are the gossips, and you will see them standing in groups discussing various things; but one wonders what they find to talk about, for it is only occasionally that they hear news of the world beyond the waves. About six boats a year visit the island during the summer, and for the rest of the year, about nine months, they hardly see a ship of any kind pass their rocky home.

But although they cannot at this time receive mails, they can send them. It is, I should think, the strangest mail in the whole world. The letter is placed inside a tin, and this is fastened in a piece of wood hollowed out in the form of a small boat. A lid is fastened securely over this and the whole made watertight. It is then fastened to a bladder and cast upon the sea when the wind is blowing from the west. It is remarkable that about nine out of every ten letters sent off like this reach their destination. A note is placed inside asking the finder to post the enclosed letter. After I left the island one of the natives sent me a letter in this way, and it reached me safely about a fortnight after he "posted" it on the waves. It was picked up on the island of Barra in the Outer Hebrides by a man employed by a friend of mine, and he immediately posted it on

to me. The letter was none the worse for its long and perilous sea journey.



A Summer-house adapted for two sleepers (see next page)



Child patients at the Little Folks Home, Bexhill, sleep out of doors all the year round, and enjoy it

Sleeping Out

How it can be Managed

By

Agnes M. Miall

THE average town worker gets all too little fresh air. This seems to be inevitable if one considers the indoor nature of most city jobs, the hours spent in tubes and trains travelling to and fro, and the time necessarily devoted to sleep. But it is just here that light may be made to gleam. We are obliged to devote about a third of our time to slumber. Why shouldn't this take place out of doors?

In the days when open windows were almost unknown this suggestion would have been a bombshell. But nowadays we are accustomed to our boys—and even our girls—camping out every summer, and many men learnt to bivouac in the open during the war. Why not, this summer, make an innovation and try systematic sleeping out?

I am not suggesting anything Spartan. Lying on the hard, hard ground, subject to being soaked if it rains in the night, is only suitable as a very temporary or exceptional arrangement. But to sleep out all the summer in one's own bed, properly pro-

tected from rain, is one of the most health-giving and enjoyable things in the world. Only those who have tried it know the delight of being fanned to sleep by a gentle night breeze, or the exhilarating freshness with which one awakens after eight hours in the open air.

Nothing cures and refreshes like "God's great outdoors," even the little bit of it one gets in a back garden. I know of a school-boy who had serious nerve trouble and was ordered to lie in bed for several weeks to rest. It was summer, and he lay in the garden all day and all night, with the result that the doctor was amazed at his rapid improvement. Sleeping out, besides being a keen joy to ordinary people, is invaluable to invalids for whom plenty of fresh air, without exercise, is prescribed. Think of consumptives!

As to how sleeping quarters may be arranged with the necessary precautions against damp, exposure, etc., this depends entirely upon the house and garden in ques-

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tion. Different arrangements must be made under varying conditions. Perhaps it is best to describe one or two methods which are known to have worked successfully.

One young man has slept out of doors, all the year round, except in thick fogs or when a thunderstorm was impending, for three years, and he has done so in a summer-house at the end of a small garden in a London suburb, within eight miles of Charing Cross. One cannot induce him now to go to bed indoors. He complains bitterly that it is "so stuffy!" And though he works exceptionally long hours in an office in town, he has the vigour and the healthy colour of a country-bred youth.

In this case the summer-house existed before the sleeping out began, but it was as airless as summer-houses usually are—far more so than a well-ventilated bedroom. It was a wooden erection with a zinc roof, three wooden sides and one open trellised side. A local carpenter was called in to remove the door wall and the forward halves of each of the two neighbouring walls entirely, so that the place remained little more than a roof with one solid wall. On the open side the floor was extended by several feet, as in its original condition it was barely long enough to take a bed. The corrugated zinc roof was similarly extended, as the aspect was west and rain would drive inwards a foot or two.

In its completed condition the shelter just held two single beds side by side. They were made up in every way like beds indoors, but a supply of ancient mackintoshes was kept handy to throw over the foot ends in bad weather in case the rain penetrated a little from the open sides.

The sleeper-out dressed and undressed indoors, going through the garden in a thick dressing-gown and strong shoes. A lighted lantern or electric flash-lamp illuminated the journey across the lawn and the quick leap into bed.

Not everybody possesses a summer-house or is willing to erect one. But, better still, because directly attached to the house, are verandas and balconies.

A certain Highgate house has a long, roomy, glass-roofed veranda that will accommodate several beds, and here the girls of the family sleep, cosily under cover, but open to all the breezes, all through the summer. They use folding concertina beds, which can be shut up during the day to make room for deck-chairs and the tea-table.

A woman doctor who was attached to a

big London hospital one summer used to keep a collapsible bed at the top of the building, and put it out on fine nights for slumber on the flat roof. She was dependent on good weather, as she had no kind of shelter, but she might have solved the problem, if she'd known how, by erecting a calico screen over her bed. This is an idea that is practicable wherever there is a wall against which the head of the bed can stand.

The canopy is made of a few yards of the cheapest unbleached calico, costing about 7d. a yard. Two or three widths will be necessary, according as to whether it will cover a double bed, two single beds, or only one small bed. These can be strongly sewn together to make one large sheet, which must be large enough to extend at least a foot beyond the bed or beds on either side and at the foot. More should be allowed in the directions from which rain drives—south, south-west or west.

Fix two strong nails or staples to the wall behind the bed head at a height which allows the occupant to sit up in bed comfortably. A foot or more beyond the foot of the bed, according to the size of the canopy, drive two stout broomsticks, poles, or whatever is strong and convenient, into the ground. Their height should be less than that of the nails, so that the slope of the canopy will allow water to run off.

Between these four supports stretch the calico, *absolutely taut and tight*, and you will have a protection that will withstand any weather short of a torrential downpour or a gale of wind.

"But calico isn't waterproof!" I hear someone exclaim. Nor is the silk which covers your umbrella. It is the stretching and sloping of the fabric, allowing no water to collect, which does the trick. I slept under such a canopy during a wet summer holiday in mountainous country, and can guarantee its efficiency against ordinary rain if it is rightly erected.

By using it a balcony opening out of a bedroom can be converted into a sleeping-porch at the cost of three or four shillings only. The arrangement is, of course, not suitable for winter, as a fall of snow would most probably overweight the calico altogether.

But I fancy very few people will follow the example of my friend who sleeps out all the year round. In any case, if they contemplate doing so, the habit should be begun now, in the warm weather, for to start in autumn would be to court chills.



BUNKERED ON BAI-O-HAE

By Elmer Brown Mason.

A joyous story, by a writer with a real sense of humour, dealing with a canny Scot who diverted the attention of a cannibal chieftain by means of a little golf match.

SAFFRON, scarlet and orange, purple, carmine and cobalt, all the glory of sunset, grey swirl of mist, white fleece of cloud, sparkle of sea and blue of sky—night swept them all beneath the darkness, blended them behind the darkness until transmuted, they flowed out in a flood of silver moonlight over the gold-green of the phosphorescent sea. The stars swung low in the southern sky; a school of flying fish left the water in a golden radiance, dripping a path of brilliance beneath them, to be lost at last in the glowing wake of the schooner *Storm Cloud*, drawing slowly away from the island of Bai-o-hae.

A Kanaka, naked save for a strip of bright loin cloth, was at the wheel. The captain and mate, clad in singlets and ducks that had once been white but which now resembled a dusty, secondhand sunset, sat on camp-chairs amidships.

"Lonely place, that," the captain said, motioning to the island behind them. "Don't see how MacTavish has stood it for six years."

The mate did not answer at once. Instead he turned and stared across the water at the white of the trader's store that gleamed in the moonlight on Bai-o-hae.

"Pretty girls there," he remarked finally.

"He don't have nothin' to do with 'em—and he ain't a rum-bound either. How can a white man live away from other

white men and not fall for liquor or women? Answer me that."

The mate did not try. Instead, he switched to another tack:

"Fine lot of copra—every pound sundried—we get from him four times a year. He must be pretty rich."

"Man cannot live by breadfruit and money alone," the captain answered, with the conscious air of presenting a quotation.

"There are plenty of goats on the island, and besides, he's Scotch," the mate retorted.

Meanwhile, Andrew MacTavish sat in the office of his trader's store on Bai-o-hae, letters and invoices on the desk before him. He was a tall man, lanky and of a melancholy cast of countenance out of which shone two cold blue eyes. His long head was covered with a thick, sandy thatch. Though he usually conformed to the style of dress—or rather undress—of the South Seas, he was clad this evening in white ducks, singlet and even shoes—a concession to the arrival of the *Storm Cloud* and to the reading of mail from the outside world. And after the custom of solitary white men in far places, he talked aloud to himself. His words conveyed no information to the other occupant of the room, however. He-Who-Laugh-in-His-Sleep, MacTavish's personal servant and general factotum, understood no English—not to mention Scotch—and was used

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to his master's soliloquies in an unknown tongue.

At the present moment MacTavish was holding a debate and alternately taking both sides of the question.

"Conseederin' the prenciple o' savin' the most interestin' thing for the last, shall I read the lassie's letters or open yon?" he asked himself, his eyes moving from the package of pink envelopes in his hand to several large packing-cases on the floor.

For a moment he pondered silently, then resumed aloud:

"These letters, noo, they come every three months to me here, and they are from the lassie who's waitin' for me near Glasgie—at Prestwick, to be preceese, where's the grandest course of a' the world. They will tell me that she is still waitin', ask word o' my weel-bein', gi' me the texts an' the length o' the sermon the meenister has preached each Lord's Day at the New Kirk. 'Tis no denyin' they are absorbin'." He paused, then resumed, taking up the other side of the argument:

"In a manner o' speakin', there's no denyin' I can tell, with the exception, it may be, o' the arrangement o' the words, exactly what each will say. On the other hand, yon *is* somethin' new." He glanced affectionately at the packing-cases. "Losh! Losh! Six years since— But let be; 'tis o'er. Ay, after due considerin', I will first read the lassie's letters an' save yon for the last."

Andrew MacTavish took up the pink envelopes, and arranging them according to the date of the Prestwick postmarks, opened them in order. One will do for a sample. Indeed the others differed so little that it was a wonder the trader should so conscientiously read every word.

DEAR ANDY,—I am well and pray that you are the same. The weather has been misty since last Lord's Day, but was clear on this. The text this morn was: 'Your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.' 1 Peter, v. 8. The minister spoke for an hour and twenty-seven minutes under eleven heads. It was an excellent discourse by which all were much refreshed.

It is only four years, now, till you will come back, and I shall be waiting for you. Mother tells me it is wrong for me to do so and encourages Sandy MacGregor to call Saturday nights. I pay him no heed.—Your lass,

JANET.

When the last of these letters had been read, Andrew MacTavish laid them aside, glanced longingly at the packing-cases,

hesitated, then sternly took up a pen and wrote:

DEAR JANET,—I have your seventeen letters by this quarter's boat, the *Storm Cloud*. I am rejoiced to hear that you are well as am I.

Two years ago I nearly made up my mind to tell you something, but I was not entirely sure of it then. I have been thinking of it ever since, and last year I was sure but wanted to wait a decent length of time before telling you. You see unexpected news, good or bad, is like to be a shock. Also it is not seemly to speak of important matters without due consideration. Bearing this in mind, I have delayed. The news is that copra prices have been so good that I shall be able to return in two years instead of four.

I consider Sandy MacGregor's conduct deplorable, and I am resolved to tell him so unless I change my mind before I return.—With sincere affection,
ANDREW MACTAVISH.

Deliberately the trader sealed the envelope and addressed it in a bold hand to—

Miss Janet Burns,
17 High Street,
Prestwick,
Scotland,
Great Britain.

Then, with a suddenness that woke up He-Who-Laugh-in-His-Sleep, MacTavish sprang to his feet.

"Bring me a chisel and a hammer," he directed in the Marquesan tongue, and turned to his packing-cases.

Nail by nail he carefully opened them all before touching their contents, then, with a sigh of pure bliss, unwrapped the first of the bundles within the largest case, picked up one of the four similar articles it held, and stood straight in the lamplight wiggling a mashie above the floor.

"Losh!" he whispered in pure delight, then "Losh!" again. An eight-inch centipede scuttled out from the wall. The mashie, with a quick clip shot, sent it out the door.

Other bundles were unwrapped, boxes within boxes opened, until Andrew MacTavish stood among a collection of golf-clubs—four of each kind—boxes of balls, all the paraphernalia of the king of outdoor sports. Then, slowly and lovingly, he repacked all but one set of clubs and a dozen balls, humming to himself the while a little tune that dealt with woe, desertion and death according to the accepted usage of Scotch minstrelsy.

Outside the moonlight played over the white building, weaving the vines into ghost-dances, touching the nail-heads of the porch floor till it seemed studded with diamonds. It silvered a lithe figure that

BUNKERED ON BAI-O-HAE

stole close to the trader's door, played over it while a voice rose, timidly at first, then more boldly :

I teie nie mahana
Ne tere no oc e Hati
Na te Moana !

It was the "Himene Tatou Arearea," and the voice was sweet as the scent of the hibiscus.

Within, Andrew MacTavish raised his head with a gesture of annoyance. There was a timid knock on the door. He-Who-Laugh-in-His-Sleep crossed over and flung it open, revealing a girl clad in a *cahu* of white fibre on which were impressed scarlet flowers and ferns, a girl dusky-fair as the shadowy night, with eyes soft as those of a fawn.

The door closed, and there was the murmur of voices. In a few minutes it opened again, and the servant slipped within.

"It is Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams," He-Who-Laugh-in-His-Sleep told his master. "She saw your light burning late and comes, as is her custom, to ask if you will marry her."

"Tell her I am going to marry a girl of my own people," MacTavish answered wearily.

"She said to tell you, if you sent her that answer, as you have done before, that she is willing to be the second wife in your household, and prays that you will marry her now or her heart will break. She is very fair," He-Who-Laugh-in-His-Sleep added of his own volition, "and she has been asking you to marry her for six years."

"Tell her I will talk with her before the monsoon," the trader directed, knowing well the uselessness of becoming involved in argument on this subject. Picking up the golf-clubs, he went into his sleeping-room. Before he put out the light, once more he looked the clubs over lovingly, then laid them where he would see them the first thing of all in the morning.

Happily he closed his eyes. Then a disturbing thought made him open them again in the moonlight-shot darkness.

"Losh, the indeelicacy o' yon lassie !" he sighed.

The song of birds, the roar of surf on the outer reef coming muted through a mile of sunshine—a veritable golden voice of the sea—the croon of He-Who-Laugh-in-His-Sleep as he set the breakfast-table, woke Andrew MacTavish from a dream of the Prestwick links where he was playing

marvellously with Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams for caddy.

Conscious, even before his thoughts took definite form, that the day promised something unusually pleasant, he twisted a saffron-coloured *pareu* around his waist—it matched his hair beautifully—and ran down to the sandy beach. The creamy foam laughed about his ankles, and then he was swimming through the limpid water, revelling in its cool caress on his healthy skin. He remembered Janet far away across the seas, gave a careless thought to Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams—'twas no denyin' he had a way wi' women—but his mind dwelt mostly on the golf-clubs back in the store, on the course toward the mountain that the natives had been putting in shape for over six months. It was a good nine-hole course. True, the weather was main hot for golf, and there was no one to play with. Still, it was always cool for a couple of hours in the evening, and he could teach some of these good-natured, lazy savages.

Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams was waiting for MacTavish when he got back to the store. She was clad in a purple *cahu* ornamented with white embroidered hibiscus blooms, and held a grass-plaited basket of fresh guavas in her hands, which she presented to him, her soft eyes seeking his.

"He-Who-Never-Smiles sent word that he would speak of marriage before the monsoon," she suggested timidly.

"The monsoon is many months away," he answered gently. "Losh, but yon's a bonny lassie !" he said aloud in his own tongue, and accepted the basket of guavas.

"Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams waits the words that will bring her from the darkness of the cruel god Po, into the sunshine of happiness," the girl answered humbly, and slowly walked away.

MacTavish breakfasted leisurely on the porch in the sunshine, butterflies hovering above his sandy thatch of hair, humming birds darting back and forth among the vines. As he ate, he talked aloud to himself :

"There's the dryin' copra to be inspected—'twull tak' but an hour—an' 'tis a' there is to do this day. I shall then try the new clubs. Losh, how wull it feel to ha' a driver in my hand again? He-Who-Laugh-in-His-Sleep wull be my caddy. I wad weel like to teach him the game, he bein' intelligent, in a manner o' speakin', but 'twad never do. He wad become des-

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respectful, mayhap. No, he shall be my caddy."

Perversely his mind flew back to that vision of the night, in which Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams seemed to be following over the links at Prestwick while he made par hole after par hole. He dismissed the fantasy with a shake of his head, and again spoke aloud:

"'Tis a foursome I must be organizin'. I will be considerin' who it shall be." He paused in thought too deep for words, then resumed, after a perceptible interval: "There's Prince Laughter-Laughter-Always. 'Tis a matter o' policy, ye'll understand, that the ruler—in a manner o' speakin' only—should be one o' them. Aiblins I doubt me if he is seerious eno' to make a real gowfer. 'Twull do him guid, though, seein' he is o'er fat. Then there's Man-Who-Ate-His-Sister-in-Law-by-Marriage. Losh, yon's the best of the lot—seerious an' as lang in length as mysel'. Who shall the third be? Ay, yon's the question."

MacTavish's forehead wrinkled; he sat forward, his hand to his brow, an attenuated and lengthened replica of "The Thinker." Heart-of-Flowers? No, he was wrapped up in his domestic affairs—had too many wives. He-Who-Chases-Sharks? Too quick-tempered for the ancient and honourable game. Great-Mouth? The trader abandoned his thoughtful attitude and sat up. Great-Mouth was intelligent, owned most of the cocoanut-trees below the mountain. But he was Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams' father!

"'Twad only gi' the puir lassie encouragement," he said aloud, and sighed. "Weel, I'll no think o' the fourth for the present." He rose to his feet and called He-Who-Laugh-in-His-Sleep to go with him to inspect the copra drying in the sun.

Who shall say what emotions filled the soul of Andrew MacTavish as he stood on the first tee of his private golf course in the beautiful island of Bai-o-hae! With happy deliberation the trader glanced about him at the smiling natives clustered around the golf-bag-bearing person of his servant, at the mountain in the distance, at the Marquesan forest, at the goats straying across the landscape; then his eyes came back to the little white ball at his feet. Slowly he wagged the head of his driver above it, came back slow, then, with the full St. Andrews' swing, head down and following through, he drove. There was the sharp, clear smack of a perfectly hit ball—

no sweeter sound in nature to the ears of a Scotsman—an exclamation of wonder from the watching natives, and MacTavish shaded his eyes with his hand and looked down the course.

"Twa hundred eighty yards, ay, o'er twa hundred eighty yards," he said aloud. "'Tis na sa bad."

There was an excited outburst of questions from the Marquesans. Was the little white ball magic? Was it better than a gun? Would He-Who-Never-Smiles deign to kill a goat with it, the next time he hit it?

MacTavish paused to address them in their own tongue.

The magic that made the little white ball go straight and far was good magic. Talk was bad, though. They must not talk.

A respectful silence fell over the group, save for a long sigh from Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams, and they followed up the ball. The lie was good. A quarter-arm mashie shot sent it dead on the green—but it took two putts before the Scotsman sunk it.

"Na sa guid." MacTavish shook his head and walked to the next tee.

This hole was the pride of his heart. From the tee it sloped downward for four hundred yards, crossed a small stream, then went up a steep incline for another hundred to a high bunker immediately behind which was the green. The tee itself was a *paepae*—a high platform of huge, smooth basalt stones topped with turf, once the foundation on which a native house had stood, and older even than the ancient and honourable game of golf. MacTavish cautioned He-Who-Laugh-in-His-Sleep to watch the ball carefully, and drove, getting his distance but slicing badly.

"Woosh!" he exclaimed disgustedly. "'Tis eno' to make a mon sweer." Then he added to his servant: "Go ahead to the ball but do not touch it when you get to it. It is *tapu* to touch balls after the club has struck them."

"Where is the ball?" He-Who-Laugh-in-His-Sleep demanded innocently, gazing down the fairway.

"I told you to watch where it fell," MacTavish answered sharply.

"It goes so swiftly from the war club of He-Who-Never-Smiles," the man answered apologetically, "and I would rather watch you."

"Woosh!" the Scotsman said disgust-

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edly, abandoning the Marquesan tongue, and walked down the course.

MacTavish could not find the ball. He-Who-Laugh-in-His-Sleep could not find it. No one could find it. The crowd even stopped looking and stood watching the trader, expectant for the next move. The women, grouped slightly behind, were silent, staring at him with softly curious eyes.

"It canna' be," MacTavish said aloud. I canna' lose a ball like that when they cost such a power o' siller. Na, na, I canna'." He reverted to the Marquesan language before taking another ball from his pocket. "I will give—no, no! Who finds what I have lost shall be high in my favour."

Immediately Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams detached herself from the group of women and came to him.

"There is what He-Who-Never-Smiles sought," she said, and pointed to where the ball lay half hidden beneath a leaf at his feet.

On the next hole the Scotsman pulled to the left, and the ball was again lost. When everyone had given up the hunt, Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams again pointed out where it lay. MacTavish remembered his dream of the night before with an uncomfortable feeling. Would this girl end by carrying his golf-bag, after all?

"Continued association wi' me wull only make her mare lovin'," he assured himself gravely. Then, as was his custom, he argued upon the other side:

"But I canna' keep on losin' gowf-balls as I nearly lost yon."

The fourth hole was a birdie three, might be made in two with a little luck. It was a hundred-and-fifty-yard mid-iron shot over a low bunker. The trouble was that the green was snuggled tight against a high cliff, and an overplay would bounce back the ball from the rock, as MacTavish at once found out. He did not care to delay, either, in this locality, for it was on the boundary that separated the coast tribe from the Marquesans who dwelt in the mountains—an unfriendly lot under the leadership of the Eater, whose main wife had a more than local reputation for the talent embodied in her name, She-Who-Skillfully-Cooks-the-Long-Pig-That-Speaks.

MacTavish glanced apprehensively up at the jungle-clothed mountain before he lowered his head and addressed his ball with a mashie.

"How beautiful is the hair of He-Who-Never-Smiles!" a woman's voice murmured.

"Chatterer!" said MacTavish between clenched teeth, made his stroke, and heroically kept his head lowered after the ball had left the face of his club.

About him rose cries of dismay; he



"The mashie, with a quick clip shot, sent it out the door"—p. 774

looked up to see the natives running in every direction. Cutting him off from the coast came a throng of mountain Marquesan warriors, the Eater at their head.

The trader loosened the heavy automatic in the sheath by his side, thanking Providence that he had resisted the temptation to leave it behind, and praying that it would not jam, as automatics in the tropics so often do.

The Eater was advancing toward him, but he did not seem actually hostile.

"Kaoha!" MacTavish called the greeting at a venture.

"Kaoha!" the Eater answered cordially. "What does He-Who-Never-Smiles do with the queer-shaped war-clubs? Is it white man magic? I came to make war upon you, but now I fear."

"It is indeed a very powerful magic I

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am making," the trader answered. "Come, I will show you."

They advanced together to the fifth tee, and with a prayer that his drive might be something to awe the watchers, MacTavish swung his club. As at the first hole it was a perfect stroke, and the ball soared and soared, to strike the ground finally with a bounce that carried it far on.

"There is indeed powerful magic in a war-club that sends so light and small a thing so far," the Eater observed respectfully. "Now let me strike with the war-club."

For a moment the Scotsman hesitated. It was an awful thing to have to trust the best of his four drivers into the hands of an amateur. But the Eater was certainly one to be propitiated, especially under the circumstances. MacTavish handed over the club and himself teed up a ball. The chief from the mountain made a tremendous swipe at it—and fanned empty air.

"Not so hard," warned the Scotsman. "You will break the club and hit nothing. Keep your eye on the ball."

Again the Eater swung, and missed—still again, and moved the ball six inches, though the tee disappeared forever.

Instantly MacTavish forgot all else but the awkwardness of the man in front of him.

"Son-of-a-father-who-couldn't-even-catch-a-fish, descendant of a race of earthworms," he yelled. "Keep your eye on the ball and don't press!"

The savage looked up startled, fearful.

"Why must I keep my eye on the ball?" he demanded innocently.

"The ignorance o' a heathen! No great wonder missionaries grow grey!" MacTavish said in English, then returned to Marquesan, speaking patiently: "You must watch the ball, or Po, the god of darkness, will snatch it away as your club approaches it. If your eye is upon it, he dare not touch it."

"Aue!" the Eater exclaimed in wonderment. "It is indeed a magic making! Come, I will try once more, doing just what He-Who-Never-Smiles tells me to do."

Who can resist the subtle flattery of instructing! MacTavish laboured with his pupil earnestly; made him rivet his eyes on the ball, taught him to come back slowly, his savage body moulded to an iron-like rigidity, then to swing freely with loosened muscles. And the Eater whacked

out a two-hundred-and-fifty-yard drive at the fourth attempt!

"You'll learn," MacTavish said enthusiastically. "Yes, you'll learn—in time. Come to-morrow evening, two hours before sunset, and we will try again. Come to my house. There shall be no harm to you."

"I will come," the Eater agreed without a moment's hesitation. "There shall be no more war between us, but we shall make this magic against Po, god of darkness, together."

Ceremoniously he rubbed noses with the trader; most politely he smelled him with little sniffs indicating pleasure; then, waving to his warriors, turned back to the mountain.

MacTavish looked after him approvingly.

"Yon will make a gowfer—in time, ye understand. He has the teemperament: seeriousness an' enthusiasm. Ay, you will make a gowfer. Where is my bag?" He glanced about him.

Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams was standing patiently back of him, the strap of the golf-bag over one bare, shapely shoulder.

A new life had dawned for the lonely trader in that far-away island of the South Seas. Time no longer hung heavy on his hands. And also, with the advent of golf, peace and happiness descended on Bai-o-hae. No longer were the men of the coast harried by the men of the mountain. Indeed, war was forgotten. Swords had not exactly been welded into ploughshares, since there are no swords in the Marquesas; and ploughing is an unnecessary refinement; but many a war-club of heavy iron-wood had been whittled down into an excellent driver. No longer the matrons of Bai-o-hae reproached their husbands for sleeping the day through instead of bringing fish from the sea or fruit from the forest. Instead they themselves fished or plucked the luscious tropic fruits among the murmuring leaves, that their husbands might participate longer in the sacred rites of that ceremonial so poetically described in the liquid syllables of the Marquesan tongue as Whack-Follow-Swear-Whack-Follow.

Everyone played. Of course the main event was the aristocratic foursome in the evenings, when the sun had sufficiently sunk for some hint of coolness to sift through the balmy air. There were other contests, though, all day long, when the children of the tropics, immune to the most

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ardent heat, followed the ball over Andrew MacTavish's nine-hole course. Bogey for the nine holes was set at thirty-seven—a stiff Bogey. MacTavish once did it in thirty-six, and gave a feast at which was first seen the Fore-o-whoosh, a dance entirely new in terpsichorean annals of Polynesia. The Scotsman was unquestioned champion, quite unbeatable, and arbiter of the course, Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams, his faithful and adoring caddy, always at his elbow.

The Bai-o-haeans took to the game readily, however, and some were treading closely on his heels, chief of whom was the Eater from the mountain.

Even MacTavish gave him credit in his monologues:

"Yon's a gowfer," he mused. "Ay, yon's a real gowfer. Of course it's reedicalous o' him to make offerin's to the god Bogey, to whom he has raised that stone pile as an altar on the beach, but it shows, in a manner o' speakin', that the mon's seerious—a most excellent thing in a gowfer. Then that forty-one he did this eve is na sa bad. I might e'en"—he looked about him cautiously as though there might be hungry ears stretched out from the night to drink in his words—"I might e'en say, though ye understand that I am no, in a manner o' speakin', actually sayin' it, I might e'en say that that forty-one was guid."

In regard to that forty-one the Eater held the same opinion, though in a more exaggerated form. And he brought this opinion to his abode in the mountains after spreading it among his clansmen on the way. Singer-Whose-Voice-Is-as-the-Roaring-of-the-Sea was even making it into a heroic chant as the Eater reached his home.

"Tis indeed a wondrous thing," She-Who-Skilfully-Cooks-the-Long-Pig-That-Speaks, his main wife, agreed for the sixth time,

"but even the greatest of men must eat. Come, my lord of the driv-a, my master of the putt-a, I have prepared a meal worthy even of your greatness."

It was not altogether tactful of She-Who-Skilfully-Cooks-the-Long-Pig-That-Speaks

thus to break in on him. The moment was really too great for material things. The Eater proved false to his name. While he told again of the magnificent approach he had made on the fourth hole, he let a yard of delicious raw sea-centipede wriggle from his hand and escape into the brush, after biting little Eater, seventh, severely on the leg. The warm *poi* stiffened on his fingers as he swept them through the air in a reproduction of that drive at the home tee. The succulent piece of meat, perfectly browned and sprinkled with pepper and ground-up oyster-shells, slipped unheeded from its platter of pandanus leaves as he showed how he made the thirty-foot putt.

Authorities to the contrary, it is women, not men, who are the materialists. She-Who-Skilfully-Cooks-the-Long-Pig-That-Speaks had spent an hour digging up that sea-centipede from beneath a rock seven feet under water; the meat had been secured with difficulty. The Eater's wife was peeved.

Marquesans, however, are a gentle race not given to quarrelling or argument. She-Who-Skilfully-Cooks-the-Long-Pig-That-Speaks did not upbraid her husband and assure him with tears that she might just as well not be married at all, now that



"The chief from the mountain made a tremendous swipe at it—and fanned empty air"

he had taken up that horrid golf; nor did she threaten to go back to her mother. Quite the contrary! She simply slipped behind him and smote him lustily on the head with what had once been a war-club but was now a brassie-niblick.

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When the Eater regained consciousness, he arose with dignity and departed into the forest, where he sat all night reflecting on marriage as a failure and trying to soothe his injured feelings—and head—by listening to the voice of the Singer-Whose-Voice-is-as-the-Roar-of-the-Sea declaiming his praises from a mountain-top a mile away.

"Keep your head down," MacTavish directed as sharply as the soft syllables of the Marquesan speech would permit. "You didn't even look at the ball when you drove."

"*Pakeka!* Is it not a good drive?" demanded the Eater sulkily, watching the ball bound down the course over two hundred yards away.

"Yes, 'tis a good drive, but it was only luck," MacTavish answered, a puzzled expression on his face. He was playing a two-ball foursome with Man-Who-Ate-His-Sister-in-Law-by-Marriage as partner against Prince Laughter-Laughter-Always and the Eater, and was one down on the seventh hole. It was not this that astonished him, though; it was the Eater's conduct during the whole game. He acted like a bear with a sore head. Come to look at him, he *did* have a sizable bump just above his right eyebrow. No member of the foursome had ever thought to question his suggestions before. . . .

They had walked down to the balls, their caddies—and the entire population of the island—following. The trader put his ball on the green with a full midiron shot, and sauntered to where his opponents' lay some ten yards farther on.

"Better use a midiron," he suggested.

"Give to Prince Laughter-Laughter-Always a mashie," ordered the Eater of his blue-tattooed caddy, whose brilliant smile revealed teeth filed to the sharpest of points.

"You'll never make it with a mashie," MacTavish objected.

"Is He-Who-Never-Smiles whacking the whack?" snapped the Eater. "Do I not know better which war-club to use than he? Can I not beat him at the sacred ceremonial of Whack-Follow-Swear-Whack-Follow any time?"

For a moment surprise held MacTavish silent. It was not only his pre-eminence at golf that had been questioned, but much more serious, he realized, the dignity and authority of all white men in Polynesia were at stake.

"Impotent gnat, faded flower of the skunk-cabbage, shadow of a long-caten sea-slug that throws no shadow!" he finally burst forth, "you could no more beat me than you could tie an evening tie properly. Bat-eared son of an anæmic dog-fish, you—"

"Words should not be heard while the ball is in play," the Eater interrupted calmly, and since MacTavish himself had made this rule, he was forced to be silent.

Prince Laughter-Laughter-Always whirled the mashie twice around his head—a trick that the Scotsman had tried in vain to break him of—swept it down, uttering at the same time a wild whoop, and the ball rose and rose, hung in the air, swooped down, hitting the green with plenty of back-spin, and settled within two inches of the hole.

"Am I not the best chooser of clubs?" sneered the Eater.

"'Tis another accident," MacTavish answered obstinately.

"Ta! Ta! Ta! And would it be an accident if He-Who-Never-Smiles should play alone with me, and I should beat him—as I can," the chief from the mountain suggested disagreeably.

"No, it would be a calamity," the Scotsman answered.

"Of your greatness, will you attempt it, *Menike?*"

"I will think it over," MacTavish replied.

Indeed, he was thinking it over, and as usual, he thought aloud in English—the English of the country of haggis and heather.

"Aiblins is it undeeignified, in a manner o' speakin', for me to accept a challenge from yon heathen? 'Tis a question dee-ficult to decide. But I know that I can beat him, barrin' some act o' the Deity. It would be a guid lesson for him. I must make him pay weel for his impudence. Ay, make him pay weel. An' for his sinfu' pride, too. 'Twas that forty-one did it."

"Has He-Who-Never-Smiles the courage to play against me, or is he afraid?" the Eater asked softly, as he holed out of the ninth green—with Prince Laughter-Laughter-Always winning the match by three up.

"Well" — MacTavish hesitated — "well, yes, I will play you to-morrow evening."

The Eater used the single-syllabled and euphonious word which means, in the

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soft Marquesan tongue: "Great, you're a better sport than I thought you were."

"But on the one condition," the Scotsman added, "that the winner gets a suitable prize." MacTavish thought of the silver challenge cups of St. Andrews. Alas! the heathen could not offer such.

The seven Marquesan words that mean: "Done!" shot from between the Eater's lips. "I will play the *Menike* for all I have in the world to eat, against the very best he can offer to eat," he added.

"Losh!" MacTavish soliloquized aloud, "He-Who-Laugh-in-His-Sleep must have told 'em o' that case o' canned salmon I've been savin'. Weel, no matter. It's safe eno'."

"I'll go you," he answered calmly, reverting to the native language.

"My household shall feast on red meat," the Eater prophesied joyously. "She-Who-Skilfully-Cooks-the-Long-Pig-That-Speaks will be pleased. And a good thing, too! She has been anything but loving lately."

"Ay, he kens o' yon salmon," MacTavish assured himself.

"*Aue!* The *Storm Cloud!*" exclaimed Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams, slipping the strap of the gold-bag from her bare shoulder to point where the little schooner was entering the bay.

As Andrew MacTavish walked back from the golf-course, he finally decided that he was angry.

"'Tis na that he thinks he can play golf. He *should* think that he can play, in a manner o' speakin', ye'll understand, since I taught him; but that he should think that he could play wi' me! 'Tis plain impudence. An' he saw me make that thirty-six!"

There was a timid touch on his arm; a soft voice spoke:

"May a most sorrowful one speak to He-Who-Never-Smiles?"

"It is not yet the time of the monsoon," Andrew MacTavish objected hastily.

"'Tis not of that," Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams sighed. "'Tis of to-morrow. Will not He-Who-Never-Smiles let me take his place and play the Eater? He-Who-Never-Smiles must not be beaten."

"Most certainly not," MacTavish objected. "What chance would you have against him?"

"In the early morning, before the doves have begun to fly, Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams piously goes around the magic way in thirty-four, thirty-five or thirty-six

whacks, never more," the girl answered simply.

"Losh!" exclaimed MacTavish, and again, "Losh! An' I ken these heathen are no ceevilized eno' to lie! 'Tis more than extraordinary!" In the Marquesan tongue he answered the girl:

"No, you cannot take my place. The game is not for women."

Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams bowed her head meekly in yielding, then spoke again, albeit more timidly than before:

"Can we not speak a little, a very little, of love?"

"Certainly not," the Scotsman answered promptly.

That night, of course, MacTavish had to entertain the captain and mate of the *Storm Cloud*. It was not a very lively evening, however. In the morning he superintended the loading of his copra into the schooner, and the swiftness with which he got it on board was a caution. He did not want the crew of the *Storm Cloud* on the island that evening, and the little schooner got away as quickly as possible.

All day long propitiating smoke had been rising from the altar the Eater had built on the beach to the new god Bogey. Also word came to the trader that the women in the mountains, under the leadership of She-Who-Skilfully-Cooks-the-Long-Pig-That-Speaks, had been dancing the Fore-o-whoosh the night through. Of course that kind of thing was all nonsense, the Scotsman mentally assured himself as he walked toward the first tee in the evening cool. Something told him that he was going to be off his game, though. If the Eater should make another forty-one! That case of canned salmon he had meant to save for his own table. Still, he must win in order to keep the island peaceful. There would be no holding the mountain men if the Eater. . . . He brushed away the thought as Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams knelt to tee up his ball.

There was not a yard's difference between the two drives as MacTavish and his opponent walked down the fairway, followed by the entire population of Bai-o-hae. They were both on the green with midirons, and halved the hole in a par three. The second hole also was halved, due to the fact that the Scotsman missed a three-foot putt.

"Now shall the god Bogey show favour to his worshipper," the Eater announced, with a sidelong glance at MacTavish.

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"'Tis time yon heathen began to realize what he's up against," the Scotsman soliloquized beneath his breath. "I do no like the manner he looks at me, an' 'tis vara impolite—e'en in a heathen—for him



"The Scotsman could plainly see the little sphere slipping down his throat"

to keep lickin' o' his lips. 'Tis nervousness mayhap', aiblins 'tis the thought o' the canned salmon. . . . I must, ay, make the green wi' my drive."

MacTavish actually did reach the green, but luck was against him. His ball struck a rock and bounced back nearly a hundred yards. The Eater made a beautiful approach shot, dead to the hole, and was down in three, making him one up.

"Stewed shall She-Who-Skilfully-Cooks-the-Long-Pig-That-Speaks prepare my meat," he announced triumphantly. "Yes, stewed, so there be no toughness."

"Stewed!" repeated MacTavish. "I never heard of stewing canned salmon before."

"Canned salmon?" interrogated the Eater. "Why does the *Menike*?"—he sucked in his breath contemptuously at the word—"why does the *Menike* speak of—*Aue!*" he broke off. "Can He-Who-Never-Smiles beat that drive?"

Again the hole was halved, but on the fifth, MacTavish squared the match with one under Bogey, while the Eater got into difficulties near the brook. The Scotsman gave a sigh of relief as he addressed his

ball on the sixth tee. Then he stepped back from it.

"What do you mean, you never heard of canned salmon?" he asked. "Surely that was what you had in mind when you thought to win!"

"Ta! Ta! Ta! Not so," the Eater answered offensively, "—that is, unless He-Who-Never-Smiles happens to be a fish."

MacTavish gave him a black look, as he stepped back to his ball. For a moment he addressed it, then drove. He hardly glanced to see where it had gone, so busy was his mind, and unconsciously he spoke aloud:

"Sa it's na salmon yon heathen is playin' for. Then what is it? Stewed! Stewed!" he repeated, then again: "Stewed! so it shall na be tough." A great light began to dawn on him. "Losh! Losh! But I ha' it," he gasped. "Ay, I ha' it! 'Tis my ain person I'm playin' for. I'm playin' na to be eaten, that's what I'm doin'! Whoosh, but 'tis plain cerie!"

"*Aue!*" came a cry of amazement from the crowd, and the trader looked up. "*Aue! Aue!*" screamed Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams, wringing her hands. "A goat has eaten the ball of

He-Who-Never-Smiles!"

MacTavish stared—then ran. He was too late, however. A bearded billy, the patriarch of the flock, held the ball between softly mumbling lips, then he gulped. The Scotsman could plainly see the little sphere slipping down his throat.

"Fore!" came a cry from behind him, and the Eater's ball whistled by his head.

MacTavish stood in deep meditation, his hand to his chin.

"'Tis a circumstance na covered by the rules of gowf," he murmured. "'Tis unprecedented. Weel, I'll ha' to lose a stroke an' drop another ball. Yon was a guid drive the heathen made, too."

He took a ball from his pocket and dropped it over his shoulder.

"What does the *Menike*?" demanded the Eater with sudden suspicion.

"I'm dropping a new ball. The goat has swallowed mine."

"He-Who-Never-Smiles must not do that," the Eater objected. "'A ball must always be played from where it lies,' he quoted.

"But the ball lies in the goat," demurred MacTavish.

BUNKERED ON BAI-O-HAE

"Then play it from within the goat," the Eater answered.

The Scotsman gazed at the animal speculatively. It was a tough-looking goat, the toughest-looking goat he had ever seen. Perhaps, however, if he whacked the goat sternly the ball might reappear, though even then he would lose a stroke. He raised his brassie. The goat did not delay long enough to meet his eye, but shot for the mountain.

"Your hole," MacTavish acknowledged gloomily, glancing up at an equally gloomy sky from which the sun had fled. "Looks like rain," he announced to hide his chagrin.

"The sky whispers of the monsoon," the Eater said anxiously. "May it not bring woe to Bai-o-hac by delaying the feast." And he gave the Scotsman a sidelong glance, licking his lips suggestively.

"Let's hurry," MacTavish urged with something like a shiver.

One down on the eighth tee, MacTavish watched his opponent make a perfect drive. As he got off his own, the wind rose with a great sigh, as though waking from a long sleep. Both reached the green on their seconds, and lay some twenty yards from the hole. It was the Eater's shot; he rimmed the cup. MacTavish looked up, met Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams' anguished eyes, and sank his putt with a slow following stroke. Again the match was squared.

The wind was up, the sky dark. The crowd was silent now, tense with excitement as the two players stood on the last tee. Before them stretched the ninth hole, a Bogey four, with a high bunker exactly three hundred yards away.

The Eater's drive was short—under two hundred yards. MacTavish saw his opportunity. He put all his strength and all his skill into the stroke.

The "Aue!" of amazement from the gallery told him, before he dared to raise his head, that the drive had gone straight and far. Then a little whimpering sound from Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams warned him that something was wrong. He peered down the fairway, but could not see where his ball lay.

The Eater cleared the bunker handily with his brassie, the wind, now nearly a hurricane, helping him, and MacTavish followed his caddy, who was hurrying ahead. Then he stopped and stared, his heart sinking fathoms deep. The ball was

snuggled close to the high wall of sod. He was as thoroughly bunkered as man had ever been in the whole history of golf!

"Give me a niblick," he shouted to Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams, his voice barely audible above the wind.

For a moment he contemplated the ball, then swung back gently, forward with a snap, and the ball rose—rose straight in the air and came down not two inches from where it had been. Again he struck. The ball skittered to the top of the bunker, hung, then rolled back to the foot again. Once more! This time his eye was not so good, or it may have been the wind on his face. The ball sank deep into the soft ground beneath his iron.

"The *Menike* has taken eleven strokes to cross the bunker while I—I am near the green in two!" The Eater's triumphant voice was barely audible above the wind. "Is it over?"

"It is over," the Scotsman answered, and gazed ahead to try and locate his ball.

"I will send He-Who-Never-Smiles word when the time is for him to come to the feast," the Eater shouted with a leer, then hurriedly drew back at the expression on the Scotsman's face.

Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams was signalling him that the ball was lost.

The wind had fallen, but inky-black darkness wrapped the trader's store on the beautiful island of Bai-o-hae. Within, inky-black depression filled the soul of Andrew MacTavish, the trader, as he pushed away untouched a plate of canned salmon—rarest of delicacies in the South Seas—that He-Who-Laugh-in-His-Sleep had placed before him.

"Ay, twa new balls," he mourned aloud. "Why must I ha' used new balls for yon contest? Vanity, ay, vanity; 'twas naught else. Weel, they're gone, an' there's na profit in cryin' o'er spilt milk—though two new gowf-balls canna' be compared to spilt milk in na manner o' speakin'. But 'tis na the only misfortune. I lost the match. Ay, I lost the match. Losh! Yon's a bad beesiness, a vara bad beesiness!"

He paused to listen to a sound wafted down to him from the mountain, a half wail, half war-chant.

"They'll be dancin' the Fore-o-whoosh this minute," he muttered, "waitin' for me, na doot."

He ruminated silently for a time, then spoke aloud once more.

"An' I gave my word to yon heathen that

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he could ha' the best food I ha' to offer if he won—which he did. It is to be obsairved that I didn't ken 'twas me ain person he was lookin' on as food. Na, na, I had na a suspescion. But I lost the match. A pledge is a pledge, e'en wi' a heathen."

The sound of the celebration on the mountain waxed louder and louder. MacTavish shook his head slowly.

"'Tis a vara bad beesiness," he said again, "a vara, vara bad beesiness! An' Andy MacTavish, mon, 'twas your sinfu' pride, I'm thinkin', that has brought you to this. 'Pride,' says the Guid Book, 'goeth before deestruction,' which, in a manner o' speakin', is correct. Ou, ay, vara correct! 'Twas your sinfu' pride in gowf, Andy, that has been your overthrowin'. Ay, you thinkin' naught could overcome you, leastwise naught that you instructit your ain self. 'Sharper than a serpent's tooth.'" MacTavish broke off suddenly, and shivered at the word "tooth."

Then, after his custom, he took up the argument from the other side:

"'Tis na denyin' that I belong, in a manner o' speakin', to yon heathen, a pledge bein' a pledge. But ha' I na remedy? Is there na person who has a preevious claim to you, Andy MacTavish? There is. You are pledged to a lassie, a guid Christian lassie, at Prestwick. Will ye gie what belongs to a Christian to a heathen to flatter a sinfu' pride in payin' a unco weeked pledge? Na, na," he concluded triumphantly, "na, na. If yon heathen wants me, he must take me by force—an' I ha' twa guid guns!"

The trader rose to his feet somewhat comforted. Nevertheless an unwonted nervousness seemed to have him in its grip. He listened to the chant from the mountain for a moment, shivered, then resolutely turned into his office to sort over what the *Storm Cloud* had brought, and to read his mail.

Methodically he checked the invoices against the goods, and last of all picked up the small bag in which came his personal mail. This time he had saved the pink letters for the last. He undid the string and shook the bag above the table. A single envelope fell out.

"One!" he exclaimed in surprise. "An' the lassie always writes me every Laird's Day at four o' the clock. I canna' understand it."

He tore open the envelope, settled back in his chair, and read:

DEAR ANDY,—I am well and hope that you are the same. The weather has been good this last week. The text this morn was from 1 Timothy, iii. 11: "Even so must their wives be grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things." The minister spoke for an hour and twenty-one minutes. It was an excellent discourse by which all were much refreshed.

JANET.

P.S.—This will be the last letter I write to you. Sandy MacGregor has inherited eighteen hundred and forty-eight pounds, eleven shillings, and sevenpence (£1,848 11s. 7d.) from his uncle, who led an evil life in the Americas. Mother could not bear to see so much silver wasted in riotous living (he bought two pairs of boots at once, a wicked extravagance since the ones he was wearing could have been patched) as he said he would do unless I married him. Of course I know you will have more money than this; on the other hand, you might be gathered in by the Lord before you came back, and Mother says "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," so we shall publish the banns this day week. I hope you will do nothing reckless when you read this, as I hear that there are drink and temptations of which a modest lassie cannot speak in those far-away lands.—Respectfully,

JANET BURNS.

MacTavish laid down the letter. There was a queer silence over the world. He wondered what it could be—his grief shutting out all else, no doubt. Then he realized that the chant from the mountain had ceased. He shut his eyes and tried to visualize Janet as he had last seen her, but somehow the vision would not come. Instead an irrelevant picture of the links on Bai-o-hac, with Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams carrying his bag of clubs, obtruded itself.

"Ah, weel," he sighed finally, "Janet was a guid lassie, a vara guid lassie. Na doot her mither was maint inseequent. An' yon's a power o' siller, ye'll ken—ay, a power of siller!"

He paused, visualizing the figures, then the actual sum in English bank-notes, gold, silver, and seven copper pennies.

"There's na denyin' that it makes a change in my plans," he soliloquized. "There's na denyin' it. An' it may ha' its effect on my life, in a manner o' speakin'. On my life," he repeated slowly, "ou, ay, on my life! I ha', noo, na logiceel reason for na bein' eaten by yon heathen, ye'll ken. Janet, Janet, what ha' you done to me!"

MacTavish sprang to his feet, listening intently.

"Is that you, He-Who-Laughs-in-His-Sleep?" he called sharply.

"No," answered a soft voice, and Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams stood in the doorway. There were white blossoms in her

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hair. From one shoulder hung a shimmering white *paru* over which were scattered tiny crimson leaves like rose-petals. Her eyes were soft as dark shadows, her lips crimson as the sunset, her skin a light golden-amber glowing from the quick blood beneath.

"I come to ask He-Who-Never-Smiles to take me for wife. I have waited long," she said humbly.

MacTavish gazed at her sorrowfully for a while.

"Yon's one lassie wi' a faithful heart in a world o' deception," he meditated aloud in his own language; then, speaking in Marquesan: "It is too late to talk of such things, Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams; you know well that I lost the match, and—"

"I come to pray that I be wife, even second wife, in the household of He-Who-Never-Smiles," Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams interrupted gently.

"The puir creature! Mayhap she does na understand the fate that awaits me," MacTavish mused, "or it may be that grief has crazed her. I'll just humour the puir bonnie lassie. You are willing to be my second wife?" he asked aloud in the native tongue.

"Yes," she whispered, her lips tremulous.

There was another silence.

"I—I would be willing to be the third wife in your household," Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams ventured finally, but her lips were no longer tremulous; they had changed to a straight line.

MacTavish shook his head.

"There will be no third wife," he said sadly. "I fear me there will be not even a first one! Listen, now, Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams! Do you not know that the Eater prepares a feast to-night, and I—I—" He hesitated, ended desperately: "I am it."

A smile of wonder, of pure delight, came over the face of Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams.

"*Aue!* He has not heard," she cried. Then flinging up her arms in a gesture of amazement, she caught the trader's hand and pulled him to the open door. All was blackness, but through the dark came a sound that was no longer a chant of battle, but a wail of anguish.

"Up there in the mountain," Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams said in a hushed voice, "there is terrible weeping and great praying to the gods for forgiveness that sacrifice was meditated on the sacred person

of He-Who-Never-Smiles. Listen, I will tell you how it is so. When the wind fell as the sea took the sun, the mountain people made a great fire, told so to do by the main wife of the Eater. Beneath the fire were stones to grow hot—this is the fashion of She-Who-Skilfully-Cooks-the-Long-Pig-That-Speaks when there is long



"He was as thoroughly bunkered as any man had ever been"—p. 783

pig to be prepared. And all the people chanted while the Eater danced the Fore-o-whoosh alone. From the bushes suddenly came a sound, a warning sound, a very great sound indeed. But the Eater danced on.

Then from the darkness broke a goat, a mighty and quarrelsome goat, the very goat who ate the ball of He-Who-Never-Smiles. Straight for the Eater it came. . . . *Aue, aue!*" Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams stuttered in her excitement.

"Yes, yes, what happened then? Be quick," MacTavish exhorted her.

Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams stole a step nearer and laid her hand lightly on his arm.

"And then," she said, "the goat struck the Eater mightily with his head, sending him violently into the fire. Giving that war-cry which is the cry of the mountain people when they prepare to slay mightily, the Eater rose from the fire and ran wildly after the goat, shaking his spear and calling

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on Po, god of darkness, to have the goat in his keeping. Swiftly ran the Eater, more swiftly still the goat, until they came to the cliff of which He-Who-Never-Smiles knows, the one that leans out—thus!" She swayed her slender body toward him. "There the goat leaped and gained the other side, but the Eater went down and down." She paused, then added pensively: "The rocks are very sharp below."

"There's a chance, I'll say na mare, there's a chance of recoverin' one ball—seein' yon goat is still leevin'," mused MacTavish in his own tongue, then spoke in Marquesan:

"What then?"

"Then all who saw how the Eater had run to his death fell on their faces and cried out to be forgiven. To-night, all night, they will cry aloud, and to-morrow they will come down from the mountain to

tell of their love and ask what punishment He-Who-Never-Smiles demands. For surely it was a grievous sin, and they should be punished," Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams ended warmly.

"Losh!" MacTavish said slowly, and then again, "Losh! There's na denyin' yon was a grand gowfer, a grand gowfer," he mused. "'Tis a peety, an' exceedin' peety—but convenient, ye'll mind—ou, ay, vara convenient."

Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams again laid her hand upon his arm.

"The monsoon has come and gone," she whispered timidly, with downcast eyes.

MacTavish stared at her; his face softened.

Flower-of-a-Thousand-Dreams raised her eyes fearfully to his.

"*Aue, aue!*" she cried. "He-Who-Never-Smiles is smiling!"



Country Life : A Tragedy

By
Leslie Mary
Oyler

AS I watched the shadows thronging
O'er the dusky velvet lawn,
Through my heart there surged a longing
To go mushrooming at dawn.

Oh, the joy of plucking early
Ev'ry mushroom as it grows,
In its gown so fair and pearly,
Satin lined with tender rose!

When the world is raised from dreaming,
Wakened by the sunbeam's kiss,
And the fields with dew are gleaming—
Who could wish for greater bliss?

So next morning, gay, light-hearted,
To the meadows off I set,

But discovered when I'd started
That the grass was very wet.

For the dew I'd been admiring
Soaked my slippers through and through:
Still I mushroomed, all untiring,
Till I'd gathered twenty-two.

Then a bailiff strode up frowning,
Said—"You're trespassing in here!"
And (this act my sorrows crowning)
Strewed my mushrooms far and near!

"Country life is dull and dreary,"
Murmured I in vexed distress,
As I plodded homeward, weary,
Muddy, wet and mushroomless!



Miss Clemence Dane

Photo: Reginald Haines

THE PROBLEM OF RELATIONS

by

Clemence Dane

IT'S an old problem, this problem of Our Relations.

When Saturn, eldest of gods, was presented with a son and heir he considered awhile, and—ate him! He was, I suppose, the first-known example of the stern parent. Regan and Goneril were not the last of unnatural daughters, Jacob's method of dealing with the elder brother who got in his way still has its imitators, and Rebecca is only the first of that long line of mothers who spoil their youngest son. Sisters have had a horrid reputation ever since Psyche's day, and there is hardly a stepsister in any respectable folk-tale who does not end by

rolling downhill in the interior of a spiked barrel. As for stepmothers, as for sisters-in-law——!

Cousins—Marys and Elizabeths and Lady Janes—usually solved the problems of relationship by cutting off each other's heads. King John, you remember, was an uncle, and so was Richard Crookback; and if you would know more of avuncular habits you have only to ask the first robin that you see flying out of a wood. Wives?—shades of Clytemnestra! Husbands?—"Sister Anne, Sister Anne, *don't* you see anyone coming?" Yes, relations are a problem. It comes as a shock to us to

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realize that we are probably all sorts of a relation ourselves.

The only exceptions to this formidable list of Reasons for Abolishing Relations Altogether would seem to be—*aunts*! Can you think of a wicked aunt in history? I can't. Indeed, history, which anyway never has time for the good people, hardly speaks of aunts at all. Except for Betsy Trotwood (who ought to be history even if she isn't), my mind jumps but to two or three. There is Queen Mary—stout, prim, childless Mary II behaving cattily to stout, good-natured Anne of the sixteen little coffins and the one frail son—Mary, bad daughter, bad sister, but always good aunt, kindest of spoiling, humouring, good aunts to the poor little heir himself. Then there are the fairy godmothers, aunts in disguise every one of them, in the ancient history we call fairy tales; and those spinners of modern fairy tales, Louisa Alcott and Horatia Ewing. And then, of course, there is that

aunt of aunts whose "delight of my life" were the thrice-lucky little Leighs and Knights and Austens, the aunt to whom "we always looked for help," who "could make everything amusing," the great novelist who wrote them charades and letters in text-hand spelt backwards, who told them "delightful stories, chiefly about fairyland, that continued for days," and later on in life took their attempts at novel-writing much more seriously than her own. Was there ever an aunt like Jane Austen?

No, do you say? But I say Yes! She blooms in every household, less gifted but no less dear. But we don't call her aunt, you know, nowadays. "Aunt—my aunt," prim, ugly word, isn't it? But, listen again, and you will hear our grown-up voices being muffled by myriads of smaller, shriller ones; and after a moment, quite plainly, the word being spoken as it should be spoken. You can catch the silly, sentimental, immortal little



The Author of "A Bill of Divorcement" at Work

Photo:
R. Haines

THE PROBLEM OF RELATIONS



Another study of
Miss Clemence Dane at home

Photo :
R. Haines

name: "Auntie! Auntie Mary! Auntie Alice! Auntie Anyone! Where's Auntie?"

Aunts and their ways I sing, their kind eyes, their sharp tongues, their generous thin purses, their careful clothes. These are they who give their youth to the old and their age to the young, and die at last in meagre lodgings like as not, or in the second best bedroom that looks on a blank wall. These are the health of the sick,

the strength of the weak, the stand-by of the sister-in-law, the ally of the nurse, the whipping-boy of the nephew and the confidante of the niece. These are they that hold the babies other women bear, and in their spare time tell the children beautiful stories.

Relations were a problem since the world began, and the dear, imposed upon, beloved solution will always be—the Aunts!



The Independence of Heloise

The Story of a Lonely Girl
By
Anne Weaver

RICHARD HAMMERTON found him by the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, and he attached himself to his discoverer with a tenacity that brooked no discouragement.

Persons—and things—seldom attached themselves promiscuously to Richard Hammerton.

Not that Poilu, in spite of his four crooked legs, could for one moment be looked upon as a *thing*. In externals he was a small French bulldog; in character he was a person, from the tips of his bat-like ears to the end of his little twisted tail. His round, black eyes held a delusive diffidence contradicted by a voracious curiosity. It was this curiosity which had been his undoing and had led him to a scared and forlorn patrolling of the Round Pond. He had followed a strange man who made friendly advances to him when he was trotting at his mistress's heels. But once out of her sight, the strange man had put out a grimy, clutching hand, and Poilu, warned by some queer dog-instinct, had drawn back. The dog-stealer made another grab, and Poilu barked shrilly and fled away.

Unfortunately, however, he fled in the wrong direction; and while his mistress was vainly calling for him in the High Street, he found his way by some miracle back to Kensington Gardens, where the two had been walking.

He dashed through the entrance gate and up the walk that leads to the Round Pond, a taut, brown bundle of terror and bewilderment. And there, shivering and abject, Richard Hammerton came across him.

What it was in Richard that attracted Poilu it would be difficult to say. He was a big man of about thirty-four, who had never been young—not *really* young, with the happy irresponsibility that belongs to youth. He was a little stolid, a little self-satisfied, eminently prosperous. His blue eyes were placid and a trifle hard; there was a serene obstinacy about the mouth beneath the neat, fair moustache. Heaven knows what subterranean gleam of geniality Poilu espied in his fresh-coloured, rather

heavy face that arrested him in his headlong career and brought him to stand directly in Richard Hammerton's path and to stare up at him, wriggling a beseeching body.

Richard stopped too. He had noticed Poilu streaking along, dodging outstretched hands and turning a deaf ear to ingratiating calls; and he was amused and flattered at being singled out for confidence.

So he stooped and snapped his gloved fingers invitingly.

"Hey, old man, and whom do you belong to?" he asked.

The dog wriggled afresh and crept nearer. There was a green leather collar, silver-mounted, round his neck, and on one side of it Richard read his name—"Poilu," and on the other his owner's, "Heloise Durant, 67 Elvery Street."

Richard patted him, and he went into a frenzy of joy. This big, solid man offered a refuge against the children who swarmed about the Round Pond and frightened him by their overwhelming overtures. He wasn't accustomed to children.

When Richard walked on, Poilu trotted after him.

His newly-made friend turned round and said: "Go, seek her, then." But Poilu had scoured the neighbourhood of the Round Pond, and he knew that his mistress was not there. So he waited blankly till Richard had walked on again, and once more he followed.

This manoeuvre he repeated at short intervals, regardless of stern injunctions to "go home."

Richard might, of course, have handed him over to a policeman; but the dog's serene confidence touched him a little. He decided to take the persistent little beast home for the night and send a postcard to its owner.

It was, if he had only known it, a decision fraught with far-reaching consequences. He had entered Kensington Gardens alone on that Saturday afternoon, feeling perfectly content with life, entirely self-confident—in fact, in that particular mood which the gods often seem to take as

THE INDEPENDENCE OF HELOISE

a definite challenge. He left the Gardens with a little brown dog . . . and Fate . . . close on his heels.

A girl who was approaching the same exit, in company with a young man with a clean-shaven, tanned face and the unmistakable air of the naval officer on leave, paused suddenly at sight of him. "Jim,—that was Richard! Supposing he had seen us!"

"My dear girl"—the young man's voice was slightly impatient—"I rather wish he had."

She looked at him reproachfully. She was a pretty girl of the fresh, wholesome type; pretty enough to look reproachful without being irritating.

"What good would that do, dear?" she said. "It would only upset mamma to realize that—"

"That we emphatically do *not* intend to break off our engagement," supplemented her companion firmly. "Janet, do you realize that we have been engaged for two years now; and while your brother sticks to this absurd notion of his we're likely to remain engaged for several more, as far as I can see. Promotion's not too quick in the navy nowadays."

"Mamma agrees with him," Janet said a little wearily. The subject had been worn threadbare.

Marriage on Jim's pay! It would mean cheap lodgings, shabby clothes. And had she any right to be the drag on his career that a wife so often was to a poor man?

Mamma and Richard said not; and when you have been accustomed all your life to defer your own opinion to that of two dominant personalities, you lose confidence in yourself.

Janet had made her one attempt to break away from family fetters very soon after she had left school. It had failed. She had wanted to study art seriously, and Mrs. Hammerton had promptly taken to her bed with nervous prostration at the idea. Richard also was strongly prejudiced against professions for women. So Janet stayed at home, met Jim Graham, fell in love with him, and got no farther, despite her lover's impatient protests, towards a home of her own than she had got towards an independent career. She could not bring herself to fly deliberately in the face of her family's wishes. Mamma, with her delicate health, would make herself ill by worrying over it; and mamma ill, without her willing slave, was an alarming

thought! So the engagement dragged on, blandly ignored by Janet's family.

This afternoon Richard Hammerton walked out of Kensington Gardens, conscious only of the adoring gaze of the waif and stray to whom he had elected to play providence.

He liked the sensation; for once in his orderly life he was doing something unusual, original. Most people, he told himself, would have handed the little beggar over to an unsympathetic policeman.

Next morning he had changed his mind about sending Poilu to Elvery Street in charge of one of the servants. He had begun to feel a certain mild curiosity about the owner of his little friend, so he took the dog to Chelsea himself. Number 67 Elvery Street was one of a street of dull grey houses, many of them with "apartments to let" in the windows. A severe-looking elderly woman of the typical landlady order relaxed into a grim smile at the sight of Poilu.

"Ah! so you've brought the little rascal back," she said. "The young lady's been in a fair taking about him. If you'll come upstairs, sir . . ."

She led him up two flights of stairs, Poilu scampering ahead, and at a door on the second landing she tapped, and then flung it open without waiting for an answer.

"The gentleman has brought the little dog, miss," she said, and, ushering Richard Hammerton in, shut the door behind him. She was a busy woman, and the Sunday dinner demanded her attention.

Richard Hammerton advanced a few steps into the room. It was the usual dingy lodging-house apartment, and at first sight it appeared empty. On the table lay the postcard he had sent last night, with an untouched cup of cocoa and a slice of bread thinly spread with butter. A hanging cupboard, open, on the wall, showed various tins and paper packages. Obviously the tenant did her own catering; her own cooking too, for a kettle and a small saucepan stood on the gas stove.

Richard's eyes swept the room with curiosity and fastidious bewilderment. What was a valuable dog like the one he had found doing in a poverty-stricken abode like this?

What he was doing at the present moment suddenly obtruded itself on the visitor's consciousness. He was whining frantically behind a screen which shut off one corner of the room. Richard hesitated

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"He stooped and snapped his gloved fingers invitingly"—p. 790

She was dressed in a blue serge frock; and even in that cursory, dismayed glance, Richard noticed that the stockings which showed beneath its hem were of silk, and the suede shoes of excellent cut. Also there was delicate lace at her throat and slender wrists—wrists so slender that the fine bones stood out sharply.

Richard Hammerton stooped and lifted her up; she was a featherweight in his strong arms. He laid her on the bed and Poilu leapt up beside her, licking her chin and throat in frantic greeting that evoked a tardy response just as Richard, helpless in this unlooked-for emergency, was about to hurry off in search of the landlady. The girl slowly turned her head and opened her eyes.

For a moment she stared at Poilu; then a faint smile dawned on her lips.



Drawn by
Chas. Crabbe

a moment, perplexed at the non-visibility of his hostess, uncertain what to do. Then, as the dog's whines increased in volume, he walked round the screen.

There, lying on the floor, with her head resting against a low, narrow bed, was a girl: a limp, crumpled heap of a girl, whose black hair shadowed a chalk-white face, colourless even to the parted lips, and with deep shadows beneath the closed eyelids.

A thrill of shocked horror shot through him. For the moment he thought that she was dead. Then, bending more closely over her, he saw that she still breathed.

"How are you feeling now?" asked Hammerton anxiously. "You must have fainted, you know."

"Did I?" At the sound of a strange voice her glance moved swiftly, startled and inquiring, to its owner. "I suppose that I did! It is several days that I have found myself not very well. . . ." She spoke with a slight accent, rolling her r's and phrasing her sentences oddly. "But it was stupid of me!" She raised her hand wearily to her head. Again he noticed its fragility. ("Not very well!" Why, the girl looked *starved*.) "It is, then, you who have had the goodness to bring back my

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naughty little Poilu! How can I tell you how grateful I am?"

"Please don't," said Richard. His complacent sense of playing at providence had slipped from him. He was taken out of himself, as it were, for once, and much concerned and oddly thrilled by that sweet foreign accent and the earnest dark eyes, so long and velvety, set in a deliciously heart-shaped face most delicately modelled.

Why was she here in these cheap, gloomy lodgings—this girl with the expensive clothes, who looked as though she hadn't had a square meal for days?

It seemed that the untouched meal on the table—if you could call it a meal—represented her breakfast. She had prepared it, she said, and then feeling suddenly dizzy, had just managed to reach the bed before she fainted right off.

"Starved!" commented Richard to himself again, in horrified wrath against whoever was responsible for such a state of things. He insisted on her remaining where she was while he heated up the cocoa and hunted in the little cupboard for something better than that untempting slice of bread and scrape. He discovered nothing but a half-finished tin of the same cocoa and a bag of dog biscuits. The rest of the tins and paper bags were empty.

"What you want," said he decidedly, as he brought her the cocoa, "is a good lunch."

"But one cannot buy food on Sundays," she said, smiling faintly. "The cocoa must suffice until to-morrow."

"You can go out to lunch," Richard persisted. "There are quite decent little restaurants about here, I believe."

"But . . . yes." She shrugged her shoulders. "Only"—with the utmost frankness she looked up at him—"see you, until to-morrow I have not the money. I give lessons in French to two little girls, and last week my employer was absent, so that I was not paid on Saturday, as always. To-morrow she will be back and all will go well."

"Good heavens!" Richard exclaimed, "you don't mean to say . . . my dear girl! . . ." In his concern formality deserted him. "You're not thinking of living on cocoa till then? Look here—" And greatly daring, he made a suggestion which, to his intense relief, she accepted after only the briefest hesitation—would she come out to lunch with him?

"You can't consider me quite a stranger,"

said Richard, astonishingly glib and persuasive. "Poiu has introduced us."

So she put on a hat, a charming affair of navy blue straw and tiny red roses, and looked at herself in the dusty glass over the mantelpiece.

"I have the air of a ghost," she said with a little laugh, "and I feel . . . shaky."

To himself Richard said: "She's been on starvation rations for some time." Aloud he suggested that she should wait here while he got a taxi.

She made no demur; she accepted the whole situation with a lack of awkwardness which mingled the simplicity of a child and the *camaraderie* of a man. But withal she was so intensely, deliciously feminine in every movement and gesture, in every inflexion of voice, that he discovered a new and sheer pleasure in watching her as she sat opposite him at lunch and told him her story.

She was an orphan, it appeared, and the uncle and aunt with whom she lived were very well-to-do people of the upper French class. She had run away from home to avoid a marriage, arranged after the French fashion, with a man almost old enough to be her father and for whom she had only the barest tolerance.

"But surely they would not have forced you to marry him?" Richard Hammerton exclaimed.

"Ah! but not precisely. Yet, to meet always looks of reproach, persuasions . . ." Mademoiselle Durant made one of her expressive little gestures. "Oh, my aunt was kind . . . in her way. She said that one need not discuss the matter seriously for another year, since I was not willing; but that if I would agree to consider the affair earnestly before refusing such an excellent *parti*, she would permit that I go to England to study and attend art schools and perfect my English, as I have always wished to do. So then it is all arranged. But—*figurez-vous, Monsieur 'Ammerton!*"—there were mingled indignation and laughter in her voice—"one day I overheard my aunt, who talks to a friend of hers—a friend who has many English acquaintances. And behold, I find that one thinks of sending me to stay with an English family, 'of all that there is of most correct!' so says this Madame Garnier. And in this unknown family there is a young man who is a quite desirable *parti*; and—says the friend of my aunt—if our little Heloise cannot bring herself to re-

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spond favourably to the proposals of the good Monsieur Tresseau, who shall say but that she may find this Englishman more to her taste? Since you are prepared to settle a handsome *dot* on her, no doubt the mother of the young man will be quite agreeable to—how do you say it?—expedite matters in the way such things are done in England!"

"They were in the dickens of a hurry to marry you off," said Richard resentfully. He felt quite an acute annoyance with the "good Monsieur Tresseau" and this confounded unknown Englishman.

"Oh, for that!"—the girl shrugged disdainful shoulders—"in France one is nothing if one does not marry! *Il faut se marier*. The beginning and end of all things is . . . the husband and the home. But, look you, I am not at all desirous of marrying me, not for many years yet. I have had English friends at school. I am not ignorant, me, of the happiness of freedom and a career and that respect for the individual which obtains in your country."

"Oh . . . ah! yes, of course," stammered Richard, a little taken aback.

"So *enfin* we come to it." Mademoiselle Durant sipped her coffee with appreciation. Her pale cheeks were tinged with a little colour. She was even more attractive than Richard had first thought her. "Behold me—that refuses to be thrown at any young man's head—having recourse to flight. I have a little—but a very little—money of my own. With this I run away to England, where a school friend meets me here in London, takes me these rooms and procures me a daily engagement to teach French. Meanwhile in the evenings I make my little pen-and-ink sketches and send them to the editors of journals. Always"—she smiled a little wistfully—"one returns them to me; but some day, if I persevere, I shall have good fortune. Then I can devote myself entirely to my art."

The valiant optimism of her! Richard, not quite knowing how to answer, murmured that his sister, too, painted a good deal.

"You have a sister—an artist?" his companion asked eagerly. "One who has her own studio and gives all her time to the work she loves?"

She clasped her slim hands ecstatically.

"Oh, well . . . er . . . not exactly," said Mr. Hammerton with some reserve, and, oddly enough, a queer little tinge of discomfort. His memory of the day when he had wholeheartedly supported his mother in

her disapproval of Janet's desire "to devote all her time to the work she loved" became suddenly very vivid. "Janet just paints in her odd moments, you know," he said. "But she's very fond of it. I should like you to meet her."

"Very much I should enjoy meeting her," said Mademoiselle Durant wistfully. Richard discovered later that the English school friend on whom she had based all her hopes had proved herself too busy a person to bother much about Heloise; and the girl was undoubtedly lonely, so lonely that, when Richard—learning that she had visited scarcely any of the places of interest which she had always wanted to see—suggested diffidently that he should take her to spend the afternoon at Hampton Court, she agreed with that pretty eagerness which enchanted him.

After all, he admitted to himself, there was perhaps something to be said for the kind of life that excluded tiresome formalities; and the man would be a fool or a brute who would try to take advantage of Heloise Durant's frank friendliness.

They had tea at Richmond; and, remembering that empty cupboard at 67 Elvery Street, Richard saw to it that the meal was of that substantial order known as "high."

He had never enjoyed an afternoon in his life as he enjoyed that afternoon spent in the cool grey cloisters and glowing gardens of Hampton Court. Hitherto he had always looked upon history as dull, and historical buildings merely as beautiful show places. To-day his own solid interests, his comfortable, monotonous life, faded amazingly into a background of far-away romance; it became swamped in the wave of enthusiasm that lit his companion's eyes.

It may be added that a little bit of the old, selfish, self-centred Richard himself was swamped, too, that afternoon; drowned painlessly in the mysterious depths of those same soft dark eyes.



Mrs. Hammerton was much interested in the story which her son had to tell her at dinner that evening. Like many other people who have grown selfish through habit, she was delightfully sympathetic and kind where her own personal convenience was not interfered with; and the idea of the pretty, high-spirited girl starving herself sooner than marry an elderly Frenchman whom she did not love, appealed to that sense of romance which is strong in most

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comfortable middle-aged Englishwomen—so long, of course, as it does not fly in the face of their plans for their own daughters!

"And why shouldn't this Mademoiselle Durant come and read and talk French with Janet and myself?" she suggested. "It wouldn't be at all a bad thing to rub up our French, if we really mean to go abroad in the autumn. What do you think?"

Richard thought the idea was excellent. Heloise herself, when it was mooted to her, hesitated at first. Her pride was a little anxious and up in arms at the fear of receiving charity and being patronized by these kindly people, whose acquaintance she had made by accident. But she came to Denbigh Gardens in answer to Mrs. Hammerton's invitation, and was entirely won by that lady's motherly sympathy.

Mrs. Hammerton took an immense fancy to the girl, and after a week or so Mademoiselle Durant gratefully removed her belongings from Chelsea and was installed as a guest under the Hammertons' roof.

"That is much the most satisfactory way of improving our French," said Richard's mother pleasantly. For the rest, this girl was obviously a nicely brought up girl of unimpeachable antecedents. Mrs. Hammerton had lived at one time in France; she still kept up a desultory correspondence with friends there. Unknown to Heloise, she made a few inquiries, and learnt that the girl belonged to a most respectable and wealthy Bordeaux family, and, moreover, that the officious Madame Garnier, whose interference in Heloise's affairs had led to the flight of the latter, was also a former acquaintance of her own.

With Richard's sister, Heloise rapidly made friends. Janet was not given to grumbling, and Heloise found it perfectly natural that the claims of a big household and a mother who was apparently delicate had prevented her from cultivating her artistic talent to the full.

"She's a dear little thing, Jim," said Janet to that young man as they sauntered one day down their favourite flower walk in Kensington Gardens, "and it's extraordinarily plucky the way she was sticking it out in those miserable lodgings. Richard thinks she's the miracle of the century; though—there was a note of indulgent amusement in her voice—"Heaven knows when he's going to screw up his courage to tell her so. You wouldn't know Richard these days, Jim! He's amazingly humbled-minded and uncertain of himself!"

"Anyone can put up with inconveniences to get what they want," growled Jim a little impatiently. "I wonder what your brother would have said if you'd done the same thing."

Janet was silent. Even her uncritical soul was obliged to own that Richard would have been astonished and outraged and heavily disapproving. But then, in her own case, there was Mamma . . . the matter was different.

As though he had followed her thoughts from a different standpoint, Jim broke in.

"This uncle and aunt of hers," he said, "they must be rather anxious about her. Do they know where she is?"

"They didn't," Janet admitted. "She's under age, you see, and she was afraid of being fetched back. But Mamma has begun to feel rather worried about it. She's writing to them, privately."

"And so the fat will be in the fire for Mademoiselle Heloise," chuckled Jim unkindly. He couldn't help feeling a bit resentful at the way in which his Janet's self-sacrifice was being so entirely taken for granted by her family, while they encouraged this stranger in her bid for independence. His train of thought was interrupted by a scattering of gravel under small brown paws and an enthusiastic onslaught upon his companion.

"Why, Poilu!" exclaimed Janet. And then, in dismay: "I thought Mamma had taken Heloise out driving!"

"There seems to have been a change of plans," Jim commented a little grimly. "Isn't this Mademoiselle Durant with your brother?"

It was. The two couples had met, unexpectedly and swiftly, each absorbed in conversation to entire obliviousness of the passers-by. There was no chance to pretend one hadn't seen, to slip round a corner.

"Hallo, Janet!" said Richard awkwardly. And then: "How are you, Graham?"

The two men nodded at each other with sufficient civility. Janet nervously introduced her companion to Heloise and they strolled on together, Poilu circling joyously about them, with an air of conscious pride in the ill-assorted quartette.

But as they walked, the first sense of strain and discomfort began to diminish for three of them. For the fourth it had never existed. Jim, glancing sideways at her, felt remorseful for his recent unkindness. She was so gay and eager, so ready to give sympathy, so confident of receiving it.

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He knew that she was unaware of his ambiguous position, for Janet had a certain shy reserve which held her from easy confidences; but she obviously scented a love affair with a woman's unfailing instinct. Her eyes, as she glanced from one to the other, told him so; and they told the same story to Richard Hammerton.

Richard had by now reached that stage in love which is very quickly attained if you happen to be thirty-five and embarked for the first time along that enthralling route. He not only saw Heloise Durant in the whole world; heard her voice in every note of music, saw her swaying grace and soft colouring reproduced in every flower; but he was learning also to see the world through her eyes.

For some time his conscience had been reproaching him about his sister and the autocratic part he had played in her affairs. What would Heloise think of him if she knew? And had poor Janet, after all, been quite fairly treated? He knew that if he had chosen to take her side his mother would have given in; but he had jibbed secretly at the idea of replacing the unselfish, devoted sister by one of the numerous female cousins who would have been delighted to exchange life in a dull country village to come to London and play daughter to Mrs. Hammerton. He owned it now, remorsefully. And, again, couldn't he have easily made Janet's marriage more possible by a generous addition to her allowance, whose loss he would scarcely have felt?

Well, it wasn't too late yet.

"One says here is a romance, is it not, between our Janet and this so charming young man?"

That is what Heloise's eyes said mutely to Richard Hammerton; and he, with summer and first love rioting through his hitherto placid veins, suddenly realized what an almost inevitable thing it was that Janet should be in love with Jim Graham, and that Jim should yearn to carry Janet off, away from her people, to be entirely his.

(It was a curious thing, but as the broadening of Richard Hammerton's views progressed rapidly at the hands of Heloise, a submerged "cave-man" instinct, which certainly did *not* "respect the rights of the individual," was developing rather rapidly along with it.)

"I say, Graham, you'll come back to tea with us?" he jerked out with clumsy

geniality as they reached the end of the flower-walk.

The sailor could scarcely believe his ears. He had not, it is true, been actually forbidden the house, but it had certainly been understood. . . .

"Oh—er—thanks," he muttered, ~~staring~~ and flushing.

Richard cleared his throat and whistled up Poilu, and Janet slipped her hand through her brother's arm and squeezed it. He looked down to find her grey eyes filled with bewildered, grateful tears.

"That's all right, old girl," he said gruffly. They had fallen a pace or two behind the others. "You know, I've been thinking lately that we haven't given you and Graham quite a fair deal; and you've had a rather rotten time altogether compared with other girls. What?"

"Compared with—girls who run away and starve in Chelsea?" she whispered, softly teasing.

Richard's scarlet blush rivalled Jim Graham's. "That's about it, I suppose," he said.



But the young woman who ran away to starve in Chelsea had a very bad time yet in store for her.

It was two or three days later that she entered the drawing-room at Denbigh Gardens blissfully unconscious of the horrid surprise which was awaiting her.

There was a visitor to tea, a visitor whose voluble, familiar voice rose dominant over the clink of tea-cups and the softer murmur of Richard's mother, and struck a cold chill to the heart of Heloise.

She was half-way into the room before she realized the awful fact that here—seated in intimate and friendly converse with her hostess—was her aunt's officious friend, the redoubtable Madame Garnier herself.

"Ah-ha!" Madame greeted her with a playfully uplifted forefinger. "Here she is, the little naughty one who runs away and loses herself, *hein?*"

Heloise stopped short, paralysed by surprise and dismay. Mrs. Hammerton, smiling, stretched out a welcoming hand.

"Madame has not come to take you away, my dear," she said reassuringly. "We cannot part with you just yet."

"But of a certainty, no!" smiled Madame. She seemed to be enjoying a secret joke that amused her immensely.



"As the dog's whines increased in volume, he walked round the screen"—p. 792

Drawn by
Chas. Cramble

THE QUIVER

"This little hare that runs ever in a circle, *voyez-vous*, there is no need to catch the little animal!"

"I don't understand," said poor Heloise, and became conscious of Janet in the background watching her with an anxiety that added to her alarm.

"Dear child, it's the oddest coincidence," Mrs. Hammerton explained, beaming. "It seems that Fate, assisted by that amusing little dog of yours, has thrown you, after all, straight into the arms of the very people to whom your aunt had intended to send you! Isn't it quaint?"

Quaint! As the full horror of the situation dawned upon her, poor Heloise could have found at least a dozen other adjectives, French and English, to fit the occasion better.

Flushing and paling alternately, she murmured something quite incoherent, and proceeded slowly to drink the tea which felt as though it would choke her, while all the terrible, terrible things she had said to Richard Hammerton about the "correct" English family and the son of the house who was such an "excellent *parti*" hammered round and round her unhappy head.

Was there ever a more humiliating, a more abominable position? And she must laugh at herself with the rest, and make pretty apologies to Madame Garnier. . . .

G-r-r-rh! Only Poilu could have really given satisfactory voice to her feelings.

And she had been so happy here! After the loneliness and sordidness of her Chelsea lodgings, the sheltered comfort of home life had appealed to her in a new light. It wasn't to be despised, after all; and she had grown so fond of Janet and Mrs. Hammerton and—she swallowed a lump in her throat—Richard.

Richard, who looked upon her just like another sister, who was so kind and brotherly, so—almost *depressingly* ready to accept her theories about the calm, unemotional friendships possible between men and women. . . . Oh, *what* would Richard think now?

She had fled to her room long before he came back from his office, and Madame Garnier had departed wreathed in triumphant smiles. Janet was waiting for him in the hall—Janet, openly wearing her engagement ring, sparing, out of her own happiness, an agitated solicitude for other people's.

"And," said she, at the end of her hurried recital of events, "Heloise is in her

room, packing, and I can't make her listen to reason! She declares she'll go back to Elvery Street to-morrow."

"Does she?" said Richard grimly. At the bare idea all his diffidence melted in a blaze of fiery determination. He went upstairs three steps at a time and met Heloise on the landing.

"What's this nonsense about your leaving us to-morrow?" said he.

"It's not nonsense," she began in a hard little voice. "I am all that there is of most grateful for all your kindness to me, all of you, but—" She broke down. "Oh, don't you see how impossible it all is?" she burst out desperately. "How can we be friends, you and I, now that we know—that you—that my aunt— Oh! I am dead of shame, me!"

"And why the dickens should you be?" Richard demanded with equal heat. "Heavens above! I don't *want* your friendship! And never wanted any assistance from your aunt or from anyone else to fall head over ears in love with you the very first day I saw you. Don't you *know* it, Heloise? You *must* know it!"

"You—you say that just of your politeness," she faltered; but something new that he read in her eyes set his pulses throbbing hotly, triumphantly. "You say it because you are a gentleman—"

"I don't and I'm not," retorted Richard flatly. "If I'm a gentleman, I've got to remember that you're my guest, that I mustn't prevent you doing any mortal thing you choose to do, and that I'm bound to let you go if you want to go. But I'm hanged if I do!" His voice had grown deep and tender for all his truculent announcement. "I'm only going to remember that I love you—"

He caught her in his arms before she could utter another word of protest. The "cave-man" was very certainly uppermost at the moment. Heloise, surrendering helplessly and happily, thrilled under his passionate kisses as it is rather to be doubted if any woman has ever yet been thrilled by a career and an individual independence.

Poilu watched them with wise round eyes through the open doorway of his mistress's room, and thumped his little crooked tail ingratiatingly. Later he may have meditated on the amazing folly of humans which leads them to fling all their belongings into boxes at one moment and take them all out again the next.

THINGS THAT MATTER

By Rev. Arthur Pringle

No. 8.—THE ROUGH AND THE SMOOTH

IN making their reckoning with life, sensible people realize that the rough must be taken with the smooth. It is just another way of saying that the good things of life have to be paid for with things that, from our point of view, are not so good; that, if the road has many pleasant and easy-going stretches, we must also make up our minds to stretches that are uphill and troublesome. Until a man has faced up to this fact, he is without a sound working philosophy of the spirit in which difficulties are to be met. Courage, grit, common sense all tell us that that would be an anæmic and impossible life in which the rough and the smooth did not go together. The history of nations and of individuals alike proclaims that unruffled ease, making no call on the hardier qualities, spells enervation and, ultimately, decay.

In the Heart of Things

But the principle that the rough must be taken with the smooth goes deeper than this: it strikes, in fact, right into what is really the central mystery of life. All through the ages, and never more than to-day, men have puzzled over the problem of good and evil existing together in a world made, presumably, by a beneficent Creator. Why should anything come from Him except what makes for the goodness and happiness of humanity? Why should evil and trouble have any place in a universe ruled by a loving Deity?

Here, of course, we are up against the problem of problems; and, needless to say, I am not going to pretend that, on the speculative side, I have any fresh light to throw upon it. But on the practical side, as it presents itself in our knowledge and experience, I think this "rough and



smooth" idea has something useful to suggest. Long ago, Job, in the midst of his unaccountable tribulations, threw out a flash of light in the form of this question: "*Shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?*" Can we have the one without the other? Is it humanly possible to have the rough without the smooth?

Blessings which are Abused

Let us come to closer quarters with this truth, and see it at work in our everyday experience. One of the greatest blessings of life is our power to read and think, and never was there fuller opportunity and incentive of this kind than to-day. Books of every sort lie at hand, so to say, ready to be picked up; never was the range so wide or the choice so wonderful. And this in itself is an unspeakable boon. Yes, but not an *unmixed* boon. The opportunity to read the bad and trashy is as ample as the other kind, and the mind that, with wise direction, can be enriched can, with foolish direction, be poisoned. Seldom, I suppose, has there been a time when greater harm was done through reading than is being done to-day; but, on the other hand, never did the best sort of literature exert such far-reaching influence as it is exerting to-day. The one goes with the other. We cannot receive this kind of good without also receiving the corresponding liability to evil. Freedom to read and think, access to all kinds of books, must, in the nature of the case, be a two-edged business—benefiting or hurting according to the way it is handled.

THE QUIVER

An Unavoidable Risk

It is difficult to conceive how even God could bestow beneficent powers of any kind without inevitable liability to their abuse. And there you have the whole thing in a nutshell. Once teach anyone anything, and you risk the perversion and misuse of what you have taught.

If I may so put it, ought we not to remember this aspect of things in fairness to God and for the sake of our own peace of mind? Supposing you have children of your own, you are faced with this identical problem. Your children are not automata, puppets that do exactly what you want them to do whenever you pull the strings; nor would you like them to be. Rather, you say, real human beings, with wills and characters of their own, even if it must mean the risk of their going wrong, than machines destitute of life or personality. Exactly. You recognize the risk; but you take it willingly enough, and feel, all the time, that it is worth it. Not being able, in this great matter, to have the smooth without the rough, you accept both, and do not repent of the bargain.

The Penalty of Refinement

It is the same, all along the line, with human character and endowment. We cannot be built on the sensitive scale, so as to be capable of fine emotions and times of ecstasy, without also being liable to sensitiveness of another kind—reactions and irritabilities that people of more robust build escape. The more delicate and refined our appreciation of art or music or any kind of pleasure, the more open must we be to shocks and annoyances that persons of another temperament are not susceptible to. There is no escape from this, and I don't think we ought to ask for one. After all, if we enjoy eating our cake, it is scarcely brave or sensible to complain that we cannot, at the same time, have it.

Next let us take the question on to the wider stage of two problems that are now pressing with greater insistence than ever on the minds of thoughtful people. We are realizing, as never before, the *oneness* of the world—how men and nations are bound together in the bundle of life. What happens to one happens to all; and we stand appalled at the way in which the callousness or selfishness of a few can involve the whole world in disaster. In a single home, one thoughtless person can poison the happiness of all. In a single town, careless

neglect in one spot may involve the whole community in disease. In the world of business, cleverness without scruple can rob thousands of innocent people of the savings on which their existence depends. And so the tale goes on, and it all seems so horribly unfair.

Brothers for Good

But look at it again in the light of our "rough and smooth" test, and remember the other side of the matter. This oneness means not only the power of the selfish to spread harm, it means equally the power of the unselfish to spread good. Against the misery caused by the wrong sort of man is to be set the good done by the right sort. Think of the beneficent influence that goes forth from the lives of doctors, nurses, upright business people, righteous rulers, public and private benefactors of all kinds. These, no less than the other kind, illustrate what the oneness of humanity means. They represent the "smooth" that must be set against the "rough"; and, what is equally to the point, both together drive home the great fact that God does not mean us, His children, to live isolated, self-contained lives, but that, whether we like it or not, humanity is a *brotherhood* in which we stand or fall together.

Life is Full of Thrill

If you look at life like that, it becomes much more full of thrill and interest than it could possibly be on the old selfish lines. You "wake up" in a very real sense directly you realize that what you do, what you say, what you *are*, is, all the time, making itself felt in the lives of others. However much you try, you simply cannot live to yourself. There is not, and never has been, such a thing as a self-contained life. Selfish or unselfish, beneficent or harmful, each life goes out far and wide, and there is literally no saying where its influence ends. That way of regarding it makes life a wonderful thing. It means that you and I can, if we are selfish and thoughtless, do incalculable harm; but why not fasten on the other side, and think of the incalculable good we can do if we live in the right spirit?

This brings me to another question that is part—and a big part—of the oneness of humanity. What about heredity? Can any explanation take away the terrible sense of injustice that the evils of heredity call up in every thoughtful mind? What those evils are we all know only too well,

THINGS THAT MATTER

although, happily, their full extent is hidden from most of us. But when we think of the handicaps with which so many enter this life, the physical, mental or moral drawbacks that they have to carry from the cradle to the grave, how can we help challenging the justice of things?

The Meaning of Heredity

To begin with, clear your mind of any idea that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children because of the jealousy or vindictiveness of an angry Deity. That conception belongs to a time when men thought of God in a way that, happily, is no longer possible to us. Heredity is not the arbitrary whim of a capricious Creator; it is a natural and, so far as we can see, inevitable law of human life. If fatherhood and motherhood are to mean anything, they must, presumably, mean, at least to a large extent, the transmission of character and qualities. In a very real sense the parents *give themselves* to the making of their children, and when this works out well and happily we applaud it. It rejoices us to reflect that health and capacity, characteristics that make for happiness and good, are transmitted from parents to children. That, because of clean-living, high-minded parentage, children should have a fine equipment, strikes us as all in the fitness of things.

But when it comes to the other side of the matter we rebel. Let the good be transmitted, by all means, but not the evil. Health, strength, cleanness—let these go on from generation to generation; but let evil and misery be stanchd at their source and allowed to go no farther. Would that it could be so! But how? If fatherhood and childhood are to remain realities, can we ask for the smooth without the rough? If, in this sacred and supreme matter, we are to receive good, must we not also be liable to receive evil? Short of robbing parent-hood of its highest responsibility and meaning, it is impossible to conceive any means of making the results of heredity uniformly happy and beneficent. The more you think of it, the more it seems that this human prerogative is, like the rest, double-edged, fraught with good or harm according to the way in which it is used.

What of Human Progress?

Most of us are much puzzled nowadays as to what to make of human progress. Is it a reality, or is it a myth? At one time we

seem to be moving in the right direction; the next moment something disastrous happens, the work of centuries seems to be undone, and the clock to be put back hopelessly. Here, again, our "rough and smooth" principle comes to our help. For progress is, in the nature of things, a thing of ups and downs, advances and set-backs. All its weapons are two-edged. Inventions, full of benefit to mankind when rightly used, turn to destruction if they are wrongly used. The same ingenuity that works for peace and the uplifting of humanity is liable to be turned also to the contrivance of war and world-ruin. The very comforts and amenities of our highly developed civilization can get such wrong, unhealthy grip of us as to prove more a curse than a blessing. So progress brings its own dangers and is ever creating fresh problems, and this is why it is not uniformly steady and uninterrupted. But to men of faith and courage this is, of course, no reason for standing still. When all is said, life remains an adventure in which risks must be taken. We defeat God's purpose and stultify our highest powers if we play for safety. True religion, bracing and healthy, bids us to cease hugging the shore and to put out into the open. There, indeed, we must take the rough with the smooth; but it will be worth while, for only so can we prove our manhood and win our destiny.



The Quotation

Blessedness is not separable from suffering; and among the things which are added to one who seeks God's kingdom is the bearing of one's own cross. Such is the paradox of the Christian character. It is to be blessed, but it is not to be sheltered. The teaching of Jesus evades neither the problem of pleasure nor that of pain. The Christian character takes account of both. It leads to blessedness, but it anticipates hardness. Its end is reached not by escape from trouble, but by victory over trouble.

F. G. PEABODY.



THE PRAYER

FATHER, whose love is our inspiration and whose strength is our assurance of victory, help us, in every moment of discouragement or misgiving, to hear Christ bidding us "be of good cheer." May all unworthy fear be taken from us, so that, each day, we go forth with hope and courage, ready to take our share of hardness as good soldiers.



THE PROBLEM OF RELATIONS

A Universal Problem

I WAS about to supplement the Nature article in this issue with a dissertation on the delights of country life when I was arrested by the provocative title of Miss Clemence Dane's very short but welcome contribution to this number, "The Problem of Relations." Miss Dane discusses the problem lightly; but what a subject for universal treatment! If I were to open the pages of THE QUIVER for the free expression of readers' opinions on their relatives what a flood of eloquence would be let loose!

But why, in the name of all things human, should there be a problem of relations at all? Nobody would be without relatives; we pity the orphan, the widow, the only child—why, then, should we smile at mothers-in-law?

Too Much Taken for Granted

Yet relations with most people *are* a problem—and, curiously enough, the problem helps to solve itself if we recognize it as such. Relations are too much taken for granted—and we take too much for granted in dealing with them. All of us feel we have a claim on our relatives; are they not our own flesh and blood, should they not understand our little ways, should they not help us when we need help, ungrudgingly and without question?

On the other hand, as they are "only relatives" there is "no need to make a fuss of them"—no need, that is to say, to observe the ordinary good manners of polite society. "Kitty doesn't matter: she'll understand." "Have I written thanking Joan for her hospitality? Oh, no, she won't expect it from a sister, will she?"

The trouble, of course, comes when our relations retaliate in like kind. "Kitty" does not "understand"—or she understands too much and feels slighted. Joan, who thinks it was very virtuous of her to have her sister for a week, is hurt not merely at the omission of the customary letter, but at not receiving some little present as well. And trouble arises.

When Marriage Brings Trouble

Most of the trouble can undoubtedly be put down to marriage. Kitty and Joan were the best of sisters and the fastest of friends until they married; then there were the husbands to consider. It is all very well Joan planting herself down on Kitty for a week or a month—but Kitty's husband doesn't take so kindly to an outsider walking about his house as if she owned it and living at his expense for weeks, more especially if she does not take the trouble to be "nice" to him. But Joan, naturally enough, does not see it in that light. Surely she can be allowed to visit her own sister, and John need not think, because he has married Kitty, that he can take her right away from her own flesh and blood. The idea!

Drifting Apart

I have said that most of the trouble can be put down to marriage. Perhaps I ought to qualify this. A good deal of the mischief is due to the natural growth of people's minds and habits. Because Joan and Kitty were all in all to one another when they were sisters it does not follow that they will think alike, do alike when they are older. They will develop different fancies, different

BETWEEN OURSELVES

ways. More than that, the very thing they retain in common may be an irritant one to the other! You have, say, a little mannerism, a little weakness you are not particularly proud of. You always try to hide it when you can. Now your sister has it in even more marked degree. And that little defect—insignificant in other people's eyes—is a sore point to you. You dislike it in your sister or brother because it emphasizes your own weakness. Here is a source of possible trouble—especially if, with the frankness that exists between relations, you go out of your way to remark on it to your sister—which you would never dream of doing to a stranger, by the way.



The Ghost Aunt

In this and many other ways trouble arises in families, and very bitter it can be. Oh, the family quarrels, the partings, the reconciliations—or the feuds kept up for years!

I have the dim recollection from my childhood of an aunt with whom the family were not on speaking terms. I do not know how the quarrel originated. It occurred, and the breach was never healed. We children could remember the time when "Aunt" came regularly to our Christmas feasts and parties. Then came a break. She utterly disappeared as far as we were concerned. She might have been dead for all we knew. But no, if she were dead her ghost continued to haunt us. A figure in black always turned up on important occasions—at weddings and funerals. "That's Aunt —" we whispered to one another in awestruck tones. How she knew of the comings and goings of the family no one could tell; why she troubled to put in an appearance like a ghost at the feast we could not conjecture; there was the mysterious figure in black alone in the last pew of the church. She was there when I married; doubtless she will be there at my funeral—for ghosts themselves live on for ever.



Some Good Rules

I asked a lady, one of a large family, who was on good terms with all her relatives without exception, what was her secret of solving the problem. She could hardly tell the secret at first, but after a moment's thought she laid down one or two injunctions.

The first of these was, *Never take family quarrels seriously*. You see, these little tiffs

are bound to come sooner or later. But they are only family quarrels. The very fact that you can express your mind freely, find fault, quarrel, shows a degree of intimacy, affection, relationship. "Lovers' quarrels" are well known, and the best part of them is the reconciliation to which they are a mere prelude! So if relatives say things and quarrel, treat it lightly and forget all about it next time you meet.

The next maxim of my friend was, *Live some distance away from your relatives*.

This seems very simple, but, upon my word, there's a deal of sound sense in it. I know of a bitter feud which originated with a family moving to within a few doors of their relatives. It is a curious fact, but the street you live in seems in your eyes to belong to you, and you resent the intrusion of a relative.

What an ocean of trouble was caused during the war by relatives being forced to live with one another: married daughters going to live with their mothers and other relatives "sharing house." It does not do. The law of Nature is that when the birds in the nest get old the mother bird turns them out, and they have to build a nest for themselves.



Cordiality

The next injunction naturally follows on from this: *Do not see your relations too often, but when you do be as cordial as you can*.

Mind you, this applies to relations as relations. If your sister or brother, your sister-in-law or niece happens also to be your greatest friend, that is another matter. But for relations as relations, the rule holds good. Forced intimacy leads to trouble; the occasional visitor is more highly honoured than the one who drops in every other day or so. The hint on "cordiality" ought to be taken for granted—but it isn't! Yet what a long way it goes, even with relations.



Relations and Business

By this time readers will have thought of a number of maxims to improve the occasion. One I was going to add on my own account was, *Don't do business with your relations*. This, I believe, is a very safe rule. A man introduced into a business by his brother working there is liable to be a complication at times. If one brother falls under a cloud the other brother is suspected; if one brother does well the other one is

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apt to think he ought to be sharing the honours too. So it is a safe rule not to introduce relations into your business.

Yet the rule is not absolute. There can be no finer combination in business than that of, say, two brothers who absolutely see eye to eye with one another, can trust one another, and can supplement one another's abilities. You see a fine example of this in the late Lord Northcliffe. Alfred Harmsworth had all the dash, foresight, genius for making a successful career, but he was marvellously helped by the financial acumen and other business qualities possessed by his brothers, and so necessary for stable building and enduring success.

Husband and wife are usually partners in so far as one manages the getting and the other the spending of the domestic income. And there are many instances where they have successfully worked together as actual partners in business. But there, are husband and wife "relations" in the usual sense?



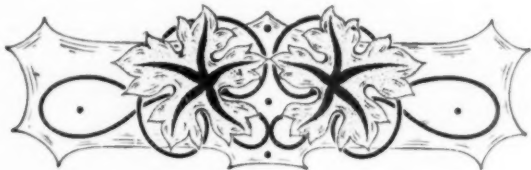
When Blood is Thicker than Water

I have dealt, like Miss Clemence Dane, with the "problem" of relations, but I would be the first to acknowledge that there are many times in life when one is only too thankful to be possessed of relatives. When one comes to the darker places in life—and

no life is so bright as never to have its darker patches—one realizes that "blood is thicker than water," and that the relatives who, in other days, have been somewhat of a trial can be towers of strength in time of need. Miss Dane speaks of the kind "auntie" who gives her youth to the old and her age to the young. What should we do in times of sickness or adversity without the "auntie" or other relative who, after all, knows our little ways, and is ready, in spite of past differences, to come in and help?

"Poor relations"? I suppose every man who has risen in life has a number of "poor relations" to remind him from whence he came. Never mind, even if they only act as a "thorn in the flesh," they have their office to fulfil! You remember Charles Lamb's inimitable essay on "Poor Relations"? But, poor or otherwise, kindly or cantankerous, it is as well that we are blessed with relatives to point out our weaknesses, to tread on our pet corns—to nurse the baby when we are ill, to give us advice and help when we are in danger of going wrong! God bless all relatives, but at the same time the few rules I have enumerated are useful in their way, and may make the business less irksome to those who care to profit thereby.

The Editor



A Woman's Litany

By Fay Inchfawn

(Continued from page 805)

That it may please Thee to relieve
All who are falling, all who grieve;
To comfort those who part;
To house the homeless heart;
To strengthen mothers in distress;
To fend for all the motherless.
To meet in Thy most fragrant way
All who shall die this very day.

By that High Priestly prayer;
And by Thy human dress;
And by Thy heavenly wear
Linked to our earthliness;
O Rock within a weary land;
O Water welling through the sand;
O Lily breaking through the clod;
O Heart so quick to understand,
Grant us Thy peace, O Son of God.

A Woman's Litany

By
Fay Inchfawn

HAVE mercy on my soul.
The soul which wavers still,
Which longs to do Thy will
Yet misses half its goal.
That finds its holiest desire
Shrivel before Thy cleansing fire,
Whose highest, purest thoughts can
hold

So much of dross, so little gold.
*O Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
'Tis such a soul that needs Thee most.*

So, by Thine agony
And by Thy bloody sweat,
When—apprehending me—
The just with justice met;
O make Thy cross a thing
Of real import to-day,
Not a vague happening
Two thousand years away.
*From ever thinking thus of Thee,
Good Lord, deliver me.*

Then, from unsympathetic ways;
From petty feelings; trivial days;
From easy roads to provocation;
From shrinking fear of tribulation;
From indiscretion; foolish dress;
From all forms of unseemliness;
From hardness; from uncharity,
Good Lord, deliver me.

From vaunting of myself; from doubt;
From turning kindness wrong side out;
From being deaf when I have heard;
From waxing broader than Thy word;
And from misrepresenting Thee,
Good Lord, deliver me.

From parleying with sin;
From playing just to win;
From doing and not being;
From looking and not seeing;
From talking hopelessly,
Good Lord, deliver me.

And now by name I bring
My gracious king,
That it may please Thee so to keep him
Thy valiant worshipper; to steep him
In radiant holiness of life;
In simple honour, far from strife;
Yea, rule his heart in faith and fear.
I do beseech Thee, Lord, to hear.

(Concluded on opposite page)

Bless and preserve, through all life's
wildernesses,
My stalwart princes and my fair
princesses,
That they may ever seek to be
A truly royal family,
At peace with all men, living in accord.
*For this I do beseech Thee, Gracious
Lord.*

For that poor woman who has never
pressed
A little baby of her own
Against her breast;
She who has never known
The ecstasies and wild alarms
Which tremble through a mother's
arms;
That it may please Thee, Lord, to give
The childless woman room to live,
And opportunity to pour
Her pent-up store
Upon the needy, more and more.
From making of her heart a miser's
hoard,
Spare her, O spare her, Gracious Lord.

Now for all lonely women who draw
breath;
For some whose love has suffered
sudden death;
For all the desperate; the travel worn;
For those who toil, who wrestle
tempest-torn
With thorny or with stony sod,
*For these I do beseech Thee, Son of
God.*

For all the diseased in mind,
Shut out from converse with their kind;
That Thou to each bewildered brain
Wilt come like summer rain.
Sun of our souls, illumine these,
Pierce through their mists of miseries;
Forsaken, slighted, feared, deplored,
Have mercy on them, Gracious Lord.

Show pity, I beseech Thee, on
Those from whom radiant hope is gone.
On captives, prisoned, cast away
From all the cheery light of day;
With deadened faculties shut in
Through the deceitfulness of sin.
However sullen-sad they be,
Each piteous plight is known to Thee,
Since the most wayward heart is dear.
O Lamb of God, I pray Thee, hear.

Our Trees in Flower

*Little-known Spring
Blossoms*
By Walter J. Line

TO the man in the street or average townsman it may come as a surprise to learn that all of our ordinary trees bear flowers. The fact may have been obvious in the case of such trees as the horse-chestnut, whose beautiful spikes could not fail to attract attention, or the lime, with its sweet smell and swarms of busy bees; but the flowers of the oak, elm, beech and many other of our trees, being less conspicuous, and coming in the early spring before the leaves appear, at a time when townfolk are not much in the country, are less likely to be noticed. There can, however, be no fruit without flowers, and the acorns of the stately oak, the nuts or "mast" of the lordly beech, or the so-called "keys" of the graceful ash, are all preceded by the flowers.

When the Oak Flowers

By common consent the oak heads the list of our British trees. It flowers in April and May, just before the leaves appear. The male flowers appear in profuse clusters or tassels placed in little bunches along the catkins or "strings" of the tassels, the "strings" being about two inches long. The colour being usually green, they are inconspicuous, but variations occur through all shades of green to pink and salmon, and an avenue of oak trees with such variation presents a beautiful study in colour to the beholder. The female flowers are fewer, appearing erect above the male catkins, and from them the well-known acorns appear in due course in their cups.

Yellow, Brown and Pink

Next in order of precedence comes the beech tree; the falling beech nuts, or "mast," and the prickly husk which contains them, are a well-known feature of our autumn lanes and woods. The flowers which produce them, and which come in April and May, are rather more conspicuous than those of the oak, but as they appear about the same time as the leaves they are apt to escape attention. Illustrated (6) is a spray of beech showing the newly opened leaves, amongst which hang the

male flowers in round bunches at the end of long stalks, the anthers being yellow, with purplish brown tips, which, as they mature, shed abundant white pollen. The female flowers may be seen as upright tufts at the extremities of the twigs, and are pinkish in colour.

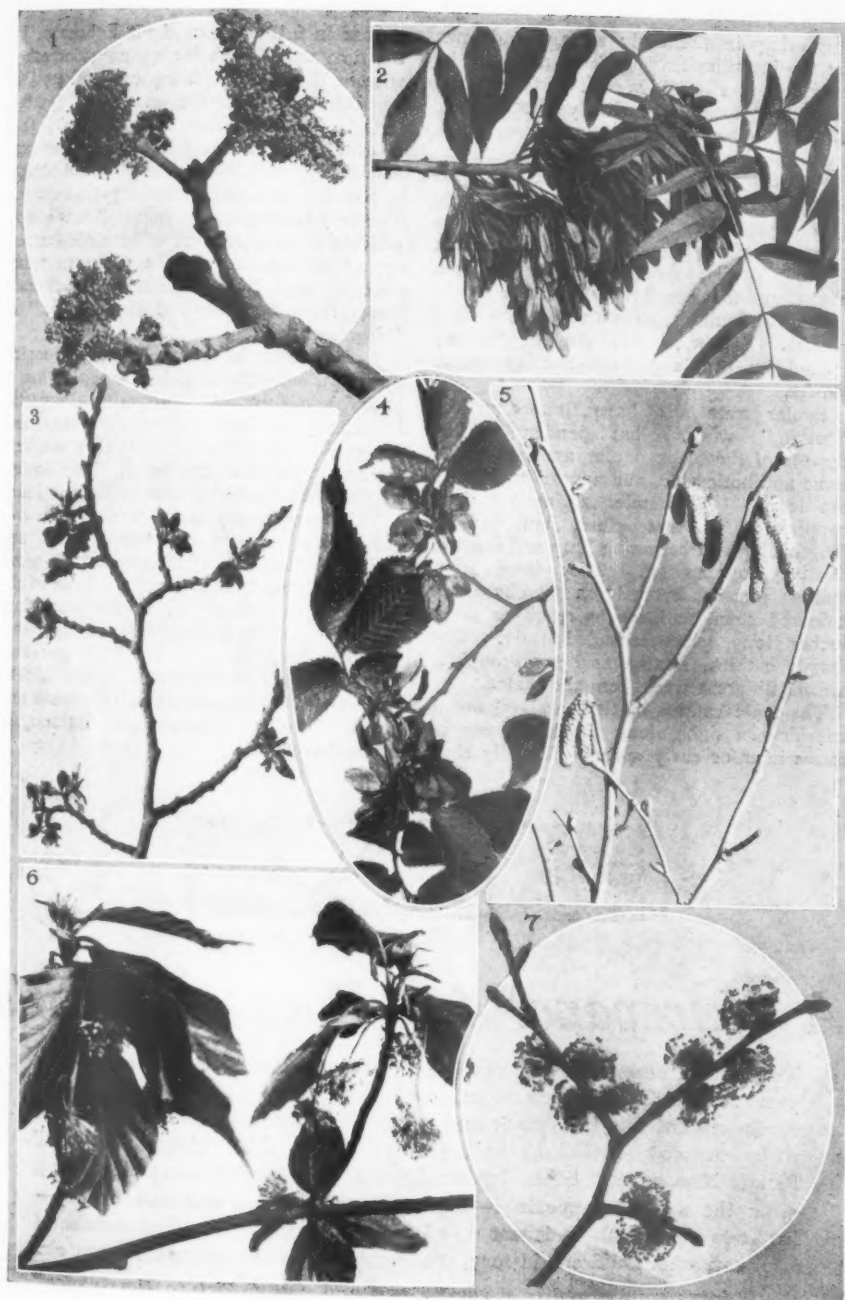
The Wych-Elm's Flowers

The wych-elm flowers in March, long before the leaves appear. The flower buds first appear as a number of protuberances near the ends of the twigs, the leaf buds, which open later, being at the extremities. With the advent of one or two warm sunny days the flower buds rapidly open out into round bunches, as shown in the picture (7). The bunches, brownish in general appearance, consist of numerous light-coloured anthers with purple extremities. As these mature, copious yellow pollen is given off. Thereafter the seed scales, green at first, gradually appear and ripen, falling in showers soon after the leaves are fully out. The pictures show (3) a spray with the seed scales in the developing stage and the leaf buds at the ends about to burst, and also (4) a spray with the leaves fully out and the seed pods practically ripe.

The Graceful Ash

The graceful but commanding ash tree also flowers before the leaves are out, somewhat later than the elm, in April. At the extremities of the twigs first appear numbers of large, black, round and ugly-looking knobs, which eventually burst, releasing sprays of blossom, as shown in picture (1). The stamens of the individual blossoms are dark purple, but when the flowers open the abundant pollen inside gives them a yellow appearance. The flowers are succeeded by the bunches of "keys," or "samaras"—to use the correct term—which are green at first, ripening to brown in October. In the picture (2) these "keys" are shown, while still green, after the leaves are fully out.

The varieties of flowers or "catkins" in the willow and osier tribe are very numerous. One of the well-known forms,



Photos. Walter J. Line

- 1.—Flowers of Ash Tree. 2.—Seed of Ash Tree. "Keys" or "Samaras."
 3.—Wych-Elm Seed partly developed. 4.—Ripe Wych-Elm Seed.
 5.—Hazel Catkins. 6.—Beech Flowers. 7.—Wych-Elm Flowers.

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appearing in the early spring, is known by the juveniles as "pussies," owing to its long, grey, silky hair. At a later stage the stamens, bright with yellow pollen, push through the hair and make the catkins conspicuous.

Sallow catkins have less hair, and the bright yellow pollen on the male catkin gives them a very prominent golden appearance. On a bright sunny day in late March or early April swarms of bees may be seen busy round the open flowers, attracted by the pollen and also the nectar which they secrete. Sallow catkins are the "palm" picked by people on the Sunday before Easter.

Poplar trees also have flowers of the "catkin" variety, but pendent. The flowers of the black poplar are very handsome and noticeable, and appear just before the leaves. The male catkins are deep copper-red, at first close, but rapidly lengthening and becoming limp and fragile, finally dropping off. They issue from yellow sheaths carried on a chocolate-coloured stem, and are as much as three inches long when extended fully. The female catkins, smaller and not drooping, are on different trees from the male.

The male catkins of the hazel (5) are a conspicuous sight along the hedgerows in late winter or early spring. Usually they

appear in full blossom about February, but the time varies with the openness or otherwise of the season. They are gathered by the children under the name of "lambs' tails." At first close and compact, they lengthen out, and at full blossom are long and flexible and liberate a plentiful supply of pollen which gives them a yellow colour. The very inconspicuous female flowers, from which the hazel nuts are afterwards formed, appear at the ends of the twigs as small swelling buds, from which a few fine threads issue, these being called the "styles" or "stigmas."

Walnut trees have long, thick, drooping male catkins, similar to black poplar but of greenish colour, at intervals along the branches. The female flowers are fewer and are at the ends of the shoots; they are very similar to those of the hazel. The flowers appear with the first leaves in May or June.

This brief survey mentions only a few of the flowers of our well-known trees and omits reference to, or illustration of, many of the pendent catkins, such as those of the birch, aspen and alder, or the more conspicuous and better-known flowering trees, such as the laburnum, mountain ash and hawthorn; but if the reader is led to take some note of the beauties of the trees and derive therefrom pleasure and interest, so much the better.



A Newspaper for Boys and Girls

The picture newspaper has made enormous strides during the past ten years: indeed, most newspapers nowadays print pictures. But a new stride forward has been made during the past month with a picture newspaper devoted exclusively to boys and girls. The "Boys' and Girls' Picture Newspaper," edited by Mr. Harold Wheeler (2d. every Thursday), gives the world's happenings—news while it *is* news and not history—for boys and girls. It is not only interesting and exciting, but a mine of information for children: history, geography, games, inventions, science, etc.

Every parent should get the "Boys' and Girls' Picture Newspaper" for their children.

PRACTICAL HOME-MAKING

On Arranging Flowers

By F. Mossop

HOWEVER beautiful our rooms may be in proportion, colour and furnishing, they need the quickening touch of flowers to give life to their perfections. Habit is a deadening thing, and day after day spent in the same surroundings would result in the dull acceptance of our homes as they are, were it not for the vivifying effect of flowers. The joy experienced over a particularly happy arrangement does not continually recur unless there is something fresh to capture our attention, so that, apart from their intrinsic beauty of form, colour and scent, flowers serve this purpose and bring change into our homes.

The vital principle underlying all successful floral decoration is: respect the natural growth of flowers and place them in that type of container in which this "natural growth" is apparent. The tulips, arranged in a polished coconut on a stand (Fig. 1), are a case in point. Had they been placed in a tall, narrow-necked vase, their delicate drooping stems would have been forced into an upright position, losing all form and character, and the graceful, willowy tulip might as well have been a cabbage.

Of almost equal importance is form. Every bloom should have room to turn round, as it were, to display its beauty unhampered, instead of being jostled out of existence by crowds of lusty fellows. Rare and costly flowers are always given ample space on the grounds both of economy and effect, so that a single orchid will stand

serene, while twenty daffodils die from overcrowding.

Colour is a third point which demands attention, but one where personal taste is supreme. Apart from the formal, close-packed, early-Victorian posy, I think that,



1.—Had these tulips been placed in a tall, narrow-necked vase, their delicate drooping stems would have lost all form and character

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2.—Glass vases make beautiful containers for beautiful blooms

where cultivated flowers are concerned, the best effects are generally achieved by mixing neither variety nor colour. Such flowers as anemones are an exception, the varied shades in each bloom being a very potent charm.

Backgrounds have to be carefully considered both as regards colour and design. Place, for example, a jug in stone-coloured pottery containing delphiniums against a floral wallpaper, pink roses on a white ground, or against the plain crimson paper which adorned the walls of our grandparents' dining-room, and the effect will be staggering in its ugliness, while on a dark oak table in a cottage type of room with cement-washed walls it will be perfect. Yellow is the most heartening colour, and one should breakfast with it from the early pale primrose to the last golden chrysanthemum; but, in the country, there need be no break,

as gorse is always in bloom and winter jasmine flourishes in sheltered spots.

Modern glass and silver vases leave much to be desired, but Early English glasses, such as the rummer holding roses (Fig. 2), make beautiful containers, and the transparency of glass gives to the stems an interest almost equal to that of the blooms. There is, however, a general belief that flowers last longer in opaque vases, and beautiful shapes are obtainable in brass, pewter, copper and bronze. A novel idea is shown in the third illustration, where a window-box has been utilized for growing daffodils and placed on an old oak chest, the box being hidden by a piece of Chinese embroidery.



3.—A novel idea: a window-box utilized for growing daffodils—the box being hidden by a piece of Chinese embroidery

straightened out and scrubbed every time the water is changed, as, if allowed to become dirty, they will cause the flowers to die. Another good idea is to use silver sand as ballast.

Flowers lose half their beauty if not accompanied by their own foliage, and in towns the difficulty of securing suitable greenery is very great. The sword-like leaves of the daffodil and narcissus invariably have to be bought separately, but are, at least, procurable, while carnations, orchids, sweet peas, etc., are pressed on the unwilling purchaser half hidden in

asparagus fern. Carnations are always a problem, but if their grey spikes are not available, no other foliage should be used. Almost all wild flowers have green in abundance, and those which grow naturally together in hedge or field will be happy sharing the same vase.

A word as to perfumes. Many people cannot endure strong scents, and even a few blossoms will upset them. Hyacinths, freesias, gardenias, to quote only a few, are heavy with perfume, and should therefore be relegated to the privacy of one's own room.

The Problem of the Tiny Bathroom

THE exigencies of space and the cost of building make it necessary, in the majority of cases, to allow the least

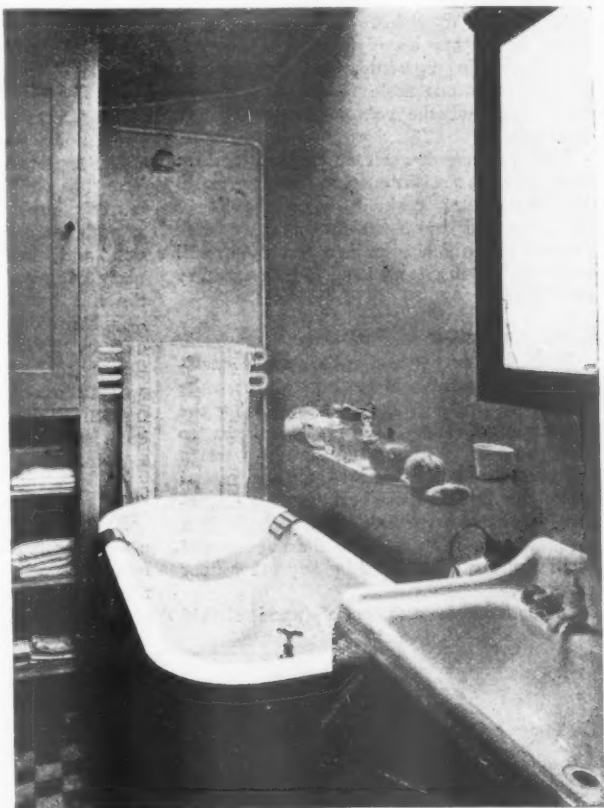
space possible for the bathroom, and the illustration shows how, by careful planning, all essentials have, without overcrowding, found a place in a room five feet by ten. On the right are a fitted basin and a five-foot bath; a liquid-soap holder is above the basin, also a medicine cupboard with a glass-fronted door. The pipes below have been cased in, thus making a receptacle for soiled bath towels, and various small wall fixtures take soap, sponges, brushes, etc.

At the far end of the room the pipes conveying the water serve as an excellent hot towel rail, while on the right are a window and a divided cupboard, the upper part housing the hot-water cistern and the latter serving the purpose of linen cupboard.

The floor being black, the skirting board, soiled linen cupboard, and the outside of the bath have all been painted black, as this uniformity of colour gives an impression of increased space.

Ventilation

One of the most important points in the bathroom is ventilation, as, the walls being



The bathroom complete, but compressed into its tiniest dimensions.

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usually either enamelled or tiled, moisture cannot percolate and condensation takes place.

In order to prevent streams of water from trickling down the walls, a couple of ventilators are inserted, one at least giving access to the outside air, so that the steam is carried off and an overheated atmosphere prevented.

Adequate ventilation assured, impervious walls, such as tiles, marble, glass, highly finished enamel and varnished paint, all of which are washable and therefore easy to keep clean, are to be recommended as suitable for bathroom walls.

The Virtues of Composition

Any flooring that is not porous can be safely employed, but, taken all round, there is nothing to beat composition, which is warmer than tiles or linoleum over cement, is easy to keep clean, and can be had in several attractive shades, one of the most satisfactory being buff. The chloride of lime in composition flooring, however, affects certain pigments, blue particularly, so that it is advisable to get the maker's guarantee that the colour chosen is absolutely fast.

The surface can either be polished or mat, and in the latter case regular washing with pure carbolic soap should be supplemented by a weekly rubbing with linseed oil, which combined treatment will preserve the floor and keep it in a sanitary condition.

Cork Carpet and Rubber

Both cork carpet and rubber make excellent floor coverings in bathrooms where the boards are fairly good. The former has the advantage of being slightly absorbent, so that pools of water do not stand, is warm to the feet and attractive in appearance; while the latter, considerably more expensive, is also more durable—in fact the best make lasts a lifetime—and the silence and resiliency are unequalled by any other floor covering.

In both cases a fillet of wood should

be put in the angle where the floor meets the skirting board, the covering pressed up over this and held firmly in place by means of strips of enamelled wood drilled with countersunk holes a foot apart, through which screws will pass right through the floor covering to the woodwork beneath.

The Bathroom Mat

The bathroom mat has recently undergone a change, and the extravagant habit of flinging Turkish towelling on the floor is passing.

Cork mats, welded together in the form of a flat slab, or in hinged strips closely resembling trellis-work, are now fairly general, and these absorb the water and are pleasant to the tread. During the past few months crêpe rubber has come to stay. It can be procured in any combination of colours at a reasonable price, gives a firm foothold, and if the tones should fade a wipe over with glycerine will revive the lost brightness.

The New Fittings

Brass taps are an abomination, but nickel fittings are satisfactory, likewise the real china tap, which is the latest development. The "valve" portion is of brass, which is entirely covered by a coating of perfectly smooth porcelain, glazed both inside and out, and, made in the modern shape—a plain rounded surface from top to bottom, the nut having a smooth sleeve covering—is simplicity itself to clean. Porcelain enamel taps are popular and less expensive than china, but there is a diversity of opinion as to their durability. They are treated in the same way as cast-iron baths, but if roughly handled the surface is liable to chip.

The Bathroom Bench

Every bathroom should have a seat, and a stool or bench covered with cork will be found the most satisfactory. It should be fitted with ball castors so as to prevent scratching the floor covering.



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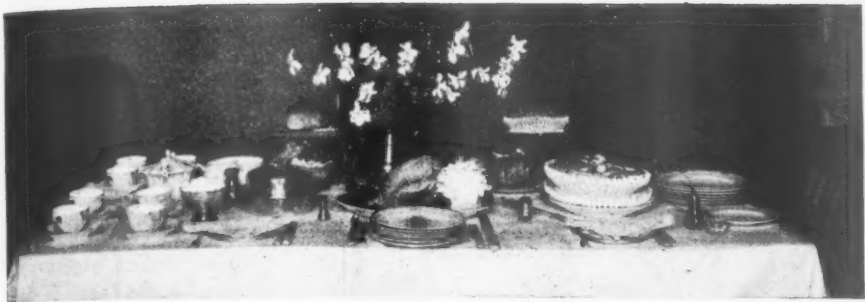
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Old-Fashioned High Tea

A Talk Reminiscent of
Old Times

By M. Stuart Macrae

IT is scarcely possible that anybody except myself will be aware that last month was the anniversary of our cookery talks in *THE QUIVER*. I can only hope that these special pages have been as interesting to you as to me, and that the feeling may have sometimes come to you that I do not write just for the sake of filling pages, but with a real desire to help, if help I can, to lighten the everyday cares of the housekeeper who has not been born with a love of cooking. Remembering that it was our own special anniversary, my thoughts flew off to anniversaries in general, and, as usual, a host of memories crowded in upon me of small friendly gatherings held in honour of somebody's birthday—say a nice, dear grannie's or grandad's, old-fashioned still in tastes, and rather up against the modern order of things—and in the depth of my own typically old-fashioned mind there arose the determination that, for this once, we would enjoy that truly delightful meal called in Southern English "high tea," and in certain parts of the north country simply "tea"—a meal quite distinct from the four to five o'clock function. Who, having ever lived in Yorkshire, for instance, can forget what it once meant to be asked out to tea when the occasion marked some family festival? I would need a dozen pages at least in which to describe the making of the different good things which appeared on one such table.

Before going on to our more simple bill of fare it may interest some of us to know that high tea, as a social function, is no

longer out of favour. I have it on the authority of one of our most expensive hotels that it is now every bit as correct, from a social point of view, for a hostess to entertain to high tea as to luncheon, and hotel managers are offering special facilities for this form of entertaining.

The Term "High"

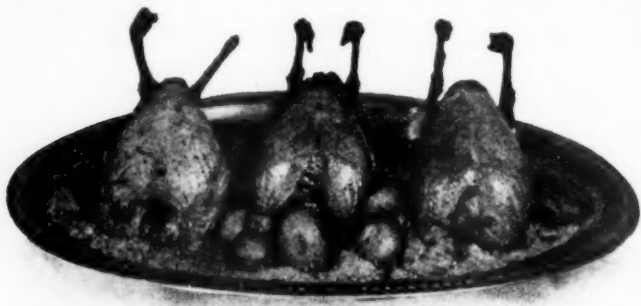
The meaning of "high," when used in connexion with tea, grows gradually upon one's intelligence. No tea is "high" that does not include in its menu either meat, game or poultry. Two country inns of my acquaintance in Lancashire and Cumberland once built up solid reputations among tourists upon no more fantastic a basis than high teas, the *pièce de résistance* of which was a lordly dish of grilled home-cured ham, garnished with a dozen or so of fried eggs (this for a party of four). How good the tea was! How little one heard of the unwisdom (to say nothing of the social impossibility) of drinking tea at 6 p.m. in conjunction with hot meat of any kind! We ate, we drank, we survived without a single pang of indigestion, and were probably all the happier for being unaware of the exact nature of the strain we were imposing upon our gastronomical functions.

Suitable Poultry or Game

There is no more delightful main dish for high tea during the season than a plump hen pheasant, freshly roasted and allowed just about an hour to cool before serving. When game is out of season the place of

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the pheasant can be most satisfactorily filled by a guinea-fowl. Here in London I rely absolutely upon my "man" behind the counter to pick the bird that will suit me, and, as I said some months ago when talking about cooking game, he takes a specific pride in luring me away from what might be an imprudent choice. A pheasant or a



Three young birds, freshly roasted and allowed just to get cold

guinea-fowl serves much more economically than a fowl—a large bird, without additions of ham or tongue, being sufficient for four persons, and with addition of ham for six. As neither stuffing nor sauce is required the duties of the cook are reduced to a minimum. Smaller birds, such as golden plover, partridges and pigeons of various species, afford a pleasant opportunity for spreading a dainty meal, though it will quickly be objected by the market-wise housekeeper that supplies of such birds dwindle long before May comes in, leaving not much to be depended on except pigeons. These latter, to be really acceptable for a "party" dish, must be undeniably young and plump.

Here is a recipe for a really delicious and altogether homely pie.

Pigeon Pie (for seven or eight persons)

Four plump young pigeons, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shin of beef (best Scotch or English), 1 small carrot, 2 medium-sized onions, a small bunch of parsley, 4 oz. mushrooms, a teaspoonful of garlic vinegar, a teaspoonful of French potato flour, cayenne pepper, white pepper and salt for seasoning. Home-made flaky pastry.

The day before the pie is needed for serving, take the shin of beef, cut it into large cubes, put them into an earthenware stew-jar, cover with cold water, place on an asbestos mat over a small gas flame (or

in the moderately hot oven of a kitchener), and let simmer very gently for four or five hours, never once reaching actual boiling-point. Next day divide the pigeons into small, neat joints, reserving the backs for gravy, rub the joints with flour that has been highly seasoned with cayenne, salt and white pepper. Re-heat the contents of the stew-jar, take away the meat from the gravy, lay the seasoned pigeons in the stew-jar, cover with gravy, let them come slowly to simmering-point, and cook them gently for rather less than an hour. Heat an ounce of butter in a shallow pan till faint blue smoke rises, then flour and season the backs of the pigeons, and fry them in the butter

until brown, then remove them to a plate. Peel the onions, chop them very small, turn them into the boiling butter and fry till lightly browned, add to them a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, fry again for a few minutes, then put back the fried pigeons, the carrot peeled and cut into four pieces, the garlic vinegar, and, last of all, a half-pint of gravy from the shin of beef. Let all come to the boil, simmer for about an hour, then remove the bones and the carrot, and rub what remains through a fine sieve. Return the liquid to the pan, add to it sufficient liquor from the stew-jar containing the pigeons to make three-quarters of a pint, slake the potato-flour in a tablespoonful of gravy, stir it into the contents of the pan, let it come just to the boil, and you will have prepared a gravy so thoroughly delicious that it will be the crowning feature of the pie when the latter is finally served. Make the pastry, and, with strips of it, line the edges of a good-sized pie-dish, pack the dish with the pigeon joints, mixing with them the beef cubes, and seasoning judiciously with pepper and salt. Pour in sufficient gravy to reach within an inch of the top of the dish, cover with pastry, remembering to make three slits at the top so that steam may escape freely, decorate tastefully, and bake in a brisk oven till the pastry is well cooked but not too brown. Have about a teacupful of gravy piping hot at the time the pie is needed for serving,

OLD-FASHIONED HIGH TEA

pour it through a funnel into the middle of the pie, taking care not to over-fill the dish, slip a pie-collar round the dish, and serve on either a porcelain or a silver platter as convenient.

One of the Essentials of the Homely High Tea

It is a necessity of the meal that genuine home-made pastry should appear on the table. If, therefore, our thoughts have run to cold roast meats or birds, or to the quite appropriate though less exciting propositions of cold ham and tongue, rather than to pigeon pie, we must make up what is lacking by considering jam tarts, apple cake, or, perhaps, that really nice substitute, almond and prune cake, for which I gave you my own recipe in April.

For the rest, a home-made fruit cake will be appreciated by the old-fashioned folk who do not care greatly for modern cakes and kickshaws.

Here is a very reliable recipe and one which will not encroach to any trying degree upon the store cupboard.

Home-made Fruit Cake

Twelve oz. white Vienna flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, 6 oz. brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. muscatel raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mixed candied peel, 2 oz. Jordan almonds, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoonful vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda, a small teaspoonful of salt.

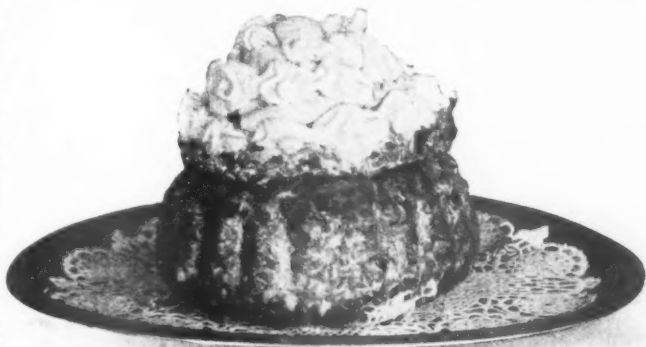
Wash the currants, pick them over and dry thoroughly, stone the muscatels and cut them once across, cut the candied peel into fine strips, blanch the almonds and chop them till fairly small, beat the yolks of the eggs till light, whisk the white to a firm froth. Proceed, then, to mix the cake. Put the butter in a large bowl, beat it together with the sugar till it is a smooth cream, add the vinegar and salt, and continue beating for a few minutes, adding the egg-yolks a little at a time. Next add the flour, allow-

ing it to sift gradually through the fingers, then powder with the carbonate of soda, and blend thoroughly. Nothing afterwards remains but to mix together the raisins, currants, candied peel and almonds and beat them into the mixture, finishing, as usual, with the stirring in of the whipped whites of eggs. Line a cake-tin with two thicknesses of buttered paper, pour the mixture into the tin, set in a hot oven, maintain brisk heat for twenty minutes, then lower to half, and bake in gentle, steady heat for three and a half hours. Test with a skewer to see if the cake is thoroughly baked in the middle (in which case the skewer will come out dry and clean). Turn the cake on to an inverted sieve for the purpose of cooling.

This cake is splendid for keeping, even after first cut, and will remain moist and good for two or three months if stored in an airtight tin.

Creams and Kickshaws

In spite of close affection for old-fashioned fare, let us make a small concession to modernity by including either a gâteau or a few cream buns in our feast; also, if we should happen to belong to Yorkshire or



Eve's Gâteau—not difficult to make when one knows the way

Lancashire, let us have hot buttered tea-cakes to follow whatever meat dish we may have chosen. If we are Scotch we, of course, shall have crisp oatcakes and newly baked soda scones; and if of the west country we shall not think our table complete without a plate of the delicious little cakes which go so admirably with clotted cream and raspberry jam.

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Eve's Gâteau

This consists of a Madeira ring-cake, the centre of which is filled with cream, while the outside of the mould is masked with apricot jam dusted finely with chopped almonds. The particular blend of cream used for the filling is so stiff and mouldable that there is small difficulty in arriving at the effect shown in the photograph if only one has at hand that most serviceable of culinary appliances—a small savoy bag with an adjustable fluted nozzle.

Ingredients for Gâteau.—Five tablespoonfuls fine white flour, 1 tablespoonful Raisley, 2 oz. butter, 1 oz. castor sugar, 1 large fresh egg, 1 oz. Jordan almonds, a half-teacupful apricot jam. For the filling—4 oz. fresh butter, 4 oz. castor sugar, 2 oz. ground almonds, a half-teacupful cream, 1 large fresh egg, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice.

Making the Cake-Ring.—Mix together the plain flour and the Raisley, beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the beaten yolk of egg, sift in by degrees the flour, add the white of egg beaten stiff, pour into a buttered cake-ring mould, bake in gentle

heat till lightly browned, turn out on an inverted sieve to cool. Make the apricot jam hot, run it through a coarse strainer to remove any possible lumps of fruit, brush all over the outside of the cake with the jam, dust over the surface with almonds previously blanched, shredded and browned in a slow oven. Set the cake-ring in a cold place while the cream is being prepared thus. Beat the white of egg till stiff, beat the cream till it begins to get firm, then fold together cream and white of egg and set aside for a few minutes. Beat butter and sugar to a soft cream, add the ground almonds and the lemon-juice, next beat in the yolk of egg, and finally incorporate with these ingredients the already prepared cream and white of egg. Place the prepared cake on a doily-covered dish, fill the cream into a savoy bag and force it through the nozzle into the well of the cake, finishing by piling the surface as daintily as possible. A few glacé fruits with some strips of angelica are favourite additions in the way of garnish, or the cream can easily be moulded into little rosettes as in the illustration.



The Truth about Dick Whittington

Did Dick Whittington ever exist?—and had he a cat? It is usual to think of Dick Whittington's cat only as a creature of legend, as a fairy-story cat. But Mr. J. A. Brendon, in this month's *Little Folks*, claims that she was as real a cat as ever scratched and purred. He says that the Whittington legend rests on a very firm historical foundation, and he tells the real story—in a way mightily to interest boys and girls.

This is only one feature of *Little Folks*. There are also in this number no less than nine stories that will go straight to the heart of young folks, besides "Competition Corner," "Editor's Den," "Pets and Pastimes Pages," "Nature Club," &c.

Little Folks is the ideal magazine for girls and boys.



Butted into Matrimony

by
R.B. INCE



WHAT is a girl to do when she has been brought up without any specialized education that will lead to a profession or career? Nine people out of ten, when this problem is presented for their consideration, will look wise as owls and suggest shorthand and typewriting. And what does typewriting lead to, except more typewriting? Oh, I am perfectly well aware that some girls have become business managers at the end of six months or picked up a husband after a fortnight in an office, but these were the girls born with silver spoons in their pretty little mouths. The rest may go on banging the keys to the end of their days and nobody will notice that their eyes are blue—except the office boy.

That was the case with Diana Beresford. She was twenty-four when Dr. Beresford died, leaving a dozen medical books, a volume of poems he had published before cutting his wisdom teeth, sufficient assets to pay his creditors, and investments that would bring his daughter about £50 a year.

With these Diana was suddenly called upon to face the world. She listened respectfully to the advice offered her by the wise old owls from their comfortable perches, but informed them that neither typewriting nor shorthand appealed to her. "Nor," she added, "am I going to be companion to an old lady with fifty-five whims and as many wild bees in her bonnet. I'd rather be a servant any day."

And having offended the owls by going out before the end of the sermon, she sold the medical books for £5, thrust the poetry book into her trunk by way of a mascot, and proceeded to make a study of the advertisement columns in the newspapers. Several old ladies (only they called themselves "elderly") asked for companions ("must be

a lady by birth"). Diana passed these by. The only advertisement that held any attraction for her was the following: "Two elderly ladies (sisters) require maid; must be active and cheerful; pleasant old farmhouse in Sussex. Usual salary."

"Humph!" said Diana, "that might possibly do. An old farmhouse in Sussex sounds jolly. Not being a lady I'll be able to keep the kitchen to myself. Wonder whether they've got h. and c.? Active? Yes, I'm active enough. Cheerful? One ought to be able to keep cheerful in a farmhouse in Sussex. Can I put on a dash of the Cockney? I must practise a little hevery dy. I was never a town bird. Cows, pigs and skylarks for me. I think I'll have a try. Wonder what the usual salary is? I should think with a Cockney accent I'd be worth about £30 a year? I can learn to cook as I go along. I'll ask £35."

So Diana had her try. Went down to Crowstead to interview the old ladies—Mrs. Merton and her sister, Miss Denver; offered her services for £35 a year, and, mainly owing to the twinkle in her eyes, was engaged.

She fell in love at first sight with Old Lane Farm—a dear, mossy, ramshackle place that looked as though Adam (not the furniture designer, but the original ancestor of all the oldest families) had knocked it together in the year one. Adam apparently had only a few rough tools at his disposal and no spirit-level. Nothing in Old Lane Farm (except Mrs. Merton) was straight. The roof sloped and curved north by east; the windows tilted like eyes askint, trying to peer two ways at once; the floors set you on the run unexpectedly or pulled you up abruptly, so sharp were their gradients; and the stairs produced some of the prettiest variations of creak to be heard in Sussex.

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"Yes," said Mrs. Merton in reply to Diana's inquiries, "it's been in our family for two generations."

"No, dear, three," corrected her sister. "Uncle Tom, you remember, had it before Aunt Elizabeth settled here."

"Great-uncle Tom never lived here," replied Mrs. Merton sharply. "Your memory's failing, dear. I do wish you wouldn't eat so much salt."

Diana found a wealth of amusement in the two old ladies. They were so different in many respects and yet so alike in the little schemes each devised to try and get her own way. Mrs. Merton was tall and thin, with a sharp nose, a fresh rose-and-white complexion, and a very decided manner. She always knew her own mind and liked to think that she knew her sister's as well. Miss Denver was small and round and soft, with warm brown eyes under long lashes, and a voice so quiet that her sister seldom heard anything she said. But although outwardly soft and pliable, she really had a will almost as strong as her very determined sister's. Mrs. Merton liked to think that her sister's memory was failing, and attributed the disaster to the quantity of salt she took with her food.

The old ladies "took" to Diana at once. They led a lonely life at the old farm, and badly needed someone to supply what novelists call "human interest." In Diana they found not merely an excellent servant with "a head screwed on," but also a sweet and succulent bone of contention over which they could bicker very pleasantly.

"I'm glad Diana's a Cockney," said Mrs. Merton; "they're so much sharper than these country girls."

"Do you think she is?" queried Miss Denver in her quiet little voice.

"Why, of course she is. Really, dear, if you don't know the Cockney tongue at this time of day—and you brought up in London. But there, if you will eat salt with everything . . ."

"She's so nicely spoken. There are times I could almost think she was a lady. So refined, so gentle."

"Nonsense, dear. Do ladies talk about a 'fine dy'?"

At this point Diana entered, having overheard a good part of the conversation from where she was dusting the pictures in the hall.

"If you please, mum," she said to Mrs. Merton, "that there pipe's gone wrong agyn. The water's leakin' somethink awful."

This sort of thing was of frequent occurrence at Old Lane Farm. Perhaps Adam, when he built the house, had also put in the water-pipes. Anyway, they were continually going wrong. Queer noises were heard and then a damp spot would appear on the ceiling and grow darker until it materialized into a drip.

When this happened Harry Bundle, the builder's man, had to be sent for. Harry Bundle was a large, cheerful creature with a round face aglow with the kindly innocence of the harvest moon. People said his work "didn't last." They ought to have forgiven him for the sake of his face—but they didn't.

Mrs. Merton followed Diana into the kitchen. She climbed the steps and put her finger to the damp ceiling.

"It's wet," she said. "Go at once to Blenkin's and ask Blenkin to send Harry round as soon as possible."

Builders' men have worked in leisurely fashion since Time began. Harry Bundle was no exception to the rule. He came first of all to look at the job; then he went away to fetch some tools; then he discovered they were the wrong ones and returned for others; then it was time for him to go and get his dinner. Thus the morning passed pleasantly away. The leaky pipes, smoky chimneys and creaky stairs at Old Lane Farm were continually providing Harry with jobs. And he enjoyed them. Part of the enjoyment consisted, as he said, in "crackin' a joke with the lass oop there." The lass was Diana. Mrs. Merton discovered him one day cracking a joke with her. She was at first annoyed; then amused and, on further consideration, pleased. Do old ladies ever grow too old to enjoy the sweet savour of Romance? If so, they won't admit it. To see the young folks billing and cooing brings back the lost Aprils and vanished Mays. Mrs. Merton removed her spectacles—the better to dream dreams. She had a liking for Harry Bundle that outlived her discovery of his incompetence. He was such a good-natured fellow. He would make an attentive husband and Diana would assuredly make a good wife. It would be a nuisance to lose her, so ran her romantic anticipations, but she was not the one to stand in the girl's way . . . A wedding perhaps? It would be rather nice to have a wedding from the old farm. The poor girl had no parents living. Mrs. Merton always regretted she had no daughter herself. There was only Trevor,

BUTTED INTO MATRIMONY



"Oh, please be careful," urged Diana. "I believe they've had trouble with him before" —p.820

Drawn by
J. M. Faulkner

and he was away in South Africa—a dear fellow if only he wasn't such a bad correspondent. . . . Yes, they would have the wedding from Old Lane Farm and perhaps a little reception for the village people afterwards. It would be easy to get local help. . . .

At length, unable to keep her dream to herself any longer, she confided it to her sister. Now, Miss Denver was quite as romantic as Mrs. Merton, but her plans had taken another shape.

"What—that man?" she said, putting her needlework down in her lap. "Why, Diana's much too good for him. Really, I think she ought to marry someone of education. There's Mr. Pendleton, for instance."

"What, the curate?"

"Yes. Didn't you know that he often walks home with her on Sunday evenings?"

This was a shot at a venture. True, Miss Denver had seen the curate talking to Diana one Sunday evening. She therefore considered her statement well within the bounds of accuracy. It was so staggering that Mrs. Merton could find no suitable retort. She therefore flicked herself and the duster she held between finger and thumb out of the room.

From that moment plots and counter-plots were afoot. At first Diana was mystified. Hints were thrown out and suggestions made first by one old lady and then

by the other. Miss Denver kept telling her, apropos of boots and shoes, what a nice young man the curate was and how humble-minded, and what a pity that he couldn't find a nice, hard-working wife. She even went so far as to advise Diana that if he ever wanted to walk home with her after service she ought not to rebuff him. At these tit-bits of advice Diana—who was proving herself every day a clever little actress—put her forefinger into her mouth, looked unutterably simple, and said, "Lor, mum!"

Mrs. Merton, on the other hand, was not a whit less pertinacious in pressing the claims of Harry Bundle.

"Such a nice, honest fellow. Any woman might be proud to marry a man like that. And, do you know, Diana, I believe you're rather a favourite."

"Lor, mum! How you do talk!" giggled Diana.

Left to herself, Diana laughed until she cried.

"Dear old match-makers," she said to the teapot when at length she got her breath back. "Which is it to be—Harry or the Reverend Edgar?"

She decided that neither would do. Harry was out of the question. And as for the Reverend Edgar Pendleton, he wasn't a very attractive person. Too fat, she decided, and much too complacent. Too much like the cat that drank the milk, in the

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advertisement. But she felt a little uneasy when she thought about him. He had certainly been rather attentive lately. What were the old ladies up to, she wondered?

That afternoon Harry, coming to mend a window cord, took her by surprise. She had not imagined that he had thought seriously about her. The first thing to warn her that something was in the wind was the exaggerated neatness of his apparel. His hair, usually a mop, had been coaxed to glacial smoothness by repeated applications of pomade. He was wearing his best Sunday suit and had quite recently washed his face.

"Whatever—" began Diana, then stopped and regarded him critically. "Why, surely this isn't Sunday, Mr. Bundle? I've not gone wrong in my dates, have I?"

Poor Harry grew redder and hotter than ever at this suggestion. It didn't provide him with the opening he needed. He felt instinctively that something was wrong.

"Why—the truth is, Miss Diana, I've got something rather pertikler I want to say to you. I be thinkin' of getting married, and I thought maybe you might—that is to say, I thought might be you would. Miss Diana, will ye marry me?"

For the first time Diana began to feel angry with her old ladies. This was carrying the joke—if joke it were—a little too far.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bundle," she said, hastily opening the oven to examine the cake she was baking, "but please think of somebody else. I'm, well, I'm engaged—in the serious occupation of cake-making," she added mentally.

Harry's shining face fell. "I'm sorry too," he said. "Tell me, Miss Diana, it ain't because I put on my best things, is it? You would have felt just the same if I'd put on my ordinaries?"

"Just the same, Mr. Bundle."

After that he put in the new cord and did the job in record time.

The Reverend Edgar Pendleton was a more serious proposition. She hoped that her position at the farm would deter him. But she was afraid that, sooner or later, he might make love to her. Girls are supposed not to know anything about these things. As a matter of fact, an unexpected proposal is as rare as a black opal. At the sale of work he had taken her hand and held it quite an unnecessarily long time. Perhaps it was just his way of shaking hands? Perhaps it was the spring-time? It made one

feel queer, the spring. That thrush that sang all the morning outside the kitchen—what was it singing about so lyrically? It had lately been gathering feathers. There would soon be a nest somewhere in the hedge. What made it sing like that? Romance? Marriage? Was this the great joy at the heart of all life? Evidently that thrush had found the right mate.

Thinking of these things, Diana went out into the meadows behind the farm one afternoon to gather cowslips. The April sun was warm, and little white clouds were drifting like big-sailed ships across the blue. She picked hard for an hour, then climbed the gate on her way back to the farm. But she had not gone many yards when she became aware that Farmer Jenkinson's bull was taking an inquisitive interest in her. Suddenly, with a short bellow, he lowered his head and began moving rapidly in her direction. She dropped her basket and bolted back to the gate. Once safely on the other side she shook her fist at him. All the same, it was an awkward situation. The field was a large one, and to avoid it would mean scrambling through a number of decidedly prickly hedges. While she stood addressing a short oration to the bull, punctuated with fist-shakes, a voice greeted her from the rear—a deep, cheery, hearty voice.

"What's he been doing? Chasing a defenceless damsel, eh? The brute! I'll go for him."

The speaker was a young man in a Norfolk jacket and corduroy breeches. He was sturdily built and gave the impression of being accustomed to refractory beasts.

"Oh, please be careful," urged Diana. "I believe they've had trouble with him before. The farmer's no business to keep him here. It really doesn't matter. I'll get round to the farm some other way."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Norfolk Jacket. "What's the use of a stout stick if one isn't to use it? I've travelled a goodish way round the world, and never known a stout stick to fail me in a good cause."

So saying, he vaulted lightly over the gate and made straight for the bull at a quick trot.

For a few seconds it stood watching him. Then it turned its back and began walking slowly and thoughtfully in the opposite direction. Mr. Norfolk Jacket, however, continued, and very soon stout stick and Mr. Bull's hide came in violent contact. At the first blow the bull ran, with his pursuer close behind. Having chased him well over

THE NEXT-DOOR BABY

to the farther side of the field, Mr. Norfolk Jacket came back waving his stick aloft.

"Come along," he called. "I'll give him some more of this if he's inquisitive." And he began to gather up her scattered cow-slips.

"Funny," he said, as they walked through the field together, "that he should have chased you like that. He was docile enough when I went for him. A bit fresh, no doubt. Been shut up, perhaps, or got a touch of the spring fever. And I'm not surprised. There's nothing so intoxicating as a sniff of old England in April. Oh, bother, I must have dropped my book somewhere."

He stood fumbling in his pockets.

"I'm so sorry," said Diana. "I'm afraid it was my fault. Let's go back and search."

They went slowly back across the field, eyes on the grass.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," he said impatiently, "it was only a poetry book I picked up at the bookstall. Poor stuff, but the only thing I could find. I bought it to while away the time. Your trains aren't expresses in this part of the world."

"Here it is," cried Diana from among the gorse bushes.

"Thanks ever so much. Ever read it?" he asked.

She glanced at the title, then flushed and uttered an exclamation.

"Oh, Ralph Beresford was my father. He published this years ago when he was at college."

It was his turn to flush.

"You don't say! Now that is odd. D'you know, Miss Beresford, I should like to bite out my tongue for what I said just now. But please don't take it to heart. I'm no judge of poetry, anyhow, and don't often read it. But there was nothing else on the bookstall except newspapers and cookery books. I'll ask my mother her opinion of it. She's a much better judge of 'shine and divine' and 'love and dove' than I am. Haven't seen her for six years. Been in South Africa. She lives at Old Lane Farm yonder, and this is a surprise visit."

Diana gasped.

"Why, so do I," she said.

A hasty explanation followed. And then, "Please," she said, "don't give my secret away. I don't know what they'd think of me if they knew I'd been hoaxing them with my Cockney accent."

"You can trust me," he promised. "I won't split. It will be a very amusing situation, though. You mustn't mind if I laugh at the Cockney servant occasionally. You've got grit, Miss Beresford. I couldn't live with the old ladies, not if you paid me a thousand a year. I don't suppose I'll be able to stick it for more than a fortnight."

There, however, he was wrong. He stuck it very comfortably for two months, and when he left Diana left with him. For the old ladies had at last realized their ambition. A wedding had taken place from Old Lane Farm.

The Next-Door Baby

By
Ethel Talbot

THE next-door Baby's cooing at the window like a dove;

His muslin frock's the finest to be bought in Regent Street;

His nurse (in spotless uniform), she says he is a "love";

It will not be a week, she says, before he "finds his feet."

Yes, yes—he may be forward, and he may be flourishing,

But oh, I do so pity him, poor darling little thing!

My Baby has no nurse at all; nor yet a nursery;

His pinafores and shabby frocks were worn by three before;

He will not "find his feet"; he roars till all the family

Take turns to rock his cradle on the kitchen-nursery floor.

The nurse next-door looks down her nose and says, "Poor backward tot!"

But—my child's got a mother, and the child next-door has not!

The Old, Old Problem

The Mistress's View of the Servant Problem From a Reader

I HAVE received a number of letters in reply to Miss M. Meagher's article, "I Won't Sell My Soul." Here is a typical letter putting the other point of view:

SIR,—I have read Miss Meagher's article on domestic servants in the current number of THE QUIVER with great interest, but feel strongly that she looks at the question of service mainly from one point of view—e.g. that of the servant—and does not take into account that of the employer scarcely at all. Of course, we have to admit that ideas of service have greatly changed since, say, the '90's, and that one rarely hears of applicants for domestic service who *like* work—that, indeed, is a state of things to be found in many occupations. But what can one think of a girl who in applying for a situation made her first question about it, "When do I get out?"

One reason Miss Meagher adduces for the disinclination of girls to enter service is that they haven't enough freedom. I suppose circumstances vary with different occupations, but compared with, say, hospital nurses, they have a much easier time. As with men's occupations, the hours must vary with the nature of the employment, and surely all the advantages are not on the side of those girls who become typists, shop assistants or post-office clerks.

Miss Meagher says domestic service is the last opening a girl is likely to select, and that there are many others with great advantages to choose from, and a little further on speaks of the appalling amount of unemployment. Is there not a contradiction here? I do not want to be captious, but the illustration she uses, of an employer ringing in the *afternoon* for the maid to clean a pair of boots, or to brush a dress, only denotes bad management on someone's part. So with "the only contented" maid she has known. If she arrived at eleven o'clock to begin work, had the beds been made, and the rooms tidied by the family, as well as getting their own breakfast? If they had not, there would apparently be little time for such work before she set about cooking the midday meal; and if the work *had* been done by the family, it seems to me a very poor plan to have a "servant" for the rest of the work. A "char" would be less expensive and equally satisfactory, I should think.

With a maid's desire for and need of rest in the afternoons everyone must agree, but if she is "off the bell," who is to answer the door if visitors call, or message-boys arrive with parcels? Would it not be enough to have no *arranged* work for the afternoons, leaving the maid free for her own reading or sewing? Many afternoons there would be no interruptions to her.

If the maid grumbles at answering the door-bell, and expects it to be done for her, I should think her employer would soon call to mind the adage anent the folly of keeping a dog and barking oneself. The cap-and-apron grievance leaves me cold. Why should caps be considered "badges of servitude"? It cannot be that they are objected to on account of unbecomingness, for what is more attractive than a black dress with the contrast of spotless cuffs, collar and cap? Nor do I think the objection can be on the score of "uniform," when one remembers how in the late war uniforms—some most unbecoming—were eagerly donned by women.

In many callings of life men have *their* uniform, and take it as being the most suitable for the work they are engaged in. Why should women be less reasonable? A view that obtains among girls is that anyone can do housework by the light of nature, and so one finds that the profession is regarded as a means of livelihood for the incompetent. Girls apply for situations and ask exorbitant wages, not considering how unskilled their work will be. It seems to be almost the only profession where, instead of paying a fee for apprenticeship, the employer has to provide training *and* salary; and I think girls do not often reflect that they are being housed and fed as well. I hope this is not a captious letter, but I do think the employers have quite a good amount of "putting up" to do as well as the maids, and require consideration for what they may suffer at the hands of careless or inefficient servants. If household treasures are spoiled or broken, it is of little interest or consequence to the maid, but quite otherwise to the possessor. I know of a young girl who "cleaned" a large mirror with Brooke's soap, leaving an elaborate pattern of circles on the surface; of another who used Brooke's soap to clean silver salt-cellars; and of yet another who dried four wine-glasses off their stems in succession, and "couldn't think how." (None of these were first-place girls.)

My views, I am afraid, may appear very antiquated nowadays, but lest I should be set down as knowing nothing of the subject, I must say that our relations with our maids have usually been of the happiest kind, and that looking back I recall one who was with us over twenty years, another who left only because she considered herself "past work," three who, having left either because they "wanted a change" or "to better" themselves, returned to us. Four, who left to marry, two "temporaries" who, on leaving, said they wished they could be "permanents," and another who filled a sister's place for a few weeks, and who came from a hydropathic, who told us she "never thought private service would be so pleasant."

M. WOODWARD.



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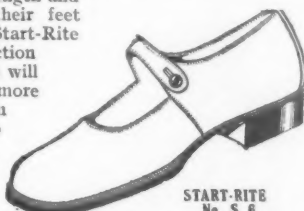
This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards.

The ordinary leather stiffener in a child's shoes is too short. It does not give the needed support. And when the little feet romp over hard roads or pavements the instep weakens and flat feet are the result. Flat feet are ugly. They are a handicap all through life. But they can be prevented. Start-Rite boots or shoes positively do prevent them if worn in time.

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THE QUIVER

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Problem Pages

Domestic Help—Etiquette— Children's Books By Barbara Dane

THAT old but always fascinating problem of domestic help in the small household is raised by Mrs. H. H. G., who, writing from a London suburb, says that she finds it impossible to keep servants for any length of time.

"I always give my maid two hours free time every day," she tells me. "She has a comfortable room, good food and good wages. Now, like so many of her predecessors, she has given me notice after a stay of only two months. What is the matter with domestic servants? I wish you could tell me."

Loneliness, I think. Domestic service is an interesting, a healthy and a well-paid occupation. But in the one-maid household it is one of the loneliest occupations in modern life. Rich people are able to get servants, not so much because they can offer high wages, but because several servants living in one house make a happy little fellowship in which loneliness is impossible.

The Lonely Woman

The position of the generally useful woman is necessarily lonely. She must eat alone, work alone to a considerable extent, and often spend her leisure alone. In a street of small semi-detached villas it is not uncommon to find only one servant employed who "lives in." The work of the rest of the houses is done by the occupants with daily or occasional help. The unfortunate "general" in such circumstances has not even the comradeship of a servant next door to help her to make the best of her leisure time.

It is curious, but true, that servants in the country have a better time than suburban servants. Most villages to-day have their institute where there is a social life in which women of every working class take a part, and which gives the servant, no less than the farmer's daughter, the shop assistant, or the girl helping at home, the opportunity to make friends.

It is not the living-in system which destroys domestic service as a career for

modern girls. Hospitals, where the hours are long, the discipline severe and the pay not uniformly good, manage to get probationers. But hospital life is not lonely. I am afraid there will never be a steady supply of good servants for the small household until housewives co-operate in providing some kind of social life for their employees.

How to Cure the Evil

My suggestion is that Mrs. H. H. G. should arrange a little informal meeting of her friends and see if between them it would be possible to start a club for domestic workers two or three nights a week. In Birmingham a most successful club of this kind has been in operation for some time. It is an ideal place for girls who do not know what to do with their "evenings out," for there is a piano, and refreshments may be obtained, while dancing and games are very popular. This club is widely supported by the mistresses, who know what a difference it makes to their servants to have some place where they can meet friends of their own age and enjoy themselves.

The Birmingham club is housed in permanent premises, but a modest beginning might be made anywhere by half a dozen women willing in turn to lend a room where their employees might spend their leisure.

The experiences of any women who have been able to solve this most urgent of all modern domestic problems would be very welcome and would doubtless help those who, like my correspondent, are worn out through lack of adequate household help.

Children and Books

Should children be allowed to read any book that attracts them? That is the question raised by a mother with a small daughter who is devoted to reading. Well, there is surely only one answer to that: It depends on the child. I know children whom I would happily allow to make free use of my library. Children have a habit of getting the best out of books, instinc-

THE QUIVER

tively skimming through those parts which they do not understand. Given a library of books containing most of the Victorian classics, Shakespeare, tales of adventure, nature books and so on, I should think the ordinary child could be safely trusted to make his or her own selection. The normal child would probably be bored by the very look of such modern novels as one would not ordinarily give to the young. Deliberately to make a book fascinating by forbidding a child to read is sometimes to rouse an unhealthy curiosity. Books utterly unsuitable for child reading should be put out of the way, and the children then given the run of the library. That, I should imagine, is all the supervision necessary. But a very precocious, sensitive and imaginative child might need closer watching, and in such a case a mother might wisely exercise a little tactful control over the reading.

Etiquette

Here is a cry from a girl of seventeen who, living at home with her mother, finds the etiquette of modern life highly irritating.

"Don't you think" (she writes) "that most social conventions are absurd? I mean especially all this fuss and worry about leaving cards and calling on people and doing things, not because you want to do them, but because other people do them? Yesterday, for instance, it was a glorious, sunny day, and I longed to be out all the afternoon. Yet, just because it was my mother's 'at home' day, both of us had to stay in. No one came, and the afternoon was wasted."

No, I do not agree about the "at home" days. I think a good many women find "at home" days useful because they certainly save more time than they waste. Women who have a fairly large circle of friends find the "at home" day the only means of keeping in touch with them. It would require a vast amount of time to write invitations to a large number of friends for a certain day. The "at home" day of any woman, and the "at home" days of her friends, should be more than ever useful to-day, when most women are busily occupied. And the sacrifice of an afternoon's sunshine once a month is a little thing compared with the convenience of the arrangement generally.

The arrangement has been found so useful that many modern professional women

have adapted it to their own needs and have an "at home" night once a month, when all their friends are welcomed and made happy with coffee and sandwiches and cakes. Women who waste time calling on mere acquaintances or on women to whom they are not at all attracted are serving the "at home" idea rather than letting the "at home" idea serve them.

I know there are many conventions less useful than this which survive and must irritate any modern girl. In such things, however, we are gradually getting more sensible, and no one is expected in these days to follow rigorously each of those little forms of etiquette which were the delight—and sometimes, I believe, also the plague—of the lives of our grandmothers.

The Married Woman's Job

This is a practical example of the problem of the married woman's job. I have a letter from a correspondent who is the mother of two children—a boy of five and a girl of three. The writer, who has held some brilliant appointments, has now been asked to accept a post which would mean that she would have to be away from home for several hours every day.

She writes: "In any case I am not at home all day, for I have many interests. I golf a good deal and also I do some social work, and although I have not been engaged professionally since my marriage, my time has not been given by any means wholly to domestic work. I should like your friendly opinion on what I ought to do."

I should like to say at once that I see a big difference between the hours given to voluntary work or play and the hours which must be compulsorily given to professional work. No mother ought to be so absorbed in her house duties that she has no time for outside interests. To my mind that is not a sign of admirable devotion, but of bad management. My correspondent appears to have arranged her life very well indeed, blending her duties to her children with her social work and amusements.

But if she takes a professional appointment she cannot suddenly leave her work because her children are ill or because the cook leaves, as she could if she were mistress of her leisure. That, to my mind, is the danger. I worked once upon a time in an office with the mother of four children. She was a valiant soul, a widow who was struggling hard to give her children a

PROBLEM PAGES

good education. And I know how often she came to the office with an anxious heart because one or other of the children was at home ill in the care of a possibly indifferent servant.

If every married woman who wants to take outside work could depend to the last on the resource and kindness and efficiency of her servants or housekeeper, one-half of the problem would be solved. But in illness or crisis it is rarely indeed that anyone but a near relative or an intimate friend will give the care to the children or household that the absent mother would give, and most of us are not blessed with a dependable relative free at a moment's notice to take on any job.

At any rate, I can answer the question put to me to the extent that I do not think my correspondent should take this appointment unless she is able to find a dependable substitute for herself in the household. And when she does, I rather think that the little hungry heart and watching eyes of a baby of three will call her back to the nursery.

Quarrels

There is no automatic cure for a bad temper, poor little "Sad Wife." Only constant pegging away, an incessant effort at self-control, will ever do it. Bad temper is one of the most destructive things in this world, and I have rarely known the happiness of a marriage to survive it. Sometimes the cause is partly ill-health, sometimes an unwise way of living. Better health and a quieter, simple way of living sometimes help to make the struggle easier. But don't think bad temper is incurable. It isn't. And perhaps the quickest way to stop it is to be firm with yourself at the very outset of one of these storms. There is always a temptation, once having begun, to continue; to say one more stinging remark, to give one more stab. Silence at the right time has saved many a marriage, and silence is often the hardest thing in this world.

If, when you felt the approach of one of these bursts of temper, you were to get out and walk swiftly for ten or twenty minutes, I think you would find the worst of the storm was over when you got back to the house. Anyway, try it, and let me know if I am right.

A Dress Problem

If you have little to spend on clothes,

"Amy," keep to one colour. The plainer your clothes are, the less likely are you to tire of them. The fussy frocks, with frills and tucks and elaborate bead-work, do not keep their freshness like simply cut clothes whose beauty is in design rather than in ornamentation. I have often been told that the best-dressed girl in the world is not the Parisienne, but the American business girl, who wears neat, simple clothes. Supposing that you have an adequate supply of underwear and have not to buy a winter coat, I should think you might portion out your allowance of £25 for twelve months in this fashion:

Tailor-made suit	£5	0	0
Evening dress	5	0	0
Shoes and stockings	5	0	0
Office frock	3	0	0
House frock	2	0	0
Gloves, jumpers, etc.	5	0	0
			£25	0	0

A good tailor-made suit, which you should not wear every day at the office, will last you at least two years, or, with care, three years. If you spend as much as £5 on your evening dress you will get something that will look attractive till it wears out, and if it is black you won't quickly tire of it.

To be well shod is important to any woman who wants to keep her feet dry and to have them look pretty, and it is no economy to buy cheap shoes and cheap stockings. To wear a navy blue frock at the office which you can brighten with white collars and cuffs is to save your suit, and especially the skirt, which is, in any costume, always ruined by office wear. Keep your suit for outdoors, and change from it or your office frock into a house frock when you get home.

I take it for granted that you have a winter coat and a rain coat, and I think you will find it better to have these few things and to have them good than to buy a great variety of "cheap" clothes.

To "Fiancée"

You are facing the same problem as very many other men and women at the present day, I am afraid. I think I can give you the information you need, but it is hardly a subject one could deal with fully in THE QUIVER. If you will send me some address to which I can write you I shall be only too happy to help you.

Hygiene in the Home

*Little Things it is Perilous
to Neglect*
By Judith Ann Silburn

EVERY housewife should make herself acquainted with the principles of hygiene, since it is only by providing hygienic conditions in her home that she can hope to preserve the health of her family and prevent disease.

Most people will agree that when renting or purchasing a house one of the first proceedings should be to employ a competent sanitary engineer to "overhaul the drains." That done, however, many householders seem to imagine that all responsibility ends. Far from it. Drains require periodical inspection. Pipes wear out and leaks of waste water are apt to occur, causing damp and bad smells. The sudden appearance of slugs in an underground cellar should be a sign for instant examination of drain pipes, and any wall damp, mildew in cupboards, or fetid atmosphere in the basement when the house is closed up at night ought always to be taken as a warning that something is wrong. Sometimes joints or traps become clogged and sewer gas escapes into the house through sink pipes. Bad smells and damp should always be attended to and the cause located. Sore throats, depression and general ill-health are not infrequently the result of faulty drains.

Important Knowledge for the Housewife

Every housewife ought to understand the geography of her drainage system. She should know exactly where her gullies are, which are her main waste pipes, soil pipes, etc., and the various positions of all "traps." The latter need cleaning from time to time. It is only a matter of loosening the screw plug underneath the trap. Very often this is not done until there is a stoppage. Prevention, however, is better than cure. Every house, by the way, should be provided with a "ferret," that is, a piece of flexible metal tubing which can be introduced down a sink pipe in cases where obstruction of grease, etc., has stopped up the channel.

Gullies, sinks and water closets should be flushed two or three times a week with hot

soda water and then with disinfectant, particularly in summer. Never allow sinks or lavatory pans to become "furred"; a little spirits of salt will soon remedy this state of things, but remember that this chemical is a poison and must therefore be kept under lock and key.

Flimsy supply fittings are useless. Too small sinks, cheap ball-cocks and ball-valves soon get out of order. Wash-hand basins should be a good size, without crevices, and preferably fitted with "easy-cleaning" taps. This also applies to bath taps. Porcelain-enamelled baths are the best (if real porcelain cannot be afforded), and all baths ought to be clear of walls and floors and be free from any surround of woodwork.

Bathroom Furniture

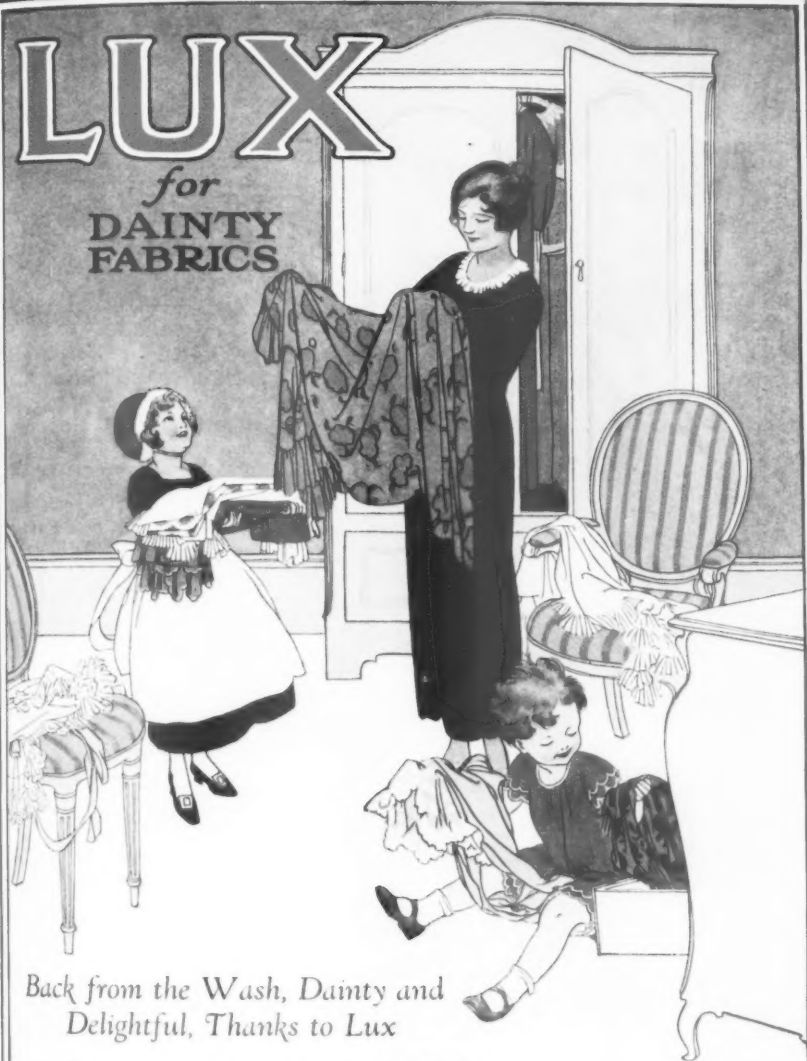
All furniture in bathrooms should be of the kind that can be easily wiped over with a damp cloth. Glass or china shelves and brackets are more hygienic than wooden ones. Hygienic bathroom brackets of enamelled iron, consisting of two or three trays for holding tooth-brushes, sponges, bottles, etc., are very handy. Bathrooms ought not to be made the dumping-ground for odds and ends. If soiled linen must be kept there, a receptacle of galvanized iron, painted white, with a tight-fitting lid, should be used.

Glazed tiles are the ideal thing for walls, but are unfortunately beyond the pocket of many people. There is, however, a special zinc sheeting with a glazed surface which is a very good substitute and can be used as a dado. Cork linoleum is warm to the feet and very suitable for floors. Paintwork is best kept white.

As a rule the water supply in town houses presents very little difficulty, at least in those houses where there is a "constant supply"; but where the water is supplied through a cistern the latter needs to be carefully examined from time to time and cleaned out. Dirt, dust, even vermin sometimes find their way into a cistern if it happens to be much exposed or for any reason the lid gets moved. All cisterns

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EACH COMPLETE



HYGIENE IN THE HOME

should be of galvanized iron, and the householder should see that the lid fits tightly.

While on the subject of water, it might be as well to mention that filters are rarely necessary. If water is suspected of pollution the safest way is to boil it. Filters have no effect on disease germs.

The Question of Ventilation

Drains and water supply being what they should, the housewife's next thought ought to be the ventilation of her home.

The average human being breathes out sufficient carbon dioxide to render impure 3,000 cubic feet of pure air in one hour. Therefore it stands to reason that this 3,000 cubic feet of impure air must be got rid of every hour, otherwise in a short time the atmosphere of a room will become vitiated, causing headaches, drowsiness and other symptoms of poisoned air.

To admit a supply of fresh air without causing a draught, and to allow the impure air to pass gently out, is therefore the problem which faces the householder.

Undoubtedly ideal ventilation is cross-ventilation, and in a general way the door, window and fireplace achieve this result naturally. Where, however, the situation or shape of a room interferes with this method, the householder must provide other means for the outlet of impure air and the inlet of fresh, clean air.

It should be understood that all impure air tends to rise; therefore, if an outlet is made either by opening a window at the top or by inserting ventilating slats at the top of a room or over a fireplace, a room can be emptied of impure air without causing any inconvenience. In summer windows can be opened at the bottom to admit fresh air, but this is, of course, not possible all the year round. If, however, the lower sash be lifted and a wedge of boarding inserted along the opening, fresh air will enter between the two sashes. In some types of windows this is impossible; in that case a louver can be fitted in one of the panes. This can be opened or shut as required.

Lighting and Heating

The method of lighting and heating a room has a very material effect on the atmosphere. Gas and candles consume oxygen, and this fact must always be allowed for in the ventilation of a room. Coal fires, however, produce a natural draught. Electricity is the most hygienic method of

lighting a room, as it does not in any way deteriorate the atmosphere.

Very heavy hangings help to keep a room "shut in" and stuffy. Fortunately, the tendency of the present age is to eliminate draperies as much as possible and to rely for effect on the beautiful lines of the furniture itself; even tablecloths are gradually passing away, and "polished table tops" becoming more and more popular.

To be hygienically furnished a room should have as little in it as possible, and nothing that cannot be easily removed for cleaning. Heavy, unwieldy furniture which can scarcely be lifted means that the dust is rarely cleared away underneath. For the same reason carpets reaching right up to the skirting board should be avoided. Art squares with either parquetry flooring or linoleum surrounds are not only much more simple to keep clean, but are much more sanitary. Bedrooms especially should be kept bare. Avoid keeping innumerable cardboard boxes and sundry suit-cases packed up in corners, as many people are fond of doing. All these things take up space which would be better filled with fresh air.

A Model of Hygienic Conditions

The kitchen, above all, needs to be kept a model of hygienic conditions—food is so easily contaminated by bad smells, etc., especially such things as milk and soup. The larder should be in a cool spot and well ventilated; on no account should it be near a drain. The shelves are best made of slate, as these are cool in summer and easy to wipe over. A stone or tiled floor is best. There should be special vegetable racks, also a perforated bread crock for bread, enamelled tin flour bin, covered vessels for holding butter, cheese, etc., and a plentiful supply of mats for covering basins of milk, soup, and so forth. All meat covers should be of the kind that fit right down over the dishes; those with rubber rims are among the most serviceable. Remember that nothing ought ever to be put into the larder on a dirty plate or dish. Everything should be removed from the larder daily and the shelves wiped. The use of strong disinfectant has an unpleasant effect on food, so should be avoided, but it is as well during the summer months to use a little weak Condy's fluid in the washing water. Once a week the larder ought to be scrubbed out with carbolic soap.

Kitchen vessels should not be made of

THE QUIVER

materials which rust. Enamelled iron or tin, china, glass, stoneware or wood should be used in preference to plain tin.

The larder should be distempered every year, and if the kitchen is a papered one it should be repapered every other year. Sanitary wall-paper should be used for kitchen purposes, and the old paper ought always to be stripped off before putting on the new one.

What Soap to Use

Carbolic soap (ordinary household) is the best for scrubbing kitchen floors if the latter are of wood or stone. Do not, however, scrub linoleum too often, as it rots the fabric. Linoleum is best wiped over with a tightly wrung cloth.

Kitchen cloths should be washed with paraffin. This disinfects as well as cleanses them. Remember that *all* cloths, oven, floor, etc., as well as dusters, require to be washed. There is nothing so insanitary as germ-laden cloths in a kitchen.

The disposal of household rubbish is a matter which requires the strictest care on the part of the housewife; servants are particularly negligent in the way they use the dustbin. Refuse consists of two kinds—that which can be burnt and that which cannot. Broken crockery, tins, etc., should be dis-

posed of in a sanitary dustbin which should be situated some distance from the house. The best kind of receptacle is one of galvanized iron without either corners or legs and with a tight-fitting lid which ought always to be kept on. A tin of disinfectant should be kept close to the dustbin and the contents sprinkled from time to time. Make a point of inspecting the dustbin occasionally, and insist that the servants put only dry refuse into it; on no account should any rubbish be put alongside the receptacle. If a dustbin is properly used there should be no trouble with flies.

Burn all Food Refuse

All other kitchen refuse, such as food scraps, sweepings, etc., should be burnt in the kitchen range or in an incinerator for that purpose. Many cooks keep a pail for refuse in the kitchen to save trouble. This is a very bad practice and only encourages beetles, mice and flies. A small sink-basket is permissible when washing up or preparing vegetables, but it should be emptied immediately afterwards.

Sinks ought not to be used for very dirty, greasy or vegetable water. This should be thrown down the gully outside and the gully then flushed with clean water.

Remember, hygiene spells health.



Jerome K. Jerome

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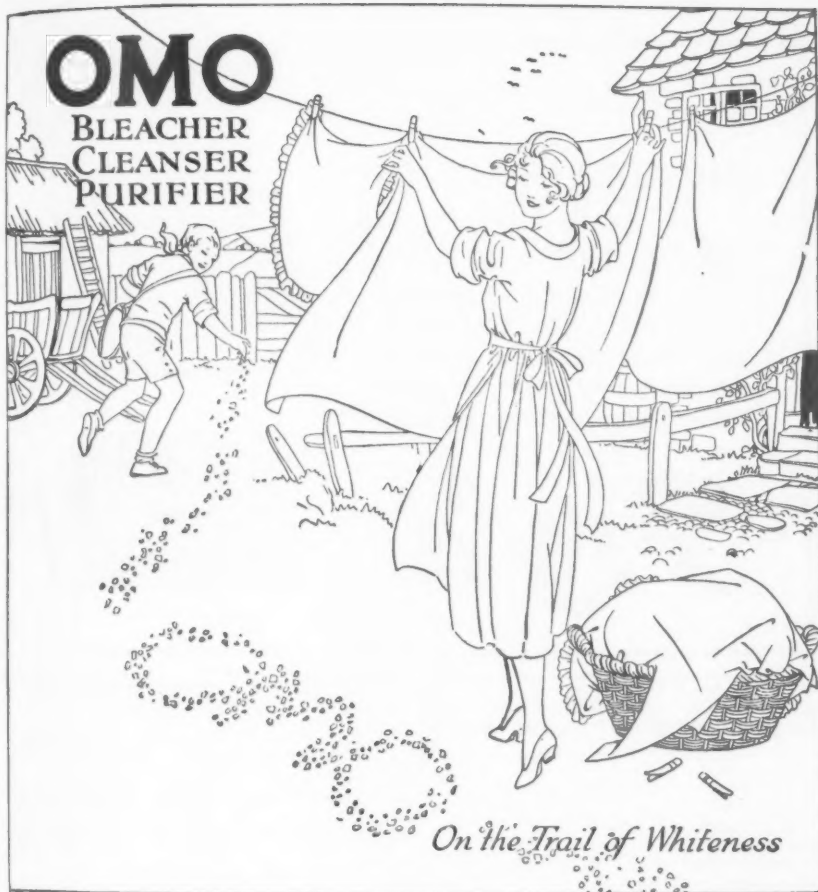
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Dear Friends,

It is the same old story—we want money, plenty of money, please. We cannot have too much. There are those, alas! who would give to us if they could, but times are bad and they cannot do so; and there are those who could give, but they forget to do so or fail to realise how much their help is needed. I appeal to those who can help us to do so liberally and quickly, and others to interest their friends in the Work which they know to be in such sore need.

Yours sincerely,

EDITH SMALLWOOD, Hon. Secretary.
15 Lancaster House, Malvern.

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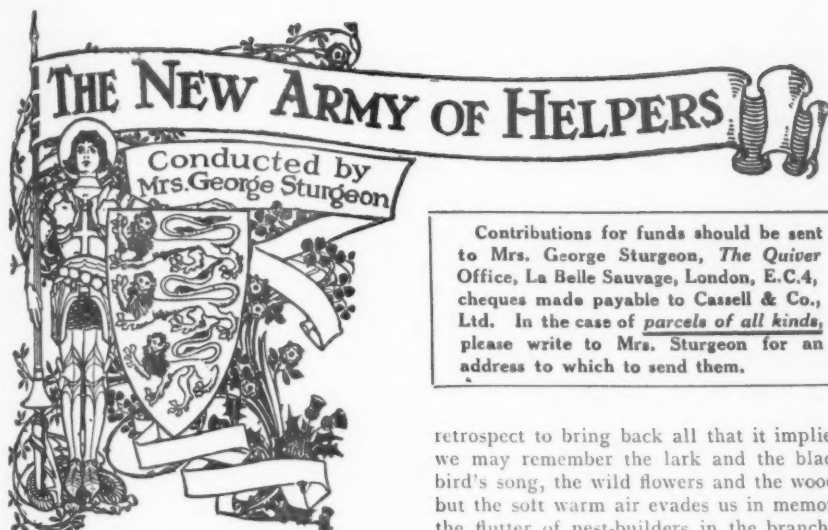
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Contributions for funds should be sent to Mrs. George Sturgeon, *The Quiver* Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, cheques made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Mrs. Sturgeon for an address to which to send them.

Slums or Seaside?

MY DEAR HELPERS,—Of all my happy childhood memories the most outstanding are undoubtedly connected with the summer seaside or country holiday. No child who does not live in a large town can quite realize the thrill of anticipation as the day for "going away" draws near, of the excitement of last-minute purchases of sponge-bags and bathing shoes, and the wonderful moment when the omnibus or cab at last comes to the door and the luggage is piled in. Every minute of the journey is an adventure and a delight, and in the weeks that follow there is no shock of anti-climax or disappointment. It is all just as beautiful as it can be. Lovely mornings in bathing dress on firm shining sands under an immense blue sky, luscious August afternoons in country lanes and meadows, picnic teas and the cool walk home in the evening. The sound of the sea coming through the open bedroom window. As the weeks pass the glowing feeling of sunburn in our cheeks and health in our limbs. Town looked very ugly for a time on our return; our brown faces felt out of place in it. As they paled we resigned ourselves to pavement walks and gloved hands—but the memories remained.

I have recently been refreshed by a long week-end of cloudless days among the Sussex Downs. Every year the intense beauty of spring in the country comes as a new surprise; it is almost impossible in

retrospect to bring back all that it implies; we may remember the lark and the black-bird's song, the wild flowers and the woods, but the soft warm air evades us in memory, the flutter of nest-builders in the branches, the sound of the first bees, the sight of the early butterfly, and a thousand other delights of the awakening world.

Coming back in the train through the squalor and grime that usher us into London from its outskirts, I felt deeply grateful for being able periodically to escape into those glorious spaces that I had left, and my thoughts turning to my QUIVER chat for June I began to connect it with my childhood memories, my holiday, and the mean streets that I was endlessly passing. School was over, and the streets swarmed with children. I wished that the streets could change into daisy-strewn meadows, which seem the right background for children in spring. Then from the impossible my thoughts went on to the possible, and I dwelt with greater pleasure on the summer holiday and the fresh air funds that send the slums to the seaside. But when I saw street after street swarming with children I began to have doubts. Would they all go? Or would some have to stay behind all through the dusty days of August? It was an intolerable thought. I had just had a letter from a friend living up-country in Ceylon, in which she said: "My hobby is infant welfare up here, and it is deeply interesting . . . as one sees how children poles apart are all alike in the main." I knew that it was true, and that the children of the east and west of London, who are in some ways as much "poles apart" as those of different races, have the same needs and natures. Some may not expect the omnibus

THE QUIVER

or the cab to come and fetch them away to the seaside, but all revel in the sand and the sunshine when they are there.

I determined to find out how the Children's Country Holiday Fund stood, and what were its plans for 1923. I am sorry to say that my hopes of a holiday for every child have been considerably dashed. In the course of a letter the secretary writes:

"Before the war 45,000 ailing and necessitous children from the London slums were sent away annually for a fortnight's holiday to the seaside or country. This year only 18,000 can be sent unless more money can be raised immediately. Except in absolutely necessitous cases, the parents contribute according to their means. . . . Every £1 received will enable another child to have a fortnight's holiday."

It is unnecessary to ask why so much smaller a number can be catered for. Unemployment affecting parents' contributions and the greatly increased cost of everything are two of the most obvious explanations. But they do not make us any easier or happier when we think of the children left behind. How extraordinarily easily a pound is sometimes spent, and how little there is to show for it. My imagination cannot invent a pound's worth half so valuable as a fortnight of health and happiness for a slum child. It is far and away the biggest bargain ever offered. Any readers wishing to invest in it are asked to send me their money, and I shall joyfully pass it on; and do not forget that ten shillings purchase a week and even five shillings some precious days. Please send at once, as accommodation has to be found and plans made in good time.

Fire Fund Finishes

Our climate is notoriously undependable, but with the beginning of June we assume that fires are finished for at least four months. It is therefore a fitting moment for me to report on the coal fund which you so generously provided in response to my Christmas appeal. The letters I have received since then in gratitude for the cheerful grate would fill many pages. I can only give one or two typical extracts; but first the figures. You may remember that I aimed modestly at "fifteen fifteens" for three months, that is to say, about £34. My kind readers thought otherwise, however, and I received over £60—to be exact, £60 2s. 6d.—so that I was able not only to send out many more gifts, but also to continue them into April, when it is still too

early to cease stoking. Every penny subscribed has been appreciated to the utmost, and the approval of my scheme that readers have expressed has encouraged me to make the Fire Fund a yearly institution. So please allow for it in your budgets! I am sure you want no more eloquent thanks than the following:

"Words will not tell you how great a help your good gifts have been to us, nor how gratefully we appreciate the blessing this kind help is. The beautiful warm weather seems to have come to stay for the present, and your delightful coal gifts have helped us so through the winter that we have passed through it much more comfortably than for many previous ones."

"We are truly grateful for all the help and comfort you and your kind helpers have given us all this long time. It has warmed our hearts as well as our bodies, and we both thank you all very much."

"I hardly know how to thank you for the welcome gift of 10s., for I own I have had to do without fire more than once this winter."

"I usually have a severe attack of bronchitis about this time of the year, but I feel sure I have escaped so far owing to having warmth and better food."

"Accept my very grateful thanks for everything you have done for me. . . . You have made my life a lot easier for me."

"Thank you very, very much for your great kindness in sending 10s. again. I am sure I do not know what we should have done this winter but for your wonderful goodness; it has been such a comfort to us."

S.O.S. in Summer

Although the appeal for coal is temporarily suspended I ought to say that there are many homes where an emergency gift is as urgently needed during the summer months as during the winter, and I shall therefore be deeply grateful if readers will keep on replenishing my S.O.S. pocket. To give a recent instance. I heard of a large family in great need; the mother expecting another baby, the husband too ill to work, and only one boy earning money. The poor woman was desperately ill at her confinement, and the baby died. Finally she was taken to the infirmary for an operation. There were many extra expenses, and the little help that we were able to give made all the difference. The first letter that the mother wrote is a veritable *cri de cœur*:

"When my husband told me how you had helped him it put new life into me; I had a good cry. It was such a relief to me. How can I thank you? I can't find words to express myself. You have been more than good to us, and we shall never forget you, and I may be able to help some day."



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THE QUIVER

NEW LIFE:

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"As in chemistry and physics, so in the science of living creatures there have been recent advances that have changed the whole prospect.

"A good instance is afforded by the discovery of the 'hormones,' or chemical messengers, which are produced by ductless glands, such as the thyroid, supra-renal, and the pituitary, and are distributed throughout the body by the blood. The work of physiologists like Professor Starling and Professor Bayliss has shown that these chemical messengers regulate what may be called the 'pace' of the body, and bring about that regulated harmony and smoothness of working which we know as health.

"It is not too much to say that the discovery of hormones has changed the whole of physiology. Our knowledge of the human body far surpasses that of the past generation."

The "Hormones" which the glands secrete increase the vitality of the tissues.

Lack of the "Hormones" leads to bodily and mental feebleness. A plentiful supply means New Life and a Renewal of Youth and Energy.

"Satyrin" is a gland product which stimulates the secretions and ensures a full supply of the "Hormones" to renew vitality and a harmonious working of the whole body.

"Satyrin" can be taken with perfect safety, and results of treatment have always proved beneficial. "Satyrin" is recommended and prescribed by leading London physicians, who have obtained wonderful results.

For men the package is known as "SATYRIN GOLD," whilst for women a special packing with a slightly different formula is designated "SATYRIN SILVER."

From actual clinical evidence on cases which have come under our notice the following facts stand out as indications of the wonderful working of our preparation:

1. Sunken cheeks raised to normal, and muscle hollows filled.
2. Lassitude and weariness gone, general condition more cheerful.
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4. The Joy of Living restored and Rejuvenation accomplished.

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The prices of this invaluable preparation are 7/6 for a week's supply, or 20/- for a full course of three weeks.

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When a man's at home—gardening, studying, or whatever a man does with his spare time—he needs a good healthy drink. Barley Water not only refreshes, but invigorates the brain and body with its nutritive and sustaining qualities. And it really quenches thirst. But it is most important to

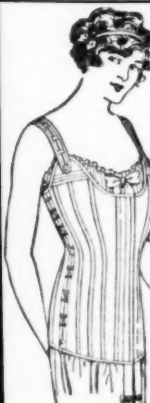
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The "Patent" Barley should be boiled with the peel of a lemon in it. The strain off the barley sediment, add the juice of the lemon and sugar to taste.

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The CORSET of HEALTH
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Complete with Special Detachable Suspensers.

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No bones or steel to drag, hurt or break. No lacing at the back. Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with special suspensers, detachable for washing purpose. It is laced at the sides with elastic Lacing to expand freely when breathing.

It is fitted with adjustable shoulder-straps. It has a short 3-in. busk in front which ensures a perfect shape & is fastened at the top & bottom with non-rustine Hooked Eyes. It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

These "Health" Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, &c., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers and Actresses will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially housewives and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the "Corset of Health." They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

Cross your Postal Order and make payable to—
HEALTH CORSET COMPANY, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

Children Near and Far

The children near are our little *protégés* at Sunshine House, for whom subscriptions do not come as quickly as I should like, although there have been some kind gifts and a very welcome collection in the Infant Sunday School at Wanstead, resulting in 8s. 3d. "The twenty-eight children who brought money were very eager to help the Blind Babies," writes Miss Woodgate, the superintendent, and I feel sure that hundreds of children would be equally eager to bring their pennies for the same cause if they knew of it. Please tell your children about the wonderful work that Sunshine House is doing, and from what a terrible fate it saves the poor helpless, sightless baby. THE QUIVER Cot is a possession to be proud of, and a few regular contributions would ensure its future.

The children far are those thousands of hapless refugees whom the war has left as a legacy to the humane and large-hearted to whom nationality, like nearly everything else, seems largely a matter of good fortune. The private view of the film depicting the plight of the Greek refugees and the relief work of the All British Appeal was extremely interesting. One of the kitchens administered by the Save the Children Fund was shown—a triumph of organization, for they are run so economically that a refugee can be fed for a day for the sum of 1½d.—and it was really cheering to see the anxious little faces light up with joy as the steaming soup was ladled out and the generous chunks of bread distributed.

Many generous gifts and subscriptions have been received during the past month, amongst them a specially welcome donation of £1 15s. 7d. from the members of the Women's Rural Institute of Aberuthven, near Auchterarder.

It is very interesting to know that with the help of the All British Appeal, of the British Red Cross Society, and of the Greek Government, the High Commissariat of the League of Nations is organizing the permanent settlement on the land of 10,000 refugees in a certain district of Greece. This will be not an emergency alleviation of distress, but a solid achievement of lasting value, not only to the people directly concerned, but to the peace and prosperity of all Europe. It deserves financial support.

The Old, Old Story

At the risk of being monotonous I must ask for more orders—although, as a matter

of fact, readers show no signs of being bored with this side of our work, and it is very well supported. It may be a real convenience—especially to country readers living far from a sports shop—to know that I have the address of a man who re-strings tennis racquets very well and inexpensively. His charges are from 5s. to 15s., according to the quality of gut, and this includes re-polishing and re-varnishing. He is elderly and without means, and it is a matter of great importance to him to obtain orders.

Once more I appeal on behalf of Miss F., who teaches music but is doing extremely badly. She offers a variety of knitted goods, and unless more orders come in she cannot have enough food.

Miss Grace H. is for the moment without orders, although she writes, "Thanks to you and all THE QUIVER friends, it is quite unusual for me to be without."

Please ask me for one of my typed lists of workers and make your choice from the variety of attractive goods they offer.

Several readers kindly asked me for Miss M. T.'s address, and they will feel well repaid when they read what she says:

"I can never express to you how grateful I am for your goodness to me. Those who have bought my work and those who have sent for my price list are so kind, and I am much cheered in consequence. Miss S., who asked for some things for her sale of work, has written that she is pleased with what I sent."

Cheering and Cheered

I have gladly welcomed a number of new helpers during the past month, but there is room for many more and plenty of cheering for them to do. The delightful part about my helpers' letters is that they exhibit as much gratitude as those of the people they befriend. They certainly know the joys of service. Here are a few extracts in point:

"I am sure there are many like myself who are really grateful to know of needy ones to whom to send their good things."

"I am always so interested in your pages in THE QUIVER, and wish I could help more, but it is nice to think Miss P. finds a little brightness, and I am so glad you introduced me to her. It gives me something to think about also."

"Your corner in THE QUIVER interests me very much, and I would like to do what I can to help. God has been so very good to me I would like to pass some of the blessings on."

"I am sending the usual 5s. for the month with the usual wish that it was more. I think this is a grand work that you are doing, for you touch the needs of a group that are outside

THE QUIVER

the usual participants in the many charitable funds and who are frequently the more needy."

"Enclosed please find cheque for £5 for your valuable work."

Home Wanted

I have promised a reader to print the following extract from her letter in the hope that some other reader may be able to help with a suggestion:

"I wonder if you can tell me of any Home where a respectable middle-aged woman could be taken in. She has partial curvature, but can dress herself and get about slowly, and do needlework. I think that 15s. a week could be raised for her support."

Anonymous Gifts

The following gifts are acknowledged with many thanks:

S.O.S. Fund.—M. B. B., £1; S. M. A., 5s.; "P.", 10s.

Sunshine House.—"P.", 10s.; Nancy, 10s.

Some useful anonymous gifts of wool were also received and passed on.

To all the following I send best thanks for their contributions to my monthly mail:

Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Rushworth, Mrs. Wall, Rev. F. A. Smith, Miss L. A. Robinson, Miss

Dorothy Dnckworth, Miss I. V. Yeates, Miss H. Wilson, Miss Salter, Miss Grace Holskamp, Mrs. Stewart, Miss G. Burgess, Mrs. Martin, Miss Margaret Evans, Miss Helen Woodgate, Miss Mary Thomas, Mrs. Newland, Miss Ethel Wharton, Miss Lydia Robinson, Miss H. H. Harper, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Spouse, Miss Griffin, Miss Mary Arnold, Mrs. Hollings, Miss E. M. Newnham, Miss E. Roe, Miss J. Storr, Mrs. Davies, Miss Winifred Bates, Mr. Frank Hall, Miss Lois Davies, Miss A. Thompson, Miss Stride, Miss Annie Jack, Mrs. Dunn, Miss Brooker, Miss Elizabeth Shirley, Miss Hitchcock, Mrs. Mileham, Mrs. Hitchcock, Miss Little, Miss Kennedy, Miss Fawkes, Miss Nancy Cull, Miss Farnworth, Mrs. Haylett, Miss G. Philipps, Miss M. C. Mann, Miss Ellen Salisbury, Miss C. Smith, Mrs. Irving, Mrs. Castleton Ellis, Mrs. Harvey, Miss Whyte, Mr. Corke, Miss Kate E. Taylor, Miss Isa M. Watson, Miss Parkes, Mrs. Coles, Mrs. Melling, Mrs. Stanford, C. Burrows, Mrs. Noblett, Miss Hilda Sadd, Miss Edith Smallwood, Miss C. Rouse, Mrs. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Tansley, Miss Travers, Miss Preson, Miss E. Brett, Miss M. A. Thompson, and others.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,
FLORA STURGEON.



The Novels of

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Lady Pamela's Letter

DEAR COUSIN DELIA,—In June most of us allow our thoughts to stray towards the holidays, and much plotting and planning goes on as to where they shall be spent. You tell me that as usual you have been considering the brain-racking subject and cannot make up your mind where to go or what to do. I quite agree with you that to go off year after year to seaside lodgings or a furnished house is rather unenterprising, and I think you are very wise to be seriously weighing the pros and cons of wandering farther afield this year. Personally, I think that no holiday is so delightful as that which entails a few weeks' sojourn in a foreign land. The change and therefore the rest is so much more complete. The scenery is different, the food is different, the language is different. In every way one is lifted out of the rut of one's ordinary entourage and experiences, and a very delightful holiday is the result.

Have you ever contemplated a holiday tour in Norway, that wonderfully beautiful land, so easily accessible from England that its increasing popularity as a holiday resort for English people is in no way surprising? Some of my friends who went there last year were very delighted with the success of their tour, and I know for you it will be breaking fresh ground.

Apropos of holidays, I think one's enjoyment of them or otherwise depends to a great extent on taking the right clothes. Some people hamper themselves on a short holiday by taking far too much luggage, whereas to "travel light" is very often the secret of comfort on a journey. Except for a very long holiday a couple of valises (or "grips," as our American cousins so expressively call them!) should be quite enough. They should be large enough to hold all that is necessary for a short tour and yet not so heavy that one cannot carry them oneself.

You ask me to give you a few suggestions about holiday clothes. To begin with, avoid easily-crushed fabrics and those that will not stand the strain of frequent re-packing. You will certainly need a warm wrap-coat. Under it you can wear a smart coat frock, or if you prefer it a coat and skirt and jumper. Navy blue gabardine is always smart but is inclined to catch the dust, so for travelling you may prefer a pretty heather mixture or a homespun tweed.

The hat problem is best solved by taking a velour or panama or both, for they can be folded up for packing and look trim and sensible for travel. Besides being soft they are comfortable

to wear. Nothing is so annoying as a hard-brimmed hat which makes it impossible to lean back in railway carriage or deck-chair.

Finally, dear cousin, if you value your comfort, pack your handbag with forethought and discretion. A tiny bottle of eau-de-Cologne, smelling-salts, a couple of extra handkerchiefs, besides a pocket comb and mirror are invaluable. When one is feeling tired it is very refreshing to damp a handkerchief, sprinkle it with eau-de-Cologne, and wipe it over the face to remove the dust of the journey and brace up the skin again. Don't forget to write when your plans are settled; I like to be able to picture your holiday surroundings.—Ever your affectionate cousin,

PAMELA.

NOTICE TO READERS

Lady Pamela hopes that many QUIVER readers will write to her. She will gladly give them advice on all matters of feminine interest, answering their queries in the column below.

Answers to Correspondents

TREATMENT FOR ACNE. E. M. M. (Derby).—I have read your letter with interest and sympathize with your wish to get rid of the unsightly acne. I should advise you to consult a doctor about it and pay great attention yourself to health and daily ablutions. Have you tried oatmeal as a substitute for soap? It is excellent. You must avoid putting any greasy preparation on your face, and should add a few drops of an astringent lotion such as tincture of benzoin to the water in which you wash your face. Avoid highly seasoned dishes, pastry, etc., and eat plenty of fruit, rhubarb, etc. Every morning before breakfast drink a glass of water to which the juice of a lemon has been added. Sometimes the trouble yields to these simple remedies. You cannot apply friction to the face, but brisk rubbing with a loofah or piece of Turkish towelling is beneficial to the neck, shoulders and arms.

TALKING DURING SLEEP. H. L. R. (Glasgow).—Your little daughter should certainly not talk in her sleep as she does. Probably she is studying too late at night and takes her last meal too near bedtime. Can you not arrange for her to have a more substantial midday meal, a poor tea about five o'clock, and let her supper be very light, bread and milk or a cup of cocoa and bread-and-butter? That would be far better for her health. A child of twelve should not dine late every night with her parents, and yet

THE QUIVER

I quite see it is difficult to arrange differently for an only child. Why not let her have dinner every day at school, as you tell me this is possible for a small extra fee?

HOLIDAY TOUR IN NORWAY. Tourist (Huddersfield).—Your plans for a holiday sound delightful. Personally, I think no holiday is so invigorating and so restful as a trip abroad. You will thoroughly enjoy a tour in beautiful Norway. I advise you to write at once to the Norway Travel Bureau, B. & N. Line, Royal Mail Steamships, 21 Charing Cross, London. They will give you all information and advice as to how to plan your tour satisfactorily.

KITCHEN EQUIPMENT. Housekeeper (Essex).—Your new home sounds delightful with all those labour-saving devices to make the burden of housework light. As you are going to keep your old kitchen table you can modernize it in this way. Fasten a piece of galvanized zinc at one end, the end nearest to your stove. You will find it useful when dishing up as a rest for pots and pans. At the other end a sheet of plate-glass or marble is invaluable when cooking. You can chop vegetables on it, and the cool surface is delightful when making pastry or cakes.

A NERVOUS CHILD. Mater (Manchester).—You tell me your little daughter is afraid of the dark. It is a great mistake to insist on her sleeping in a darkened room. She is evidently a very highly-strung, excitable child and imagines all sorts of horrors lurking in the darkness! I strongly advise you to keep a supply of Price's Night Lights in the house and put one in the night nursery every evening. They burn with a clear but subdued light that will not keep the child awake, and will just give the "reassuring light" that will calm her fears and allow her to fall asleep happily.

BRAN-WASHING. R. L. (Lyne Regis).—You can wash your cretonne loose covers at home if you take a few simple precautions. Prepare some bran-water by boiling one quart of bran in four quarts of water for an hour. Then strain the mixture and add enough water to make it lukewarm. Add some soap jelly and then wash the covers one by one in the solution. Do not let them lie too long in it or the colours may run. Rinse in lukewarm water and pull into shape before drying. If the cretonne is of a colour likely to run badly, rinse each piece in a strong solution of salt and water to set the colours.

CHOICE OF A CARPET. Housewife (Rugby).—It is true that after spring cleaning one often finds it necessary to add a few improvements to the home. Why not get cotton sheeting or casement cloth for the new curtains and re-cover the cushions in any bright cretonne that suits the colour scheme of your room. As you intend to invest in some new carpets and rugs, you cannot do better than write to Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons, manufacturers, importers and merchants, of Woodley Road, Leeds. If you mention THE QUIVER they will send you post free their Galaxy Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of carpets, hearthrugs, etc.

PREMATURE GREYNESS. Constant Reader, G. P. (Cornwall).—At the age of twenty-five your hair should not look faded and dull, and it is too early for grey hairs to appear. How do you shampoo your hair? If you use soda or ammonia in the washing water this would account for the greyiness. A good home-made hair-wash is prepared by dissolving a teaspoonful of borax in half a pint of warm water and adding the beaten yolk of an egg. Rub this well into your hair and rinse well. Then dry your hair in the open air or by rubbing with hot towels. Every night you should massage your scalp. Dip your finger-tips in castor oil and then rub the roots of the hair in a rotary movement until the head glows. Will you try this treatment for a few weeks and let me know the result? If you are anemic this would account for the appearance of grey hairs, and in that case you must ask a doctor to prescribe for you and try to build up your health by taking nourishing food and plenty of outdoor exercise.

INFANT FEEDING. Mother (Hampstead).—A very young baby like yours should spend nearly all its time sleeping, with brief intervals awake when it is being bathed, dressed and fed. You say your little one is perfectly healthy and spends a great deal of the day in the open air. Probably the food you are giving is not satisfying. Have you tried the well-known Neave's Food? You cannot do better than try this for your baby, and I am quite sure you will soon notice a great improvement in the child, and the difficulty about wakefulness will disappear.

OATMEAL BISCUITS. Subscriber (Wargrave).—Here is a nice recipe for oatmeal biscuits. Keep them when cooked in an airtight tin. Melt $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter (or lard) and sift into it 6 ozs. each of flour and coarse oatmeal. Add 3 ozs. of sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Beat an egg with a little milk or water and stir into the other ingredients to make a paste. Roll out thin on a floured board and stamp into rounds with a wineglass. Bake on a greased or floured tin for about twenty minutes.

WALKING TOUR. Athletic Girl (Colwyn Bay).—You should ask your chemist for a packet of Reudel Bath Saltrates and add a little to the water in which you bathe your feet. You will find them most comforting, and your feet will not get tender or swollen during your tour if you take this simple precaution. If your feet are in good order and you are fond of walking, a tour on foot makes a delightful holiday. Besides, on foot you can visit all sorts of out-of-the-way and picturesque places that are inaccessible otherwise.

EASILY MADE CAKES. Busy Bee (Maidstone).—You must be thinking of Green's Sponge Mixture. It is so convenient when you want to make a dainty cake in a hurry. No tiresome collecting of half a dozen different ingredients but everything ready in the mixture. You can make delicious sponge sandwiches, Swiss rolls and other dainty cakes so quickly and easily, and your large household will greatly appreciate them, I know. It is a great comfort to be able to make pure and wholesome cakes so easily.

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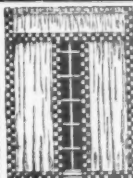
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